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THE HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

EAST HAMPTON, the home of John Howard Payne, is the most easterly town of Long Island, on the southern shore. It was settled in 1649 by thirty families from Lynn and adjacent towns of Massachusetts, the land having been purchased of the famous Montauk tribe, remnants of which are still found about Montauk Point. This part of

fathers did, bear witness to the humanity and forethought of the first settlers of this region.

East Hampton consists simply of one wide street, nearly three hundred feet wide. There are no hotels, no shops, no manufactories. The residences are principally farmers' houses, congregated in a village after the French method, with their farms stretching to the

save that offered by private families; but its growing popularity renders the erection of hotels almost certain, and then good-by to its old-fashioned simplicity!

In this town the Rev. Lyman Beecher officiated as minister during a period of twelve years, from 1798 to 1810; and during his residence in the town two of his distin-



HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

our country does not seem to have the bloody Indian record that distinguishes so many sections. The early settlers, for the most part, lived harmoniously with the original occupants of the soil. Instead of making the red-man their determined enemy, measures seem to have been taken to secure his kindly cooperation; and the remains of the ancient tribe now upon the island, fishing in the same seas and hunting upon the same ground their

ocean-shore on one side, and to the pine-plains that lie between the town and the bay on the other. Its wide street is lined with old trees, and a narrow roadway wanders through a sea of green grass on either side. Perhaps no town in America retains so nearly the primitive habits, tastes, and ideas of our forefathers as East Hampton. It is rapidly becoming a favorite place of summer resort, visitors at present finding no accommodation

guished children, Catharine and Edward were born. But East Hampton is not only renowned as the residence of Lyman Beecher, but of one peculiarly associated with our best impulses and feelings. It was here that John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," passed his boyhood. It is commonly asserted that he was born in the very old, shingled cottage pointed out as his residence; but of this there is some doubt.

That his father resided here during the tender infancy of the lad is the better-supported story; but here, at least, the precocious lad spent several years of his early boyhood. His father was principal of Clinton Academy, one of the first institutions of the kind established in Long Island. The house is held very sacred by the villagers, and the ancient kitchen, with its antique fireplace, stands to-day just as it did when Payne left it for his homeless wanderings over the world. It is truly a homely home; but, no doubt, many a happy hour was passed in the family circle around the bright blaze on the hearth, the simple joys of which were well calculated to inspire one of the best-known and best-loved lyrics in our language. When young Payne was in his twelfth year his father removed to Boston. The lad here became quite famous in his father's circle of friends for his striking histrionic and oratorical talents. From Boston Mr. Payne went to New York, where he placed his son in a counting-house, with the object of directing the precocious boy's somewhat wild genius into what was deemed a legitimate channel. It is probable that the character of treatment Payne received at this time and afterward, with this end in view, did much toward souring his nature, and causing that unsettledness of purpose which he exhibited in his after-life. A gentleman of wealth in New York, Mr. John E. Seaman, sent him to college. There he added to his reputation by various articles for the newspapers of the day. On leaving college he went on the stage, meeting with great success, but was persuaded to leave it by his family. He soon after went to Europe, and lived with varying fortune between London and Paris, sometimes acting, and sometimes writing plays. The song of "Home, Sweet Home," was written for the operatic drama of "Clari," which was a brilliant success, making the manager's fortune the first season. Payne received for it something less than three hundred dollars. The success of the song, apart from the play, was very great, one dealer alone selling over one hundred thousand copies in a year. Payne returned to America, revisited East Hampton, his ideal poetic home, then wandered from place to place until appointed consul to Tunis.

Let no sacrilegious hand touch the old timbers of the precious relic in the ancient town! In a land where memorials of the past are so few, and one, also, where simple, happy homes are so abundant, it is specially fit that we should preserve the roof which sheltered one who has expressed the memories that cling around the hearthstone in words that thrill the hearts of millions.

A CHRISTMAS ROSE.

IT was Christmas-eve when a party of half a dozen ladies and as many gentlemen were assembled in the library of Holly Lodge discussing the state of the weather in general and of the roads in particular. There was no snow on the ground—there rarely is at a Southern Christmas—but it had rained steadily for a week, and the result may be ima-

gined by any one who has ever had any acquaintance with a red-clay soil after it has been subjected to a prolonged and soaking inundation.

"We are virtual prisoners!" the young lady of the house—Hope Beresford—was saying, plaintively. "Our friends on this side of the river may succeed in ploughing through the mud and reaching us in time for the ball to-night; but we cannot hope for *anybody* from the other side. Papa says the river is past ferrying this morning."

"Which is certainly dispiriting news when the only person one cares to see must come from the other side," said Rosalind Earle, in her slightly-mocking voice. "But take heart, my dear. If he cares to see you as he should care, he will come, despite the river."

"But how can he?" asked Hope, opening her large blue eyes. She did not deny that it was her *fancie* of whom she was speaking—a young lawyer living in the town of X—, distant from Holly Lodge fifteen miles, with a swollen river between.

Rosalind laughed a silvery, unpleasant laugh.

"Men have done such things before," she said. Then she added a line from a poem she had been lately reading: "Who does not dare the impossible, has never dared to love."

"I am sure I don't believe *that*," said Hope, innocently; "and I should be wretched if I thought Archie would be foolish enough to run the risk of drowning himself to prove his love for me. I should much prefer that he proved it by taking care of himself and staying quietly in X—."

Rosalind's lip curled. "I should never be won in that fashion," she said. "A man must prove something before I believe him. He must be willing to brave the worst possible danger—were it even for a caprice of mine."

We all gazed at her as she said those audacious words. She was never other than beautiful and imposing—this exquisite Rosalind Earle—but just then she looked superb. I thought I had never seen her appear to greater advantage than as she stood stately and erect by the fire, dressed in a rich black silk, made with sufficient plainness to show the sweeping curves of her figure, and her beautiful hair piled high on her graceful head. A scarlet knot of ribbon at her throat was the only point of color in her costume, but it seemed to match the vivid flush on her cheek, and the haughty sparkle in her eye. Looking round to seek a cause for these signs of excitement, I found that she had only a few minutes before quitted a deep bay-window where Stuart Carew—at that time her most devoted and apparently most favored lover—still lingered. I have written the word "lover" advisedly, instead of "suitor" or "admirer." Rosalind Earle was a great heiress as well as a great beauty; and it followed, of course, that her wealth had many suitors, while the number of those who admired her beauty might have been reckoned by the number of all who had ever known her. But there were not a few who loved the brilliant, fascinating woman for her own sake—and of these I am sure that Stuart Carew was one.

He came forward now, looking, I thought, a trifle pale and agitated.

"Have you ever read Schiller's ballad of 'The Glove,' Miss Russell?" he said, addressing me. "I fancy that when Cunigunde—wasn't that her name?—threw her glove into the arena, she looked somewhat as Miss Earle looks now."

"Perhaps she felt somewhat as Miss Earle feels," said that young lady, scornfully. Then, also turning to me: "Lucy, have you ever read Browning's rendition of the same ballad? It is worth reading, I assure you. Cunigunde tells *her* story in it, and, if my memory does not fail me, makes a complete justification of her seeming cruelty. Listen, and see if you do not think so." She threw back her head—I can see her now in her proud beauty, with the firelight gleaming on a diamond-cross which she wore at her slender throat—and repeated the verses with a spirit and fire I shall never forget:

"Too long had I heard

Of the deed proved alone by the word:
For my love—what De Lorge would not dare!
With my scorn—what De Lorge could compare!
And the endless descriptions of death
He would brave when my lip formed a breath,
I must reckon as braved, or, of course,
Doubt his word; and, moreover, perforce,
For such gifts as no lady could spurn,
Must offer my love in return.

So, wiser I judged it to make
One trial what 'death for my sake'
Really meant, while the power was yet mine,
Than to wait until time should define
Such a phrase not so simply as I,
Who took it to mean 'just' to die."

It did not need the glance—half mocking, half haughty—which she gave Stuart Carew at the last words, to tell me that I had listened to a challenge as well as a justification. The young fellow looked a little haughty himself, as he stood before her, and very handsome too, with his black-velvet morning-coat setting off the delicacy of his face and the grace of his soft "love-locks." People, who did not like Stewart Carew, mostly called him an "affected puppy;" but I always had liked him—perhaps, because I had a sufficient sense of justice to see that his somewhat effeminate cast of good looks was, to say the least of it, not his fault; and also because I had good reason to know that, underneath his unquestionable affectation, was, still more unquestionably, a very frank and noble nature—so I felt sorry for him as I saw how Rosalind's taunts were stinging him. I knew, too, that he felt them the more, because he occupied the worst position that a man can occupy toward a woman—that of a seeming fortune-hunter. Like Cesario, his station was above his fortune, and, proud gentleman though he was, he was well aware that many people—perhaps, even the heiress herself—regarded him as one of the many suitors for her wealth. The position had often galled him—I had seen that—but I don't think it ever galled him as it did that morning. Looking at him, I saw a sudden flash of resolve come into the handsome face that paled unaccountably.

"I did not think that you were in earnest before," he said, stepping close to Rosalind, and speaking so low that only I—who chanced to be next her—heard his words. "Now I

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see that you are, and I shall not underlie your challenge. Since you put it on this ground—since you wish me to prove, by this means, how much I would dare for your sake—I shall bring you a rose from X—this evening."

She started, and, as I glanced quickly around, I saw that she, too, grew a little pale. Yet she laughed slightly—that silvery, unpleasant laugh again.

"You are a trifle melodramatic, Mr. Carew," she said. "I should not care for you to take any trouble, or"—I cannot express the scornful, sarcastic accent here—"incur any danger for the sake of a mere caprice of mine. It is true that I should like a rose from my greenhouse to wear in my hair to-night—it is a fancy of mine always to wear a fresh rose at Christmas—but" (shrugging her shoulders) "I can surely be as philosophical about that disappointment as Hope is about the absence of her lover."

"It shall not be a disappointment," Stuart said. "If I return to Holly Lodge this evening, it will be with the rose for your hair."

Then he turned and left the room.

As I have already remarked, nobody had heard this by-play but myself, and I looked at Rosalind now and asked—I fear in no very gentle tone—what it meant.

She laughed again, but this time I thought the soft ripple had a nervous, uncertain sound.

"Not very much, Lucy," she said. "Come into the window yonder, and I will tell you."

She indicated the bay-window which she had quitted a few minutes before, and thither I accompanied her.

"Well," said I, when we sat down, "if you will be so kind, I should like to know what has set you to playing Cunigunde like this! You talk about her defence being good. I don't call it good. How do you think she would have felt if the lion had killed De Lorge? How will you feel if Stuart Carew is drowned in this precious errand on which you have sent him? Upon my word, I think De Lorge and King Francis were quite right. It is vanity, not love, which sets such tests."

"You have no independence of thought whatever, Lucy Russell," was her somewhat contemptuous reply. "You say and think exactly what everybody else says and thinks; and, in this matter, you are all wrong, and Browning and I are right. It was neither vanity nor love which set the test."

"If you can possibly condescend to enlighten the ignorant world in general, what was it, then?" asked I, becoming contemptuous in turn.

"The heroine of the story has told you better than I can do," she answered, a little impatiently. "Can you not see—do you not understand—the feeling which made her anxious to have some *practical* test of the value of many protestations? Ah! I tell you—

"To know what one has not to trust to, is worth all the ashes and dust, too,"

which may be brought into one's face by the test."

"Scarcely worth a human life, I should say," I remarked, dryly.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Was the Wye ever known to drown anybody?" she asked. "Stuart Carew would do as much for bravado any day; and, if he has any thing like true mettle, he will

"—scarce think that you do him the worst turn if you whisper, 'Friend, what you'd get, first earn;'"

or, if he does, it would certainly be well to know it—in time. Men do not, as a rule, grow more complaisant after they are made secure of what they desire."

"Rosalind Earle, you are a selfish, heartless coquette," said I, irritated beyond all patience. "And pray, will you be kind enough to tell me how you expect Stuart Carew to cross the river?"

"That is his affair," she said, coolly. "I told you last night—did I not tell you?—what a longing I had for one of the lovely Provence roses which I know that Jefferson" (this was her gardener) "has blowing just now. So, when Stuart Carew asked me, rather sentimentally, half an hour ago, what Christmas-present he should give me, I—bearing in mind the wild story he told at dinner yesterday of how he once crossed and recrossed a mountain-flood in the Andes, for a canteen of brandy which had been left behind—I thought (presumptuously enough, no doubt) that perhaps I was as well worth a risk as a canteen of brandy; and I said that I would take a rose from my greenhouse in X—. Of course, the gentleman was somewhat astonished—incredulous of my being in earnest at first, indignant afterward. He took the liberty of hinting what you have been good enough to express openly, that I was a vain and heartless coquette. Whereupon, I took the liberty of telling him that he was very impertinent, and furthermore"—her color rose and her eyes sparkled here—"that I was not aware that there was more than one thing in the world which a man expected to obtain without earning, and *this* was a woman's love."

"O Rosalind!"

"Well, is it not true?" she asked, sharply. "Are we not forced—we women—to take *every thing* on trust? A man professes—what does he not profess?—but if we set him even the least task whereby he can prove his sincerity, is there not an outcry of indignant protest? We are heartless, vain, sinful—Heaven only knows what not—because we do not choose to surrender ourselves without a warrant that we are gaining *something* in return."

"Faith is a good thing, Rosalind," said I.

"That may do for sentimental school-girls, who have never yet appreciated that the vast majority of men think that women 'would rather live on lies, so they be sweet,'" she answered, scornfully. "I have had a surfeit of them in my time, however."

"Not from Stuart Carew," said I, impetuously.

"What do you know of Stuart Carew?" she demanded. "You know that he has the bluest of blue blood in his veins, that he is handsome and graceful, high-bred and chivalrous, above the majority of men; but you do not know that he may not be as mercenary

at heart as Harley Wynne, who married that rich, vulgar idiot in X—the other day."

"Rosalind, for shame!" I cried.

"You don't know what it is to be a very rich woman, Lucy," she said, with a pathetic accent in her voice. "You don't know how one sees so much meanness that it *forces* suspicion on one at last. People say that I am heartless and cruel, but I—I have had some hard lessons to learn."

Looking at her that moment—seeing the cloud which swept over her beautiful face—I could believe it, and I felt then what I have felt often since, that the fate which gives a woman great wealth is rarely a kind one.

It was soon after this that Stuart Carew reentered the room. He was fully equipped for riding, having exchanged his velvet coat for a suit of gray tweed, which was not half so becoming, and high boots which had somehow a suggestive fox-hunting air. He came in with whip and gloves in hand, gay and insouciant as ever.

"Ladies, have you any commands for X—" he asked, in his pleasant, musical voice. "Any letters to mail, any gloves to buy, any thing which a single horseman can take or bring without overloading himself and his steed, and rendering death in a quagmire inevitable to both?—Miss Hope, if you can write a note in five minutes, I will deliver it to Maynard with pleasure."

"O Mr. Carew!" cried Hope, astonished and a little aghast. "You—you are surely jesting! You are not *really* thinking of going to X—to-day?"

"That is exactly what he is thinking of," said Hal Beresford, who had followed Stuart into the room. "And he is thinking of getting drowned in the Wye, too, or I am no judge of a water-course. Confound the fellow! Can't some of you ladies say something to bring him to his senses?"

Several tried—I among the rest—though I saw in his face it would be unavailing. Rosalind was still sitting in the bay-window with a book in her hand, from which she did not look up until Hal Beresford directly appealed to her.

"Can you say nothing, Miss Earle?" he asked, bluntly. "I have rarely known a more reckless adventure than this on which Stuart is bent."

Then Rosalind glanced up, the same flush on her cheek and light in her eye which had been there when the subject was first broached. We all listened eagerly to hear what she would say, and I, for my part, could not avoid giving her an imploring glance which I might as well have bestowed on the picture over my head.

"Is it a more reckless adventure than that in the Andes, of which we heard yesterday?" she asked, in her clear voice. "I could not do Mr. Carew such an injustice as to suppose that he would not risk quite as much to carry the notes and bring the gloves of a dozen imprisoned ladies, as to recover a canteen of brandy."

Poor Stuart! I caught one glimpse of his face as he received this truly feminine thanks for the risk he was about to run. Its expression was a curious mixture of bewilderment and mortification, for there are few

things more mortifying to a man who fancies he knows women, than to receive unequivocal proof of having committed a great blunder in feminine tactics. After a minute, he crossed the room to her side. I did not hear then, but I heard afterward, what passed between them, while the rest of us shrugged our shoulders aside to each other, and a young lady, who was looking over a book of engravings in a corner, confided to the gentleman who was assisting her, that Rosalind Earle was the most shameful flirt she had ever known.

"What do you mean by talking in this way?" Stuart Carew was meanwhile saying to Rosalind. "You know that I am going to X—for you—for you alone—and what have a dozen or a hundred other women to do with the matter?"

"I thought I heard you placing yourself at general disposal," Rosalind answered, carelessly. "If you brought my rose, it would be quite as if it was delivered by the penny post, with half a dozen notes and gloves—and flowers, perhaps—besides. Many thanks, Mr. Carew"—looking up at him with her lustrous, mocking eyes—"but I am not so humble as I should be, perhaps, for I rarely care to be 'one of a multitude' in any thing."

The young man absolutely blushed—many people who knew Stuart Carew would scarcely credit it—but he absolutely blushed, realizing afresh the blunder he had made. There are some women who are willing to accept a divided empire: there are others again (mostly women who have known much homage), who scorn any thing which is not wholly their own. Was it her fault, or the fault of the circumstances in which she had been reared, that Rosalind was one of the latter?

"I will take nothing, I will bring nothing for anybody but you," he said, quickly. "And if I bring what you desire, may I name my own reward?"

"Is a rose such a wonderful trophy, then," asked she, quietly—but he felt the sarcasm underlying her tone—"or has the deed more 'derring-do' in it than I imagine?"

"No," said he, flushing. "A rose—from your greenhouse too—is a very poor trophy; and crossing a slightly swollen river to plough through fifteen miles of mud, has precious little 'derring-do' in it. But the poor trophy and the commonplace deed are, nevertheless, all that I have to offer for your Christmas gratification."

I think that something in the tone of those last words—something in the proud, pained look of the high-bred face—suddenly touched the capricious, wayward heart of the woman whom he addressed. But she did not show it, save in a certain softening of her voice.

"I shall appreciate both," she said, almost as a queen might have spoken—ill-natured people were very severe on Rosalind's affectation of "regal airs," which was, in truth, no affectation at all—"If you bring me the rose, I should be very ungrateful if I did not let you say what Christmas-gift I should give you in return."

"You tempt me with a great liberty," he answered, looking at her with eloquent, passionate eyes.

But she drew herself up coldly.

"I do not bind myself to grant an unreasonable request," she said. "To ask is one thing: to receive, another."

"I am well aware of the distinction," he answered, quietly. Then he looked at her again with a glance which she did not quite understand. "So my reward will be simply to ask!" he said. "Thanks for your generosity, Miss Earle. Perhaps I may put it to the test. For the present, however, I must bid you adieu if I am to bring your rose in time for the ball to-night."

He bowed without shaking hands—I noticed that—then made his adieu to the rest of us, and left the room. Several of the gentlemen followed him, and a few minutes afterward we saw him riding toward the river, attended by quite a cavalcade anxious to see him across.

This river—I should have said before—was distant not more than a quarter of a mile from the Lodge, the road which ran past Colonel Beresford's gates leading directly down to a well-known ferry. The stream had been more or less swollen for several days, but this morning it had been reported especially high, and quite "past ferrying." How Stuart Carew possibly expected to transport himself and his horse to the other side, was a problem which we, who were left behind, set our wits vainly to work to solve.

That we did not succeed in solving it, may readily be imagined—just as it may also be imagined that Rosalind took no part in our wild conjectures and nervous alarms. She sat perfectly still—reading with a composure which I longed to test by placing my finger on her pulse—too proud to leave the room, lest we should suspect that she was keeping furtive watch to see if that graceful horseman would ride up the bank on the other side of the stream. After a time, our anxiety was set at rest. He for whom we were eagerly looking—with little or no hope of seeing—absolutely appeared and rode up the bank in question. When he gained a crest which commanded the Lodge, he took off his hat and waved it in triumph. We threw up the windows and answered by a dozen fluttering handkerchiefs. After this display of sympathy subsided, he soberly set forth on his way—it was a very sober mode of progression which the mud compelled—while we lowered the windows, shivered, and looked at each other. "How on earth do you suppose that he did it?" we asked, but nobody could answer; and it was not until the party of gentlemen returned—muddy but enthusiastic—that we heard.

He had swum his horse—a famous and powerful thorough-bred of whose prowess we had heard many tales from others besides Stuart—across the swollen, rushing stream. It was little short of a miracle that horse and rider ever kept afloat, those who had witnessed the reckless adventure declared—and then they would break off to dilate again and yet again upon the marvellous power and sagacity of the horse, and the equally marvellous skill of the rider, whose coolness had never forsaken him for a moment, not even when the breathless gazers on the bank were sure that the terrible force of the current could never be successfully breasted by the bold swim-

mers. Nobody approved, but everybody admired the feat, except Colonel Beresford, who could not be drawn into a single expression of commendation.

"I thought better things of Stuart Carew," he said. "It was a dare-devil exploit which proved neither sense nor courage. Some men do such things for notoriety; but they are mostly men who can never hope to win notoriety in any other form, and I certainly did not think that Stuart had any ambition in that direction. I am sure I hope that nobody was so foolish or so imprudent as to encourage him in such an undertaking," he added, glancing round the circle with his keen brown eyes.

There was a profound silence in response to this appeal. If he had asked the question in private, no doubt there would have been plenty of people to tell the story of that Christmas rose which was to be plucked in Rosalind Earle's greenhouse; but, as it was, nobody felt inclined to take upon himself the ignominy of playing the part of informer in public.

"I hope," pursued the colonel, rendered a little suspicious by this silence, "that nobody gave him even the passive encouragement of a note or a message to any one in X—. In my opinion"—the handsome, genial old gentleman knitted his brows emphatically—"it would have been exceedingly wrong to do so."

"Don't look at me, papa," said Hope, smiling. "I did not send any note by Mr. Carew, for the very good reason that he did not wait for it. He told me to write one and he would take it; but, before I had said more than 'Dear Archie,' he was gone."

"So much the better," said the colonel, unfeelingly. "You had no business to give even that much sanction to such a reckless piece of folly. Can anybody tell me what he went for, anyway?" he added, in an irritated tone.

To my surprise—I think to the surprise of every one—Rosalind Earle quietly answered this question.

"Mr. Carew went for me, my dear colonel," she said. "He was good enough to go for a rose which I wanted to wear in my hair to-night."

The cool audacity of this reply struck the colonel dumb, I think. He certainly stared at the speaker for a full minute, as if he could not credit what she asserted.

"He went for—what?" he asked, after a while.

"A rose," answered Rosalind, with the same perfect nonchalance. "You do not give them any place in your greenhouse, you know," she added, smiling.

"You—you let that young fool risk his life for a rose to wear in your hair!" said the colonel, quite overcome. "And do you mean that he is going to be mad enough to try and come back as he went?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"He has pledged his word—I won't pretend to say what it is worth—that I shall have the rose in time for the ball to-night."

"Very well, then," said Colonel Beresford, grimly, "you had better set to work and say some prayers for him, since I pledge you my word that he will not cross that river again

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to-day. The gentlemen who witnessed this feat can tell you that it was a very close thing in broad daylight, and when his horse was perfectly fresh. You are a woman, and you don't know much of danger; but I suppose you can imagine what the same effort will be when his horse is fagged out—nothing does fag a horse like plodding through heavy mud—and night has fallen."

"He may get another horse," somebody suggested, for Rosalind was quite silent and still.

"There is not another horse in the country that could or would do such a thing," the colonel answered. Then he turned and left the room, muttering, as he went, something quite audible about "heartless vanity" and "infatuated folly."

The rest of the day was rather an uncomfortable one to everybody in the Lodge. With the most of us, Stuart Carew was a great favorite, and we could not rid ourselves of a weight—a sense as of something terrible—impending over us. We confided it to each other in corners, and I shall never forget how Hal Beresford expressed himself over the library-fire, where we sat together, as the short December afternoon was waning into evening.

"Don't talk to me of *her* feelings or of *her* heart," he said, almost fiercely, as I made some feeble plea of extenuation for Rosalind. "I could believe in the feelings or in the heart of my boots much sooner! What she said to Stuart, God only knows, but the minute I looked at his face I saw that he was set like a rock to go, if twenty floods had been between! There are some infatuations that I can understand, and some that I cannot," he pursued. "This is one of the latter. There never was a man better fitted to succeed with women than Stuart Carew, and why he should set his fancy on a woman—let her beauty and her wealth be what they may—who has such a devil of pride and vanity as Rosalind Earle, I cannot comprehend."

"Devils are sometimes tamed," said I.

"They are never worth taming, in my opinion," he rejoined.

But I thought differently—I thought that there were very gracious possibilities of womanly sweetness in Rosalind, if she could once find the band to bring them forth. This was the difficulty, however—a very grave difficulty always with women of her stamp—and one that might readily prove insurmountable. I could not help feeling sorry for her, however, when I went up-stairs, in the winter dusk, and found her pacing to and fro in the room we shared together. As I came in, she sat down by the fire—evidently vexed that I should have seen her anxiety—but before long her restlessness again asserted itself. She rose and walked to one of the windows which overlooked the garden, the low-ground fields beyond, and the swollen, rushing river—turbid as the Mississippi—clearly visible through the leafless trees which fringed its banks.

"Lucy," she said, coming back again after a minute, "do you really think he will do it?"

"I really think he will *try* to do it," I answered, bluntly. "Whatever else he may

lack, Stuart Carew does not lack courage, and you put him on his mettle this morning."

"I wish my tongue had been cut out!" said she, passionately.

"Rather late to wish that now," I rejoined, shrugging my shoulders.

"It is not that I care any thing about Stuart Carew," she explained; "but it would not be pleasant to have a man's *death* on one's conscience."

"Not very, I should think."

"A rose would scarcely be worth *that* price."

"Scarcely, I think."

"Are you trying to irritate me that you echo every word I say?" she demanded, impatiently. "For shame, Lucy Russell!"

"I said 'for shame' this morning, Rosalind," I remarked, coldly, "but it did not deter you from that which you are regretting now."

She did not answer for a minute. Angry as I was with her, I could not help admiring her, as she stood before me in the glowing firelight, her graceful, stately figure slightly bent forward, as she leaned her arms on the low mantel and looked steadfastly into the fire, with her delicate lips compressed and her dark eyebrows knitted. Suddenly she threw back her head with a haughty gesture I knew well. "I'll do it!" she said, half aloud, and then she turned to me.

"Lucy," she said, in her quick, imperious way, "will you go with me down to the river. I must see the ferryman at once."

"See the ferryman!" I repeated in amazement. "For what?"

"Can't you tell for what?" she asked, impatiently. "Money does every thing in this world, and for money I may be able to send a boat across the river and tell Stuart Carew not to cross."

"Then you *do* care for him, after all!" cried I, eagerly, forgetting every thing else for a moment.

But the proud, repellent look which came over her face undeceived me.

"Is there any one for whom I should not care sufficiently to keep him from throwing away his life for a mere caprice of mine?" she asked, coldly. "I shall see that he builds no false hopes on what I am about to do—what I would do as readily for Hal Beresford or old Jake the ferryman."

"Indeed!" said I; and, having no other means of expression at my command, I threw as much sarcastic incredulity into that interjection as I possibly could.

I said nothing more while she opened her writing-desk and dashed off a note. I did not see it, but I judged its tenor from the haughty, flushed face that bent over it. "She is taking the wrong tone with the wrong man," I thought, watching her. "Mischievous—more mischief—is going to come of this, as sure as two and two make four!"

When the note was finished, she brought forth a water-proof from the wardrobe. "Are you coming, or are you not, Lucy?" she demanded, as she put this on, after having pinned up her sweeping silken skirt.

"I might as well see the comedy or the tragedy—whichever it is to be—to the end,"

said I, as I rose and likewise brought forth a water-proof.

Water-proofs are certainly the convenient dominoes of the nineteenth century. Every woman looks alike in them, and, however Rosalind felt, I am sure I felt amazingly like a conspirator as we made our stealthy way down the back staircase and out of the side-door of the Lodge. "Nobody will miss us," my companion said. "They are all too busy preparing for the ball. Besides, I have warned Adeline" (this was her maid) "to keep our door locked."

We went through the garden, and thence followed a path across the fields—why we did not mire outright, I have never to this day been able to imagine—to the cabin of old Jake, the ferryman, which we reached in a condition of mud impossible to describe.

Although it was Christmas-eve—the season of special negro jollity—we found the ferryman at home, sitting on a stool by his fire, crooning to himself and mending some fishing-nets. He bore rather a surly character with his fellows, and was no great favorite among them. Indeed, the manner in which he turned sharply, almost angrily, saying, "Who's dar?" when Rosalind pushed open the door, was proof sufficient of this.

"It is I, Jake," she answered. "I want to speak to you."

"Beg pardon, mistis'," said Jake, rising with an air which was still a little surly. "I thought it was some o' dem meddlin' niggers comin' a'ter me, and I done tole 'em I don't want notin' to do wid dem nor der Christmas nudder!"

"You would like to have something to do with making some money, though, wouldn't you?" said Rosalind, coming forward into the full glow of the firelight and throwing back her hood. "Perhaps you would rather be making money than spending it these Christmas-times," she added, significantly.

He looked at her with a quick glance out of his small, deep-set eyes. It was evident at once that "money" was as much a talisman to him as to many far above him in the social scale.

"We don't none of us—nigger or white folks—mind making money, mistis'," he said. "I likes it as well as anybody when it's honest and safe."

"What I have come to propose is certainly honest, though it may not be safe," said Rosalind, in her quick, ringing voice. "In a few words—for there is no time to be wasted—how much will you take to cross the river for me this evening? Name your own price, and whatever it is I will pay it."

He did not exhibit any surprise at the proposal, but only shook his head in a stolid, dogged kind of way, as if he had heard the same thing before.

"The river's too high for crossin', mistis'," he said. "I tole your gal that when you sent her on the same arrant but a little while ago."

"I don't believe that the river is too high for crossing by a man who knows all about it," Rosalind answered. "The servants at the Lodge say that you crossed it once in a canoe when it was quite as high as it is now."

"My wife was a-dyin' on the t'other side, mistis'," he answered, quietly.

"What you have done once you can do again," she said, imperiously. "Once more, name your own price; I will pay *any thing*; but time is passing, and it is growing darker every minute."

"I can't do it, mistis'," he said, sullenly. "My life is as precious to me as yourn is to you, and money wouldn't do me no good after I had flung it away."

"But money is worth a risk," said she, advancing a step nearer to him with glowing cheeks and glittering eyes. "*Money is worth a risk!*" she repeated, in a tone I shall never forget. Then she extended her delicate, white hand and touched the ragged linsey jacket he wore. "Do you know that you could replace *this* with warm and comfortable clothes, that you could buy a house of your own, and land to cultivate, with what I offer you?" she asked. "And you will let this chance—this one chance in your life—slip from you because you are afraid to take a canoe across that river to-night?"

His eyes sank beneath the glitter of hers, he shuffled his feet uneasily, his hands twisted a part of the fishing-net, which he still held, nervously to and fro. The temptation was telling on him. I, standing in the background—I, watching the scene with a feeling almost akin to horror, I plainly saw that.

"How much would you be willin' fur to give, mistis'?" he asked, slowly and huskily, at length.

"How much would you be willing to take?" asked Rosalind, in reply. "Value your own life, man, and be quick about it! I shall not haggle over your price."

"Would you give—a hundred dollars?" he demanded, in a sort of hushed tone, as if the magnitude of the sum could only be spoken in a whisper.

But his face—eagerly expectant when he asked the question—fell suddenly, as Rosalind laughed in an unimirthful way.

"A hundred dollars!" she repeated. "Do you think I would ask any man to risk his life for me for *that*? I will give you five times the sum—five hundred dollars down—if you will take a note across the river and deliver it to Mr. Carew—the gentleman who swam the stream this morning—when he comes back."

"I'll go, mistis'," he said, and it was strange—nay, it was awful—to see how his whole face lighted up with feverish eagerness, how its very muscles seemed working and twitching with overmastering desire to seize the golden prize thus offered him. He took the note she gave, and, buttoning up his jacket, was leaving the cabin when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he turned back.

"If it's only the note you want give to the gentleman, mistis'," he said, "I needn't be 'bliged fur to come back to-night?"

"No," answered Rosalind, "you need not be obliged to come back. If you reach the other side and deliver the note to Mr. Carew, you can stay there as long as you like."

"And the money, mistis'?"

"I'll pay the money—my friend here will

witness the agreement—as soon as I can go to X—."

"Then I sha'n't come back till the river falls," he said. "Will you please, mistis', lock my door when you come out, and give the key to Isaac—he's my cousin—up t'big house?"

Rosalind promised to execute this commission, and then he went out, we following him as far as the door. Never shall I cease to remember—as one remembers a strange, vivid picture—the appearance of that winter evening: the desolate, marshy low-grounds around us; the last gleams of winter twilight dying away on the bare, brown hills across the river; the band of pale, yellow light encircling the horizon, a few distant pines standing relieved against it; the turbid, swollen stream before us, and the short, thick-set figure of the negro making his way as quickly as the mud would allow toward the river.

"Rosalind," said I, "it is an awful thing to tempt anybody as you have tempted that poor wretch to cast away his life."

"He will not cast away his life," she answered. "He can cross the river. I knew all the time that he could do it, and that he was only holding back for a higher price."

"I don't think so."

"I know so."

I shrugged my shoulders. I knew that it is a satisfaction to deny an unpleasant responsibility, even though we may not deceive even ourselves. "In that case, you have certainly paid high for your rose," said I, dryly.

"For *not* getting it," said she, smiling bitterly. And then I knew that her failure in this particular irked her pride not a little.

"If Stuart Carew takes her at her word, and stays across that river, she will never forgive him," I thought. Then I asked aloud, "Where is Jake now?"

"Down at the river," she answered. "We cannot see him from here; but if we go to the top of that bank yonder, we can watch him across."

"If he ever gets across," said I, grimly. "I tell you frankly, Rosalind, that this adventure is not at all to my liking. I did not bargain to see a man drowned when I came out."

"Stay where you are, then," she said, quietly, "but I am going to the bank."

"I shall come, too, in that case. But I protest against the whole proceeding."

She made a gesture as significant as if she had said outright, "What does that matter?—it is none of your affair." Then we set forth to the river—making our way along the top of one of the banks which overhung the road as it led down to the ferry.

The scene was certainly a wild one as we surveyed it from the eminence which we gained after a time. We appreciated the force of the current better now that we stood just above it; and in the deepening shades of twilight, the boat in which Jake had pushed out from the shore, looked like the merest cockle-shell on the breast of the stream. As we gazed, it was caught in an eddy, and whirled around suddenly like a leaf. "He can never do it—never!" I cried. "You will

see him carried down the stream before your eyes, Rosalind Earle!"

She did not answer—I fancy she scarcely heard me. Looking at her, I could see that she felt her responsibility *then* as strongly as I could desire. Even at that moment—with a human life trembling in the balance below us, I could not help thinking what a study for a painter she would have made standing in the midst of the winter landscape, her long, black cloak draping her figure, her hood fallen back on her shoulders, and her white set face, with its dark, passionate eyes gazing over the swollen flood to the struggling boat now fighting the force of the current in mid-stream.

It was a very gallant fight which Jake was making. If I had ever doubted his skill or his nerve, I should have believed in both after that evening. Certainly, he knew every eddy and swirl of the stream on which he was launched, and certainly, also, he made good use of that knowledge. Never have I seen a boat more deftly managed; never have I witnessed a more absorbing or exciting scene! It was the sharp tension of hope and anxiety—of elation one moment, and despair the next, which kept our eyes and attention riveted on him as if we had been magnetized. One second, all would seem lost; yet, before we could realize the horror which came over us, our hearts would give a wild leap into our very throats, for it was as if a strong grasp had seized the little craft, and stemmed her mad career down-stream. It was a fierce struggle, and one in which the forces were so unequal that it was a good thing it was short—else the end could only have been that which we feared. The river was not wide at its widest, however, and here it was comparatively narrow. Yet, short as the distance was, Jake could not have been an inconsiderable time in making the passage. Night had certainly come upon us while we looked, and we could barely distinguish the outline of his figure when he at last gained the bank far below the landing-place at which he had aimed.

Then Rosalind and I turned to each other with that quick sigh of relief which is so significant of ended anxiety. "Thank God!" she said. "He has done it," I said; "but it was a close thing."

"Horribly so," she answered, shuddering. Then in a lower tone, "How should I ever have forgiven myself if he had been drowned?"

I did not discuss this question. It was dark, and we were cold and muddy. I waked to a knowledge of these things, now that our adventurous ferryman was safe, and I suggested to the young lady who had risked two lives, and given five hundred dollars *not* to get a rose, that we should retrace our steps. "If we can," she answered. And we set to work to try.

Shall I ever forget that trying? The path up the bank, and through its tangled undergrowth, had not been easy in the gloaming; now it might have been bewitched, so difficult did we find it. We stumbled into mud-holes; we stumbled over briars; we received blows in the face from the limbs of trees; we tripped up over their roots; we lost our bearings, and wandered into logs and fence-corners; we

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found rails as aggressive as limbs (my shoulder was almost dislocated by running full tilt against one); we scratched our hands; we tore our dresses; we expended our breath; and finally we reached our objective point—Jake's cabin—in a condition of exhaustion which was truly pitiable.

"If there were twenty balls in progress, I must rest for a while," Rosalind said, sinking down by the still glowing fire. "O Lucy, Lucy, what a Christmas-eve!"

"Thank yourself for it," said I, grimly—nowise moved to charity by the aspect of my boots and dress. "This is what comes of your playing Cunigunde. I hope that you are satisfied with the experiment."

She laughed. The weight of anxiety being removed, her spirits evidently mounted up like quicksilver. Kneeling on the rude cabin-hearth, drying the mud on her dress, and stanching the blood on her torn hands, she began to look like herself.

"I have fared worse than Cunigunde," she said. "The blow a glove gives is but weak," but we can scarcely say that of the blows which trees and brambles give—do you think so?"

"She recovered her glove, too," said I, maliciously.

The would-be Cunigunde's face fell a little. "And I have not received my trophy," she said. "How they will talk and exult over it at the Lodge—will not they? Don't you hate to gratify meddling, malicious people? I confess I do! I confess I would give any thing for a rose to wear in my hair to-night. But, then, one ought to please one's friends occasionally, and this is as cheap a way as any other, I suppose. The game was hardly worth the candle after all."

"There is no doubt of that," said I, kneeling by her.

From kneeling, we both sank down to a sitting posture, like a couple of tailors or a couple of Turks. Jake's fire was comfortable—very comfortable—and, after our experience at the river-side, we shrank from the dark passage of the muddy fields. Of course, it had to be made sooner or later; but we delayed it, as human nature will delay any thing particularly disagreeable. We dried ourselves, and gossiped at our leisure—until, at last, I waked with a start to a knowledge how time was passing.

"Rosalind, this really will not do!" said I. "There will be a perfect alarm about us at the Lodge, and a party of rescuers setting forth with lanterns and fire-arms, if we don't go back."

"Let us wait for them, then," said she, indolently. "The lanterns will be especially acceptable."

"You forget the ball."

"I should be very glad to forget it," she rejoined, curtly.

I tried argument and persuasion, but she was immovable; and, after a time, I walked indignantly to the door.

"I must go by myself, if you will not come," I said. "I positively cannot stay here any longer."

"Very well," she answered, coldly. "Tell anybody who asks for me that I am waiting for my rose."

"You think I am not in earnest," I began, half vexed. But, at that moment, the door at which I was standing was suddenly pushed open from the outside, and, before I could make any resistance—that is, before I could draw the bolt which would have kept it shut—a man walked into the dimly-lighted cabin.

I was a little startled by such an unexpected incursion, and I said, "What do you want?" in a tone which, together with the opening door, made Rosalind spring to her feet and turn round.

"Who is that?" she asked, imperiously—the fire was too low to do more than observe the outlines of the figure which had entered—"if you want to see the ferryman, he is not here."

"I have already seen him, Miss Earle," a quiet voice, which we both knew well, replied.

"Good Heavens!" I cried. "It is Stuart Carew!"

He turned his face toward me, and, the light flickering up at the moment, I saw that he was smiling faintly at my amazement.

"Yes, it is Stuart Carew—at your service, Miss Russell," he answered.

I glanced involuntarily at Rosalind. It was evident that she was thunderstruck by this sudden appearance of the man, whom she had made so great an effort to keep away. For a moment, she was quite still; then she made a step forward, almost angrily.

"How did you come here?" she asked, imperiously. "How did you cross the river? Is this the thanks you give me for the warning I sent to you?"

"Your warning came too late," he answered, coldly. "You might have known me well enough to know that, if I had once brought your rose to the other side of the river, I was scarcely likely to stop there. You might have done me the justice to believe that, what I had once undertaken, I would fulfil at any cost, after such words as yours this morning."

He spoke proudly, as well as coldly—so proudly that, I think, Rosalind scarcely knew what to make of him. She was silent for a minute, and then, "Did you swim the river again?" she demanded, quickly.

"No," he answered. "I am indebted to you for the means of crossing. I came over in the canoe of your messenger, for I feared that my horse was scarcely equal to his morning's feat again. At all events, the arrival of the boat saved him the necessity, poor fellow! and gave me the pleasure—which else I might not have had—of delivering this in safety."

He drew from his pocket, as he spoke, a small box, carefully and securely tied. The strings gave way at one impatient jerk of his fingers, and, when he lifted the cover, we saw—even by the dim firelight—a fresh, half-blown rose lying on a bed of wet cotton.

It was certainly a lovely thing, but I was unable to appreciate its loveliness just then. I looked from it to the man who had ridden thirty miles, and risked his life, to obtain it; and his appearance—spattered with mud from head to foot, and significant in every line of utter exhaustion—seemed to rob its fresh beauty of half the charm rightfully apper-

taining to it. I think Rosalind felt this as well as I. She certainly flushed crimson, and, when he presented the flower, hesitated like a shy school-girl, in doubt what to say.

"I am almost ashamed to thank you," she said, at last, in a low voice. "Instead, I ought to beg your pardon—I do beg your pardon—for having allowed you to incur so much danger and fatigue for a mere caprice—a mere trifle like this."

"Well done, Rosalind!" I thought; and I expected that Stuart would answer at once with a fervent disclaimer of the danger and the fatigue; but, to my surprise, he scarcely seemed to unbend, even under the lustrous eyes that were fastened on him. I could scarcely think that it was indeed Stuart Carew who answered so coldly and stiffly:

"To have gratified even your caprice, Miss Earle, is an honor for which I am not ungrateful," he said, a little grandiosely. "Both the danger and the fatigue are over now, and indeed were never worth mentioning. As you reminded me this morning, I have incurred almost as much for a canteen of brandy. But"—and his voice seemed to harden a little here—"if you thought that I had served you in even the least degree, that fact might surely have induced you to spare me the unnecessary insult I found awaiting me an hour ago on the banks of the Wye."

"An insult!" repeated Rosalind, sharply. "What do you mean?"

"I mean your note," he answered, with an inflection of sudden passion, shivering, as it were, the studied coldness of his voice. "What else could I mean? I mean the contemptuous words in which you bade me remain where I was—the words which would have brought me across the river if it had been ten times the flood it is, to fulfil my word, to answer your challenge, to prove to you that I am not an effeminate coward, nor yet a presuming fortune-hunter!"

"You do not know what you are saying!" said Rosalind, for once, more amazed than haughty. "You forget yourself, and I will try to forget this folly. Forgive me if there was any thing in my note which wounded you," she added, with unusual gentleness. I think the young fellow's pale, passionate face touched her suddenly. "It was certainly a poor return for all that you had done."

"If you mean what I have done to-day, do not think of it!" he answered, almost fiercely. "Only your bitter taunts stung me into it. Love had nothing to do with such service as that, Rosalind Earle. But love has had much—my God! it has had every thing—to do with every other act of my life since I have known you, and it—this love which you knew as well as I—might have won a little belief, a little respect, from you, even though you are suffering vanity and suspicion to eat away your heart."

"You—you are mad!" said Rosalind. "What have I ever done or said that you should presume to speak to me like this?"

"I will tell you what you have done and said," he answered. "You have showed me, more than once, that you thought me a mercenary scoundrel, who was seeking you for your wealth alone; and you have said—in black and white within the last three hours—

words so full of scornful contempt, so evidently intended to rebuke any possible presumption on my part, that even your love, if it were offered me this moment, could scarcely blot them out."

The blaze which had flickered up just after the speaker's entrance, died down now to a dull glow, which barely revealed the outlines of the two figures facing each other on the hearth. Even in this obscurity, however, I saw Rosalind suddenly put her hands to her face.

"You are hard on me," she said, in a voice which I could scarcely think was her own. "I—I did not mean all that."

"Yes, you meant it—all," Stuart answered. "I, who have loved you as I can scarcely learn to love another woman—I, who have hoped against hope to win you from suspicion and pride to your better nature—even I know that you meant it. Even I have opened my eyes at last to the bitter realization that I have been your plaything and your slave too long already, and that, if I wish to preserve self-respect, I must be a free man from to-night."

"Your slavery was your own choice," Rosalind's voice—trembling strangely out of the shadows—said. "I had no share in it. Your freedom, therefore, is not mine to give."

"But it shall be mine to take!" he said, with a passionate vehemence, which must have thrilled her, for it thrilled even me. "I have sworn it, and I will do it. If it can be accomplished in no other way, I will never see your face again after this hour!"

She started slightly, but laughed—a faint, nervous sound.

"Is it necessary to be so melodramatic?" she asked. "Surely my poor face can do you no great amount of harm."

"It has already done me the deadliest of harm," he answered, bitterly. "Melodramatic! That is what people like you—people who have no passion—always say of those who are fools enough to give you their hearts. Mine has troubled you for the last time, however. No doubt I shall be sorry to-morrow that I have been sufficiently mad to utter all this, but I cannot be sorry now. I could not leave you forever without having spoken the truth. It is folly to say it, perhaps, but if another man should ever love you as well as I have done, let me beg you to doubt him less than you have doubted me."

He turned from her abruptly with those words, and walked straight to the door—straight past me, whose presence he had quite forgotten—as if he feared to trust his resolution a minute longer in her presence.

To my surprise, Rosalind followed him quickly, and laid her hand on his arm as he was opening the door.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked, imperiously. "Where are you going?"

"If you will be kind enough to make my excuses to Colonel Beresford," he said, "I am going back to X—."

"You do not mean that you will cross that river again?"

"What I have done once, I can certainly do again," he answered, coldly. "Pardon me, Miss Earle, but will you let me pass?"

"One minute," she said, with something—a strange thrill—in her voice. "You have been very harsh, very unkind to me, and that, too, just after you have laid me under such an obligation; but I have not forgotten that it is Christmas-eve, and I have not forgotten, either, that I promised this morning to grant you the right of asking a Christmas-gift in return for the one you were to bring me—the one you have brought. Stuart!"—I cannot express the softness and sweetness of her tone as she spoke his name—"have you none to ask?"

Although I was at some distance, I heard the young man draw in his breath with a quick gasp before he answered. Then it was very hoarsely.

"Rosalind, why are you tempting me like this?—why can you not let me go? It can be nothing but vanity which makes you want the last poor triumph of saying, 'He was a presumptuous fool, and I have rejected him.'"

"Perhaps it is only vanity," said Rosalind, quietly, "but still it is Christmas-eve, and we are never to see each other again, and—and I am sure it will not harm you to give me the 'last poor triumph,' if I want it."

"Then take it," said he, fiercely. "What does it matter whether or not I say in so many words, 'I love you, Rosalind Earle, and, poor as I am, I am fool enough to ask you to believe this and to marry me?'"

"As little, perhaps, as that I should say, 'I believe you, and I will marry you!'" she answered, clearly and calmly.

"Rosalind!" he cried, in amazement. "Rosalind, you—you do not mean it?"

"Does one ever jest like this?" asked Rosalind, proudly. Then she gave a soft, low laugh, as she added, "You see the Christmas rose has been good for something, after all!"

And I think it was this laugh which told Carew that she was in earnest, and that he, too, had won at the last moment, and in the unlikeliest possible manner, his Christmas Rose.

CHRISTIAN REID.

OUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

SIT down at the table, good comrade of mine;

Here is cheer, and some flasks of the vintage of Rhine;

Here is warmth, here is comfort, and smiles that betray

But a part of the welcome that greets you to-day;

And here in the centre, enthroned on a plate, Superb in surroundings, and royal in state, You behold—why, what cynic could give him a scowl!

With his cranberry courtiers, our national fowl.

Folk call him a Turkey—the name is absurd; This fowl is a purely American bird;

His strut and his gobble, his arrogant air, His plumage of bronze, speak my countryman there.

But no! he's a coward—ah! well, that depends!

He can fight for his hen and his chicks and his friends;

And in one thing he shows an American soul— You never can force him to crawl through a hole.

There's an edge to the carving-knife polished and bright;

The plates are all warm, and the napkins all white;

Before us the celery gleams through its vase, And the cranberry-jelly is set in its place.

Thrust the sharp fork astraddle our beauty's breast-bone;

From his side cut thin slices, the whitest e'er known,

For the ladies, God bless them! but my ruder sense

Takes the thigh, and the last part that gets o'er the fence.

Ah! white meat or brown meat, it matters not much—

'Tis taste we must please, not our seeing, nor touch;

And with either for dinner we're not at a loss,

If we've celery in plenty and cranberry-sauce;

For then, with a flask of good Rudesheimer wine,

We can manage, I fancy, in comfort to dine, Nay, more—with a turkey like this at command,

Who'd not be a patriot, proud of his land?

They had figs in Judas, and fatlings so fine, Young kids dressed with olives, and what they called wine;

They had palm-trees and date-trees, and odors as rare

As the sweetest of roses could fling on the air.

What their fruits and their flowers to these cranberries red,

And their palm- and their date-trees this celery instead!

While as for their kids and their lambs and their quails,

One turkey—let's eat, for comparison fails.

THOMAS DUKE ENGLISH.

AN OPEN QUESTION.*

A NOVEL.

By JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

A DISCOVERY.

BLAKE had reasons of his own for keeping his escape a secret. He therefore did not go out of the house, even though he needed exercise, but quietly waited till he was strong enough to travel. He did not know but that O'Rourke, or rather Kevin Magrath, as he now believed him to be, might still be in the city; nor did he know but that he might have emissaries abroad. For many reasons he did not wish Magrath to know that he was alive; and accordingly he determined to travel in disguise, so as to guard against the possibility of discovery. This disguise was very easily procured—a false beard, spectacles, and a priest's dress, being sufficient to make him unrecognizable.

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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nizable by his own mother. In a few days they set out, and reached Paris without any further incident.

Blake remained in his room that day. Mrs. Wyverne rested a few hours, and then, in the afternoon, went out with the intention of finding Clara. Toward evening Blake left the hotel, and went to visit Kane Ruthven.

Kane was alone. In answer to the knock at the door he roared, "Come in!" The door opened, and a man entered in a priest's dress, for Blake's caution would not allow him as yet to drop his disguise. Kane rose, and looked inquiringly at his visitor, but without the slightest sign of recognition. Upon this Blake removed his beard, and spectacles, and revealed to Kane the pale face of his friend, upon which were still visible the marks of the sufferings through which he had passed.

"Good Lord!" cried Kane Ruthven, springing forward and grasping Blake's hands in both of his. "Blake, old fellow, is it really you? Why, how pale you are!"

He stopped abruptly, and looked anxiously at Blake, still holding his hands.

"I've had a hard time of it, old fellow," said Blake; "been sick, and am hardly well yet."

"Ah, that accounts for your strange silence. Why, I've been at my wit's ends about you. You decamped suddenly, leaving a crazy, unintelligible letter, and vanished into midnight darkness. Sick, ah! So that's it—but where?"

"You've just said it," said Blake, solemnly. "I vanished into midnight darkness."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, perhaps I'd better tell you all about myself, for I want to get your assistance, old boy. You're the very man I need now, and you're the only man."

"You may rely upon me to no end of an extent, my boy," said Kane, earnestly. "But come, sit down now. We've given queer confidences to one another in this room, and it looks as though this would be the queerest. But you'll take something, won't you?"

"Thanks—no."

"What—not even ale?"

"Well, perhaps a glass of ale wouldn't be unwelcome," said Blake, taking his seat on the sofa. Kane at once poured out the draught, and Blake slowly drank it. Thereupon Kane offered a pipe, which, however, Blake refused.

Kane now sat down, and Blake told him the whole story. He listened in a state of mind which was made up of astonishment and horror, and said not a single word.

After this, Blake proceeded to give him the outlines of his mother's story, without hinting, however, at the fact of Clara's flight and subsequent life. This he did not feel prepared as yet to divulge. He merely wished Kane to understand what he had learned about his own birth, and about that of Inez; to explain the character of Kevin Magrath, and try identifying him with O'Rourke, to disclose the motive which had animated his betrayer.

The effect of all this upon Kane was tremendous. The last phase which his opinion about Magrath had undergone was one of

reverence. He had sought him out as a culprit; he had pleaded his own cause before him as before a judge; he had humbly and most gratefully listened to his acquittal, and had received the grasp of his hand as a symbol of the forgiveness of some superior being. Now, in the light of Blake's story, Kevin Magrath stood at last revealed in his own true character—a villain, cold-blooded, remorseless, terrible!

But with this discovery there came a throng of thoughts so painful that he hardly dared to entertain them. At once he thought of Inez—of Bessie—now in the power of this man, who could take them where he wished, since they had been formally intrusted to him by their best friends—by Kane and Gwyn—the husband, the brother; thus handing them both over unsuspectingly into his keeping. The terror of this thought was too much.

Blake saw the horror of Kane's soul, and understood at once that his story had served to arouse within his friend feelings and troubles that were connected with himself, and that some new grief had arisen before Kane out of the light of this revelation. What it was he could not conjecture. He thought at first that Kane's troubles perhaps referred to Clara; and then he thought that they might be connected with Inez. For already Blake's speculation upon Magrath's course had made him think that his next victim might be Inez. And now the sight of Kane's agitation made him feel so sure at last that Inez was really involved, that he was afraid to ask, for fear that he might learn the truth that he dreaded to hear.

There was now a long silence. Each had much to say, but did not know how to say it. In the mind of each there was that which he dreaded to make known to the other.

Kane was the first to break the silence.

"Settled in Rome! for good—for good!" he repeated, recalling the statement of Magrath—"settled in Rome for good!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Blake, in surprise.

"It was what I heard about you."

"About me?" cried Blake. "Who said it?"

"What horrible irony! What cold-blooded, remorseless humor—for he had a sense of humor—the humor of a demon; and I can imagine him enjoying this, all by himself—'settled down—yes, down—in Rome—and for good!'"

"There's only one man that could have said that of me. What do you mean? Have you seen him?"

Blake trembled from head to foot. The danger was growing greater, and drawing nearer to Inez.

"Only one man—yes," said Kane. "Of course; you are right. Your O'Rourke must be Kevin Magrath, and he was the man that said that of you."

Blake started to his feet.

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes," said Kane, solemnly.

"You know something, that you're holding back," said Blake, in feverish excitement. "Magrath has been doing something more, which you know of; and now, since I have

told you his true character, you are horrified. There is danger abroad, to which friends of yours are exposed—are they friends of mine, too?"

Before Kane could answer, there was a knock at the door. Blake looked impatiently around. It was Gwyn. Kane introduced them to one another, and explained Gwyn's position as the husband of the young lady whom he had known as Bessie Mordaunt.

"Before I answer your last question, Blake," said Kane, "let me explain all this horrible business to my brother here, for I assure you he is as deeply concerned in what you ask about as you yourself are—perhaps more so."

At this Blake regarded Gwyn with sad curiosity. Kane's words meant that he was implicated, probably as Bessie's husband, and that if there was danger to Inez, Bessie was also involved. He was now content to explain all to Gwyn, so as to have his coöperation in any duty that might now arise before them, and also to get the benefit of any advice which one so deeply interested might be able to give.

Gwyn had never experienced any of those alternations of opinion about Kevin Magrath which had been felt by Kane; indeed, he had not thought much about him, inasmuch as he had only known him for the last few days. During that time he had thought of him as rather an eccentric, but still a good man, and had only objected to him on the ground that he formed one of those who were taking Bessie from him. But now, as he learned the truth about this man, and reflected that he had allowed Bessie to go with him—thinking also that Bessie, as one of the Mordaunts, might be implicated in the fate of those whom he yet believed to be her sisters—a great fear arose in his heart, and he sat looking at the others in mute horror.

"He—he—could not harm her—he—loves her—she always called him her dear grandpa, you know," faltered Gwyn, at last.

"Is your wife with him?" asked Blake, rightly interpreting the meaning of those words.

"Yes," said Kane, "and Inez, too."

At this, Blake said not a word. He had dreaded it; he had expected it; but was none the less overwhelmed when he actually heard it.

"It's a mixed-up story, and the devil himself couldn't have worked with more patient, cold-blooded craft," said Kane. "I didn't like to tell you, and I don't like to now, but Inez has had a hard time of it."

"Go on," said Blake, in a whisper.

Upon this, Kane told Blake the whole story of Inez—her imprisonment, her escape, his meeting with her, his journey to Ruthven, and Bessie's departure to meet her friend, followed by himself and Gwyn. Some of this was news to Gwyn, for he had not known before the name of the man who had entrapped Inez. It only added to his terrors about Bessie. To Blake this was all too fearfully intelligible. The long, deep, patient plot was characteristic of Kevin Magrath. He chose to lead his victims to destruction, as his mother had said, by a purely natural process, by their own act and consent, so that he should

be himself free from danger. What more? Had Inez and Bessie now gone with him voluntarily to destruction? He trembled to hear.

The rest was soon told. The story of Clara's grave in Rome, of the removal of her remains—all was horrible. He knew well how false it was. He could not tell Kane even then the truth about Clara, so as to show Kane and Gwyn its complete untruth. He could scarcely use his faculties, and it seemed as though his strength of mind and body, which had been so severely tried of late, was about to give way utterly under this new blow.

"They're lost!" he cried at last. "There's no such grave—in all—Rome."

Kane looked at him as though he would read his soul.

"Her father," said he, in a voice which was tremulous with agitation at a frightful suspicion which came to him—"her father—had her—her remains buried—by the side of her mother—in the Catacombs."

"The Catacombs!" groaned Blake. "O God! The Catacombs! O Heavens! I don't you know what that means?"

At this both Kane and Gwyn shuddered.

"Stop!" said Kane, in a hoarse voice, "don't be too fast—you don't know—she was taken away from Père-la-Chaise."

"She was not," cried Blake, who could not say any more.

"What do you mean?" asked Kane.

"Go and ask the keeper—go to the cemetery now—ask him if any such a removal has taken place," gasped Blake.

"By Heavens, I will!" cried Kane. "He had persuaded me. I too was going to the Catacombs, to pray at her grave. I will go this very instant and see—" He hurried out of the room, and banged the door after him, in the middle of his sentence.

Blake and Gwyn sat there in silence, overwhelmed by the anguish of the new fear that had arisen in their minds. Of the two, Blake was in the deeper despair, for he knew all. Gwyn's knowledge was imperfect, and he could not help consoling himself by the belief which he had in Magrath's affection for Bessie. She had always spoken of him in fondest language. She rested in his affection now with the undoubting confidence of a child. Inez showed nothing of such a sentiment. Bessie seemed to appropriate Magrath as her own—as if he was her father. Moreover, once before, when he had been able to injure Bessie, he had spared her, and it was for Inez alone that he had spread his snares. Out of all this he could not help reaching the conclusion that Bessie was perfectly safe, and Inez alone in peril.

That Inez was in peril he had no doubt. What then? What part was Bessie destined to play? Was her presence any protection to Inez? If so, why should Magrath allow her to go? Perhaps Magrath was making use of Bessie to work out his will on Inez the more surely. Perhaps he was using Bessie as a decoy. Perhaps—the thoughts that came to him now were such as filled him with horror. Once more the terrible recollection came of Ruthven Towers, of Bessie with her frightful suggestions, of that appalling moment when she stood before him on the top of the cliff and seemed a beautiful

demon—the Tempter in the form of an angel—in the form of one whom he loved dearer than life. The remembrance was anguish; and once more there went on within him a struggle of soul something like that which had torn him as he fought down the temptation. But the evil thought once indulged could not easily be dismissed, nor could the one of whom he had once formed suspicions become ever again altogether free from their recurrence. The thought which had once made him strike her senseless was not to be destroyed, nor could Bessie ever be immaculate again. Circumstances suggested themselves to his mind, and tormented him by the horrible coloring which they gave to her actions: her flight from Ruthven Towers; her bringing Inez once more into Magrath's power; her refusal to return to her husband; her departure with Inez and Magrath, and to Rome, and to the Catacombs; her last words reminding him that he must bring Kane too. Was it only to draw Kane to Rome that she wished him to come? Was she trying to make a decoy of him? and, since she had failed in her first temptation, had she resorted to one which was more insidious? And why? Destroy Kane, and Ruthven Towers would be his; destroy Inez, and Mordaunt Manor would be hers!—A groan burst from him in his agony; he started to his feet, and paced the room unconscious of the presence of Blake.

But Blake himself had too much to think of to give any attention to his companion. Kane had gone, and he knew what news he would bring back. What then? He must act. How? When? How long was it since they had started for Rome? Could he overtake them?

Clara's grave! The Catacombs! Abhorrent, appalling thought! The Catacombs! And Kevin Magrath was now leading Inez to that place of horror—the place to which he had been led. And Inez was going of her own free will, as he had gone; drawn there as he had been drawn, by an overpowering motive. Avarice had drawn him; Love was drawing her. He had gone to find the treasure of the Cæsars; she was going to pray at a sister's grave. What damnable art was it that enabled this man to destroy the just suspicions of others?—and, after all that he had done to Inez, to win her confidence, and even that of a world-worn man like Kane? Was he, too, intending to go down into the Catacombs with Kevin Magrath? Would not he, too, wish to pray at Clara's grave? And Gwyn Ruthven! Was he, too, doomed? What part had his wife in all this? Why did she leave her young husband who loved her? What had she to do with the Mordaunts? What connection was there between her and Magrath? His mother knew that she was not a Mordaunt, or at least not of the family of Bernal Mordaunt. Was she true, and deceived; or a deceiver, false like Magrath? Or was she a decoy used by Magrath, though innocent herself?

Blake's thoughts about Bessie were bitter; and present circumstances, combined with what he had heard from Gwyn and Kane about her, had already created suspicions in his mind which he had not cared or dared to express. In his own thoughts he doubted

her; he feared the worst about her. Thus, in this present terrible moment, it was Bessie's hard fortune to be the subject of the gravest and darkest suspicion, not only in the mind of Blake, but even in that of her husband.

At length, after a long absence, Kane returned. His face wore a strange expression.

"Well?" cried Blake.

"It is gone," said Kane, slowly.

"What!"

"It is true. Her—remains—were exhumed—and taken away. I saw the keeper, who showed me the books of record—and I—visited the grave."

He flung himself into a chair by the table and buried his head in his hands.

Blake was bewildered, but a moment's reflection explained all.

"It is part of that villain's consummate and most painstaking style of action. He always works in what he would call a scientific or artistic manner. Yes, he has certainly exhumed—something—and—"

Kane started up and stared.

"This is the second time," he said, with deep agitation, "that you have spoken about—about her—in that tone. In Heaven's name, Blake, what is it? What am I to understand?"

"Tone?" said Blake, confusedly. "I was not conscious of any particular tone."

With a disappointed look, Kane sat down again.

"We must act, or I must, and at once," cried Blake. "Tell me—have I time?"

Gwyn and Kane looked at one another.

"I tell you his removal of—that—is only to make his work more thorough. He will have something to show them."

Kane looked up.

"That is what I mean by your tone. I can't understand you, but I see how agitated you are. I'll talk about it to-morrow. But if you are going to do any thing, Gwyn and I will help you. Magrath left for Rome yesterday morning only, with Inez and Bessie. Gwyn wanted me to leave with him to-morrow, but I was going to remain a week or two. Still, as things are now, we ought all of us to leave by the very next train."

"Will you go?—that's right," said Blake. "Yesterday morning!—and Magrath is prompt in his acts always; but this time he may be more leisurely about it, he may not suspect pursuit. He knows nothing of my escape. No—no—I think he will go about this work leisurely, and assist those of you who wish to—descend into the Catacombs—and pray at Clara's tomb.—When does the next train go, to-night? Can't we start at once? I will go now. I'll only stop a minute to write a few lines to my mother."

"Wait, Blake, boy," said Kane, as Blake, after these incoherent words, arose and walked to the door. "There's no train till morning. We had better all leave at the same time. You can write your letter here, or you'll have time to go and see your mother yourself."

"No; I won't go and see her," said Blake. "She would make objections, and all that, or insist on coming with me. No. I'll write her, and if you can find some one to take it to her address, I'll be obliged."

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Kane now offered Blake some writing-materials, and he wrote very hurriedly the following letter:

"DEAR MOTHER: I have heard the very worst. Inez has fallen into the hands of Kevin Magrath, who has taken her to Rome. You know what that means. I am going back there by the first train to-morrow morning, in the faint hope of being able to save her. If you have any news about Clara, you had better come on also. Kane Ruthven and his brother Gwyn are going to accompany me. I have said nothing to Kane about Clara.

"If you come to Rome you will find me, or hear of me at the old lodgings.

"Your affectionate son,
"BASIL."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE MONOGRAM OF CHRIST.



IANITY is but little older than the Chrismon, the monogram of Christ. Indeed, some, whose opinions are of weight, ascribe the invention and the adoption of this sacred symbol to the time when the followers of Jesus, at

Antioch, accepted the name which the heathen had applied to them in derision. Although there is no evidence of this, it is by no means improbable. The first Gentile Church at Antioch was composed of Greeks, or of Jews who, like St. Paul, were accustomed to the Greek tongue. The name of their Lord and Master, ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ (*Christos*, Christ, the Anointed), was of vast import to them; and it is probable that the initial letters, XP (CHR), were used as a sacred sign from the beginning. This abbreviation is found in all the early manuscripts of the New Testament, written thus, XP, the dash above indicating contraction. That the monogram proper is not used in the manuscripts is no argument against its greater antiquity; for the oldest Codex (the Sinaiticus, probably) was not written earlier than the middle of the fourth century, and the Chrismon is found on Christian tombs of the beginning of the second century.

A still greater antiquity has been assigned to this symbol. We are told that it was one of the sacred signs of the Egyptians, and that it occurs frequently on the coins of the Ptolemaic kings, as well as on Greek coins. Some of the old writers have exercised a good deal of ingenuity in manufacturing derivations and meanings for it. Some make it an abbreviation of χρυσάρεος (with the golden sword), an epithet of Jupiter and of Apollo; some think it a contraction of χρυσός (good, upright); and others believe it to stand for Χρέμων (Chremon), the name of one of the Thirty Tyrants of Athens. But it is probable, in all of these cases, that some other emblem has been confounded with the Chrismon. The *cerunium*, or symbol of lightning, sometimes

made thus, , and sometimes thus, , may easily have been mistaken for it. The

Egyptian cross, says Maitland, appears to be an abbreviation of the Nilometer.

Some ascribe the invention of the monogram of Christ to the Emperor Constantine, and assert that he used it first on his military standard, the Labarum; but this opinion is supported by little weight of authority. A number of examples have been found, in the Roman Catacombs, that undoubtedly antedate his reign. Among the most notable are those inscribed on the tombs of Marius (No. 1), a soldier martyred under the Emperor Hadrian (A. D. 117-138); of Alexander (No. 2), martyred under Antoninus Pius (138-161); and of Pope Caius, martyred under Diocletian, A. D. 296.



1.



2.

The monogram is found also on vases, lamps, seals, and rings, of a very early date.

It appears on the Christian tombs in the Catacombs in a number of diverse forms, of which two are met most frequently. One of these, a combination of the Greek letters X and P, as seen in the above examples, is probably the most ancient. In the other the X becomes a cross, the perpendicular of which constitutes the staff of the P, as seen in No. 3. The first of these forms occurs the



3.



4.

often on the tombs. At a later period, the cross is found occasionally detached from the P, as in No. 4. The Alpha (A) and the Omega (ω) frequently make a part of the monogram, appearing sometimes above and sometimes below the arms of the cross. This addition is in allusion to the passages of Scripture where Christ says: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end." Some contend that the sign of which St. John speaks in the Apocalypse is none other than the Chrismon. It is, at least, significant that the Alpha and the Omega are found combined with it at so early a period.

Generally, the monogram, like the rest of the inscription, is rudely executed, as if scratched with some sharp instrument in the fresh mortar, when the cells were closed; but some are very creditably drawn. A rude attempt at ornamentation is sometimes seen, like the palm-branches in No. 5.



5.



6.

Not unfrequently we find the monogram surmounted by the dove, emblematic of the Holy Spirit; and sometimes two doves appear, one on each side, like heraldic supporters. Occasionally another letter is combined with the X and the P, as in No. 8. This is intended, probably, for "Nomen Christi."



7.



8.

The Chrismon is found, in some instances, inscribed in a circle or a square. The following examples, discovered by Bosio, the indefatigable explorer of subterranean Rome, were probably impressed in the soft cement with a metal seal or die.



9.



10.

No. 11 was found by Boldetti, in the cemetery of St. Agnes. It is also an impress of a seal. It reads: "*Spes in Deo Christo*," "Hope in God Christ." It is curious to note that the Greek P (ρ) is made to serve also as the Latin P (p) in the word "*Spes*." In No. 12 the Alpha and the Omega are reversed.



11.



12.

Art, in the early Christian centuries, was monopolized by the heathen, the followers of Christ paying but little attention to what appeared to them to be chiefly a means for the glorification of pagan divinities. But after the conversion of Constantine, when the new religion was fostered by the state, and the great as well as the lowly were numbered among the believers, there came a change. In nothing is this more evident than in the Christian emblems of the period, which began to assume new and more elaborate forms. The cross appears profusely decorated, and the Chrismon is sculptured on tombs and sarcophagi with some attempt at artistic effect.



18.

ful bass-relief, now in the Lapidary Gallery of the Vatican. The jewels are only in marble, but they represent the real gems often lavished on the cross and the monogram:



Jewelled Monogram, from the Vatican.

Of a like antiquity is the bass-relief of the cross surmounted by the Christon, at the end of this article. In this the sacred monogram is surrounded by an elaborately-sculptured wreath, and the dove stands on one arm of the cross; the other arm, unfortunately, has been broken. This example, also, is in the Vatican.

Some writers have contended that the P in the monogram of Christ is the Latin P (*p*), and not the Greek P (*ρ*); and that the abbreviation must be read, "*Pro Christo*," indicating, when found on a tomb, the grave of one who died a martyr "for Christ." But numerous tumular inscriptions, where the context necessitates the reading of the name of Christ alone, prove the unsoundness of the claim. This is evident from the following examples, found in the Catacombs:

IN \mathbb{X} DEO,

which can be read only, "*In Christo Deo*," "*In Christ God*;"

IN PACE ET IN \mathbb{X} ,

"*In Pace et in Christo*," "*In Peace and in Christ*;"

IH \mathbb{X} AH,

"*Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ Δούλῳ*," "*A Servant of Jesus Christ*."

In the following both the name and the monogram are given:

BIBAS IN \mathbb{X} CRISTO,

Even in the Catacombs are seen some rude efforts at ornamentation. The accompanying figure (No. 18) was discovered by Bosio. The inscription shows it to have been executed A. D. 355. Of the same period—the fourth century—is the following beautiful

"*Vives in Christo!*" "*Mayst thou live in Christ!*"

In the later Latin inscriptions B and V are often confounded; but the error in the last word can be accounted for only on the supposition that the engraver was not entirely at home in the spelling-book.

There are few facts in history stranger or more suggestive than the adoption of the Christian symbol by Constantine, and its elevation to the dignity of a national emblem. His action appears the more remarkable when we take into consideration how much an object of horror the cross was in the eyes of a Roman. To him it was the instrument of tortures inflicted only on slaves and strangers; and with it were associated ideas of guilt and ignominy. Its very name, *crux*, was ill-omened, and was used as a synonym of trouble, misery, and torment. Says Cicero ("*Pro C. Rabirio*"): "Let the very name of the cross be absent, not only from the body of Roman citizens, but also from the thought, from the eyes, from the ears." To overcome such a prejudice so thoroughly as to secure the adoption of the hated emblem as an object of pride and veneration must have required something more than the fiat of the emperor, however much he was beloved by his soldiers.

As on all events where the supernatural has part, a shadow of doubt and uncertainty must ever rest on the story of the vision of Constantine; but whatever may have been the motive cause of his subsequent act—whether it had its origin in a burst of religious enthusiasm, as the Christian writers assert, or in a deep-laid scheme of policy, as others have suggested—the result was the same. The new standard, bearing the emblem of Him who died on the "accursed tree," was elevated before the hosts of heathen Rome, and followed by them to assured victory.

The Labarum, as the banner was called, was a pole with a horizontal cross-bar, forming a cross, from which depended a square purple banderole. The staff was surmounted by a golden crown, set with jewels, in the midst of which was the monogram of Christ. The banderole, which was about a foot square, judging from the height of the men carrying the standard on the ancient monuments, says Montfaucon, was adorned with fringes and with precious stones, and had upon it the figure or the emblem of Christ. Prudentius, who describes its glories with poetical fervor, says that "Christ, woven in jewelled gold, marked the purple Labarum;" also that the monogram of Christ was inscribed on the shields of the soldiers, and that the "cross burned on the crests of helmets."



Labarum.

The accompanying cut of the Labarum is from a medal of Valentinian I. (A. D. 364-375). It will be noticed that there is no crown on the staff, but that the monogram is represented on the banderole.

A vast deal of learning has been expended on the Labarum and its verbal derivation; but it is not our province to discuss whether it was identical in form with

the *vezillum* of the Roman cavalry, or had a foreign origin; nor to decide whether it derives its name from the Latin, the Greek, or from some more barbarous tongue. Nor, further, is it of consequence whether it was first borne against the legions of Maxentius, in A. D. 312, or, ten years later, against those of Licinius. But the question of the form of the monogram adopted by Constantine is nearer to our subject. On this point, also, there is a diversity of opinion. Some contend that the original was merely the combination of the letters X and P, which we have designated as the more ancient form; others, that it was of the cross-form. Pelliccia says that it resembled an X overturned, with one point bent around (*renversée avec une pointe recourbée*), which would give it the cross-shape. Perret says that "one finds sometimes the one and sometimes the other on the coins of Constantine." On the contrary, Humphrey says that "we seek in vain for Christian emblems on the coinage of the first Christian emperor." This is not quite correct, although they appear to have been very rare. Vaillant and Akerman both describe one gold coin which displays the Christon. According to the former, this has the cross-form. On the coins of Constantius II., the son and successor of Constantine the Great, the monogram appears frequently in both forms. Julian the Apostate (361-363) substituted for it, on his coins and medals, the old letters S. P. Q. R.; but Jovian restored the sacred emblem, and it is found on the coins of the succeeding emperors.

In later times, the Christon fell gradually into disuse, and it is now superseded almost altogether, in church ornamentation, by the monogram of Jesus, the I. H. S.



From the Vatican.

JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, JR.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY.

I.

"CHRISTMAS is here! Christmas is here!"
The bells are ringing it far up-town;
Old Trinity chimes below;
The boys are singing it up and down,
Shouting it over the snow.
Merrily, merrily, sound the bells;
The children listen with glee;
Cheerily, cheerily, each one tells
The words of their melody:
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

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II.

The walls are shining with holly red—
The roses of Christmas anows;
And wreaths are twining with cones o'ar-
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The nuts that Christmas bestows.
No home so lonely but through its gloom
The light of Christmas is seen;
Though it be only a single room,
It hangs up its Christmas green;
Though it be only a single spray
Picked up at the closed church-door,
Though it have only the sunlight gray,
The bare, uncarpeted floor
Of some poor dwelling in narrow street,
Where the all-day shadows fall,
It still is telling the tidings sweet,
Glad tidings of joy to all:
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

III.

The city people are old with care;
They are old beyond their years.
From the church-steeple, through the clear
air,
The bells' voice reaches their ears:
"Come unto me, ye weary and worn!"
It echoes from east to west:
"Come unto me, ye poor and forlorn;
In me ye shall all find rest!"
The rich man, weary with counting spoil,
A moment forgets his gold;
The poor man, dreary with hopeless toil,
A moment forgets the cold—
The bitter weather, the cares of gain,
Are vanquished by Christmas-spells;
And both together are boys again,
As they hear the Christmas-bells:
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

IV.

The mourner hears, as high in the air
The echoing chimes are tost;
The mourner's tears start in new despair—
She thinks of her loved and lost.
The well-known sound of those little feet,
Fast running to meet papa;
The well-known sound of the greeting sweet,
"A merry Christmas, mamma!"—
Are gone forever, leaving behind
But a waste of broken toys—
Are gone forever, leaving behind
But a waste of broken joys.
Then, faint and low, like far music-swells,
Echoing down from above,
Come soft and slow, through the chiming
bells,
These words of heavenly love:
"Suffer the children to come to me—
They are but lent, not given;
Suffer the children to come to me—
Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
The dark room beams with a vision bright,
And the mother's tearful eyes
See pearly gleams from the walls of light,
As fair crystal bulwarks rise
Above, afar, where the children's souls
As a glory fill the place,
And, like a star whose soft ray consoles,
Bends down her lost darling's face.
Angels rejoice, as the cherub throng
Keep Christmas up in the sky;
Her darling's voice leads their joyful song,
And the mother joins in the cry:
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

V.

The poor soul haunted by tempting thought,
With hands stretched out to begin
The work enchanter, by Satan wrought,
The gleaming palace of sin,

Sits trembling, lost, with the gloating face
Of the tempter behind his chair,
Dissembling his smile, filling the place
With visions, bewildering fair,
Of fruit forbidden, whose flavors burn
The heart with a fiery breath;
Of pathways hidden, whose footsteps turn
Down, ever downward, to death.
The poor soul spurns his conscience' faint fears
To note what the tempter tells;
The poor soul turns, when, sudden, he hears
The sound of the Christmas-bells!
The Christmas-bells! Lo! the Gospel-truth
Comes back to his memory;
Unbidden it tells of his guileless youth,
The prayer at his mother's knee,
Till the sudden thought his bosom swells—
The contrast 'twixt now and then—
And his sudden cry goes forth with the bells:
"Help, O thou Saviour of men!"
The tempter gloating is put to flight,
The visions of evil end,
As, downward floating on rays of light,
Angels of Christmas descend;
They take control, they strengthen his heart,
They calm his bewildered fears;
And the rescued soul, as his sins depart,
Thanks God, as he cries with tears:
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

VI.

"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"
Once more, once more, has the year rolled
round
To the Saviour's sacrifice;
Once more, once more, comes the heavenly
sound
From the walls of Paradise:
"Glory to God!" sing the choir above,
And Earth rolls out her "Amen"—
"Glory to God in the highest love!
On earth peace! Good-will to men!"
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

WALL-STREET ENGLISH.

OF the technical terms in use in Wall Street, where transactions amounting to fifty or sixty million dollars frequently take place in one day, only a few are understood by the general public. You, my good sir, are not a speculator; of course not. You do not care a button about "cliques" and "corners;" and, whether "bulls" "squeeze" "shorts," or "bears" "hammer the market," your mind is easy and your conscience clear. But, nevertheless, you may possibly be willing to know the meaning of the strange phrases which form the idiom of the great financial centre, and which, if you read the money articles in the dailies, doubtless sometimes set you wondering at the queer antics our language is compelled to play.

As all the world knows, the regular operators in stocks are divided into two classes—"bulls" and "bears." Sometimes these animals change their species, bulls becoming bears and bears bulls, as a falling or a rising market may lead their honest hearts. The main object of the bulls is to advance prices; that of the bears, to depress. Frequently, when the market is rising, and there are prospects of a continued advance, speculators who have consorted with the bears for several months will suddenly desert them and join

the ranks of the bulls, remaining there while Fortune smiles on that side, and rushing back to the bears the moment the sickle goddess indicates an intention to transfer her favors. On the other hand, habitual bulls often leave their own pasture for the den of Bruin when the market shows signs of turning downward, and remain in Bruin's company till their regular grazing-ground again becomes particularly attractive. Or, to simplify the matter, a speculator will be a bull or a bear, according to the prospect of making money on one side or the other. One who is a bull to-day may figure as a bear to-morrow, and vice versa.

Bears thrive most on public calamities. Any occurrence that unsettles values puts money in their pockets. The burning of Chicago was worth many millions to the bear interest in Wall Street. Occasionally the leaders of this interest devise a scheme to shake confidence in financial soundness, and possibly bring on a panic, in order that they may break the market and buy stocks at low prices. They do not care how much the community may suffer, or how many merchants, bankers, or manufacturers, may be ruined, provided their own interest is served. Generally they are utterly unscrupulous as to the means employed to accomplish their object, and the more embarrassment and suffering they cause to others the more likely are their own transactions to yield them handsome profits. Yet, if there were no bears in Wall Street, the Stock Exchange would be found a rather dull place.

The terms "long" and "short" are of respective application to the bull and bear parties. The bulls are always "long" of stock, and the bears are always "short." The speculator who has stocks on hand, which he bought with the expectation of selling at higher prices, is on the bull side, and, in the parlance of the street, is "long." A bear seldom has stocks on hand. His business is to sell "short"—that is, to sell property which he has not got, intending to buy and deliver when prices are lower. Generally the stock is to be delivered the day after it is sold, but quite often the bear does not buy it for a month, or two or three months. How, then, can he deliver it within twenty-four hours? By borrowing from another person. There is in Wall Street a regular system for borrowing stock. The broker who represents the speculator procures the stock on loan from another broker, to whom he gives a check, as security, for the value of what is borrowed. This transaction is good for one day only, but it may be renewed the next day, and then the next; and thus several weeks may pass before the stock is really purchased for delivery. Meantime, the seller, if he belongs to a clique or "pool," is trying every day to depress prices, in order that he may buy the stock at a lower figure than that at which he sold it. This is the operation known as "hammering the market," and a very exciting one it sometimes is.

But the bears are often badly "squeezed," and then they make a rush to "cover." When the bulls learn that there is a large "short" interest in any particular stock, they put their heads together and get up a "corner." When a stock is said to be "cornered," the meaning

is, that it is controlled by a clique. The clique holds enough of it to control the market and exact such terms as may be desired. An upward movement is suddenly developed, and then the bears, who have sold "short," in expectation of lower prices, become alarmed, and begin to buy. In the majority of cases the men who work the advance are the very ones who bought what the bears sold, and they are now selling it to them, at high figures, for delivery back to themselves.

"Twisting" is the process of making the bears pay high prices for what they probably sold at low prices, and "covering" is the operation of buying stock to close "short" contracts. Once in a while a stock is so closely "cornered" that it can be borrowed only at enormous interest for the day's use—perhaps at a rate that is equal to one thousand per cent. per annum. An operation of this sort is the worst "squeeze" of all, and it is not to be wondered at that, as the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange say, the bears generally "squeal" under it. One shrewd manipulator of stocks is known to have cleared fifty thousand dollars in one day by loaning a fancy stock that he had "cornered." But the same gentleman sometimes gets into a "corner" prepared by others. It is commonly understood that he was fleeced to the amount of nearly two millions during the lively "Northwest" gale, a few weeks since.

"Puts" and "calls" are terms of more than ordinary difficulty for the uninitiated to understand. Their meaning may, however, be made comparatively plain. A, for instance, proposes to "put" to B—that is, deliver to him—a certain amount of a certain stock, within a certain time, at a price agreed upon when the contract is made, and gives B a bonus of one, two, or three per cent., as the case may be, for the privilege. This is a "put." If the stock does not decline in value to an amount exceeding the sum given to B, A cannot make any thing by the transaction; and, unless he chooses to deliver the stock, he is not obliged to do so. If it falls more than that amount, A may make a good profit; for B, having accepted the bonus, is bound to take the stock, even though it may be selling five or ten per cent. below the price at which he agreed to take it.

A "call" is pretty much the same thing, with this difference: A gives B a hundred or a thousand dollars, or whatever sum may be agreed upon, for the privilege of "calling" from B a certain amount of stock, within a given number of days. If the stock advances, A may "call" it and make money. If it declines, he need not "call" it; but, of course, the bonus he gave to B is forfeit. There are times when the business in "puts" and "calls" is quite large, and a great deal of money is made by it; but, like all other kinds of speculation, it is dangerous to the inexperienced.

"Scoop" is a term less familiar to the public than any of the foregoing. The "scoop-game," a very common one in Wall Street, is played in this way: A clique of speculators, let us suppose, want to get possession of a good deal of some particular

stock, which they have reason to believe will soon advance in price; but, of course, they want to get it cheap, and they accomplish their object by starting a break in the stock. This is done by offering it at low figures. They instruct their brokers to offer small quantities under the market-price, and keep on offering it lower and lower, until other holders of the same stock, who are not in their confidence, become alarmed and sell out at the best price they can get. In the mean time the clique have other brokers buying all the stock that is offered; and thus they get possession of a large amount of stock at low prices, which they can probably sell, a few days later, at a large profit. The "scoop-game" is one of the most profitable that the Wall-Street gentlemen play.

The process of "washing"—a very good one in its ordinary sense—is often employed in Wall Street. "Washing" is a peculiar operation there—very peculiar, indeed—and the outsider ought to keep as far as possible from the suds. A clique is as necessary to it as to the "scoop" business. There is a stock on the list, for instance, that the public persists in letting alone; and the holders of it want to stir up some excitement in this stock, and induce the public to buy it. How do they proceed? Their plan is quite simple: Several brokers—let us suppose four—are employed to "wash" the stagnant stock. No. 1 offers to sell. No. 2 takes what is offered. No. 3 wants to buy. No. 4 sells 3 all he wants. This is kept up for a few days, the price rising steadily as the "wash" proceeds; but not one share of the stock is actually sold. But the innocent outsider, supposing these fictitious transactions to be real, and thinking there is a chance to make a turn in the stock, goes in as a buyer himself. Ten to one, he will never get as much for the stock as he paid, for it falls stagnant again when the speculators have got it off their hands.

"Coppering" is a term recently introduced, but very well understood in the street. It means operating in a direction contrary to that of another operator. For example, one man buys a particular stock, believing that it will advance; another man, observing that the first has not been lucky in his operations, sells this particular stock, believing that it will decline. Or the first may sell a stock "short," and the second, calculating on the other's ill-luck, will buy. This sort of speculation is carried on only by the smaller class of operators, and may be set down as sheer gambling.

A "straddle" is a double privilege, entitling the purchaser to either "put" or "call" a stock. The bonus is generally double the amount paid for the single privilege of "put" or "call."

A "margin" is the money deposited with the broker through whom stocks are purchased, as security against a sudden depreciation. The amount is generally about ten per cent. of the par-value of the stock. "Margins" are the rocks on which so many adventurers on the uncertain waters of speculation are utterly wrecked.

"Carrying" means holding stocks on a "margin," in anticipation of higher prices. Often a stock is "carried" for six months,

but generally the time is not more than two months, and frequently not more than a week. Quick turns are the rule with the majority of speculators.

"Watering" is the operation of suddenly increasing the capital stock of a company. Wall Street was thoroughly familiarized with it by the reckless Erie managers, who earned a notoriety that honorable men certainly would not covet. It is very dangerous to holders of the stock previously in the market.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

IN a curious little tract printed in 1645, entitled "An Hue and Cry after Christmas," there is a quaint inquiry for a very old, gray-bearded gentleman called Christmas, who used to be a familiar guest in the households of rich and poor. Assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes to suit the fancy of his friends; appearing in splendid attire at royal festivals and in more modest garb in humble homes, his coming was welcomed with mirth and jollity. "Whoever can tel what is become of him or where he may be found," says the queer old tract, "let them bring him back again into England."

This pathetic inquiry suggests its own answer. The Christmas of those early days, with his gay revels and his generous cheer, is a figure of the past. Centuries ago he disappeared from his accustomed haunts, and has never since come back. Long before Rip Van Winkle had wandered off to his long sleep among the mountains, the jovial old fellow had departed. Perhaps the festivities which once greeted the venerable visitor have followed him to other worlds than ours, where he may even now be enjoying his boisterous merriment. Some traces of them, indeed, still linger in old English homes, but, though the forms remain, the spirit which gave life to them has vanished. It will not come at the call of our modern sirens, sing they never so sweetly. Attempts to revive the old customs are usually dreary failures. They remind us of those theatrical tournaments where knights with pasteboard helmets and creaking cuirasses try to represent the heroes of chivalry. The armor which could hardly stand a thrust from a determined jack-knife would have but a poor show against the blade of Saladin or the sword of Cœur de Lion. No carpet-knights with their tinsel finery can cheat our fancy with visions of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Christmas, indeed, keeps its hold on human interest with a strength which time has not impaired, but the modes of its celebration have changed with the changes of modern society. It is interesting and instructive to recall its early observances, because they illustrate so vividly the characteristics of the olden time. They throw a light on the dim and distant past which is looked for in vain in pretentious chronicles. We must turn to the poets and dramatists rather than to the historians for these pictures of life and manners—to Ben Jonson's frolicsome

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Masques or the quaint verse of Wither, instead of the stately pages of Raleigh and Clarendon.

Many of these picturesque observances were derived from the festivals of the ancient world. The Roman Saturnalia, which occurred at the winter solstice, was a season of universal rejoicing that the shortest days of the year were over, and that the sun, now heralding the approach of spring and summer, was wheeling his upward circuit through the heavens. In fact, this celebration was nothing more than a worship of the sun, which, as the source of light and heat, was the object of adoration to a large part of the pagan world. Under various names this divinity was worshipped by the ancient Romans, Persians, Phœnicians, and Scandinavians. The fires that blazed in the rude huts and on the bleak hills of the North in honor of Odin and Thor, were kindled by the same sentiment of reverence that inspired similar observances in sunnier climes.

To trace the Christmas customs of modern days to the usages of the ancient world would require a volume, but some of them can be glanced at here. The monarch of the Christmas festival, the Lord of Misrule, or Abbot of Unreason, as he was felicitously called, was the legitimate successor of the ruler or king who presided over the sports of the Roman Saturnalia. The hymns to Saturn were representations of the modern carol, and the interchange of gifts at this season is a custom which has come down to us from classic times. And the license which characterized these celebrations in the England of long ago has its counterpart in an ante-Christian epoch. This adoption of pagan customs by the Church excited the ire of the stern old Puritans, who, in their indignation against what they deemed its abuses, abolished the Christmas festival.

Among the most interesting observances of an old-fashioned Christmas was the burning of the Yule-log which still blazes in many English homes at this season. Its name is derived from the Scandinavian feast of Juul, when, at the winter-solstice, bonfires were kindled in honor of the god Thor. When the big log was drawn from its forest-home to the huge fireplace in the old baronial hall, there were great rejoicings, for its cheery blaze was believed to burn up ancient feuds and animosities, and kindle the fires of affection and good-will among all classes. The ancient minstrels welcomed its entrance with their sweetest strains, and the merry-making that accompanied it still lives in the joyous verse of the old poets. This Yule log, or clog, as it was called, was of great size. Huge trees were often used for this purpose, and, during the Civil War in England, a house was burnt down by setting fire to one of these votive offerings. The Yule-log was lighted at Christmas-eve, but the blazing fire, with its accompanying festivities, was often kept up till the 2d of February—Candlemas. Around the festive hearth were gathered a merry company who feasted with boisterous hilarity. The wassail-bowl, flowing with spiced liquors, was the object of lively interest to the rollicking crowd who thought to drown all care, animosity, and sorrow, in its steaming flood. As no

records are preserved of the headaches and heart-burnings which would naturally follow these deep potations, it is difficult to say how far the result justified their anticipations, though we are inclined to believe it would have furnished a strong argument in favor of the temperance movement.

Among the dishes that decked a Christmas-table in feudal times, the most important was the boar's head. It was carried into the banquetting-hall on a platter of gold or silver, to the sound of merry minstrelsy, while a stave in English and Latin, sung by the bearer of the cherished trophy, celebrated its savory charms. Garnished with bays and rosemary, with an orange between its foaming tusks, and a sauce of mustard, thick around it, the "bawler's head" was a toothsome object to the not over-delicate palates of those days. According to tradition, this custom originated at Queen's College, Oxford, in commemoration of the valor of a student. While walking in Shotover Forest, reading his Aristotle, a wild-boar rushed at the collegian with his mouth wide open. Nothing daunted, the Oxonian, exclaiming "*Gracum est*," rammed the philosopher's ethics down his assailant's throat, and, having choked the savage with the sage, went back in triumph to his hall. The office of boar's-head bearer was of great importance. Henry II., as Holinshed tells us, performed this service at the table of the young prince, his son.

The next dish of importance at a Christmas-feast in the olden time was the peacock. Great care was used in preparing this gay and festive fowl, the skin, with the plumage adhering, being nicely removed before the stuffing and roasting processes commenced. When those were over, he was clothed once more in his natural covering, and in this comfortable condition was brought upon the table with his beak gilt. It was considered a great privilege to serve this bird, only ladies distinguished for birth or beauty being permitted to bear it through the banquet-hall. Other birds in great profusion were present at these feasts, but the turkey was conspicuous by his absence, the benighted Europeans not being favored with his company till early in the sixteenth century. Mince-pies were also in high favor, but that delicacy as well as plum-porridge—the progenitor of plum-pudding—was regarded by our Puritan ancestors as popish, idolatrous, and treasonable. Sir Roger de Coverley thought there was some hope for a dissenter when he saw him enjoy his porridge at the hall on Christmas-day.

Among the beautiful customs which have come down to us from the olden time is that of decking our houses and churches with evergreens at Christmas. In the Roman Saturnalia, temples and dwellings were ornamented with green boughs, and this practice, indeed, is almost as universal as humanity. The hanging up of the mistletoe is a relic of the days of the Druids. On their sacred anniversary, the ancient Britons gathered the mystic parasite, which, besides its claim to religious veneration, was believed to possess wonderful curative powers. Their barbarous ceremonial, with its sacrifices of bulls, and often of human beings, has happily passed away; but one interesting reminder of those

observances still lingers in modern homes. Few of the merry youths and maidens who give or take the kiss under the mistletoe-spray suspended from wall or ceiling on Christmas-day, dream that they are perpetuating a custom of the painted savages who inhabited England before its conquest by the Romans.

But, perhaps, the most charming of all the accompaniments of the season in the olden time were the Christmas carols. The first Christmas carol, as Milton and Jeremy Taylor have said, was sung by the angels on the plains of Bethlehem. This custom has prevailed in most Christian countries, and is perpetuated in England and on the Continent. Calabrian minstrels still leave their mountains, during the last days preceding Christmas, for Naples and Rome, saluting with their wild music the shrines of the Virgin mother, to cheer her until the birth-time of the infant Jesus, now near at hand. The first Christmas carols were hymns in honor of the Nativity. They afterward assumed a more secular character, many of them being songs of revelry accompanying the festivities of the season. There is a beautiful custom still prevalent in Devonshire, of the choristers of the village church singing their carols on Christmas-eve before the houses of rich and poor. Still more impressive is the sound on Christmas morning in Yorkshire, of the voices of little children chanting the quaint ballads which breathe the very spirit of the olden time.

Another characteristic diversion of those days was afforded by the mummers, the jovial masqueraders who have long since put off their motley garments. They were worthy followers of the Lord of Misrule, whose mad pranks, if performed in our day, would bring his lordship before a police-court. But, while these ancient diversions can never be restored, there is much in their spirit worthy of perpetuation. The overflowing hospitality; the kindly feeling among all classes; the pleasant family gatherings; the beautiful and touching ceremonials, whose classic associations received fresh significance from modern uses; and the very extravagance of drollery in which grave statesmen and lawyers did not think it beneath their dignity to indulge, were redolent of a geniality and heartiness that invest with unfading interest the Christmas of the olden time.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

CHRISTMAS ECHOES.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

O H, sweet bells, chiming everywhere,
Waking the keen, blue, frosty skies!
Oh, glad day, beaming crystal fair,
Crowning the year that dies!
O'er bird-forgotten vale and glen
Your happy song sounds once again,
Breathing of "Peace, good-will to men—
Good-will to men."

Echoed along the hurrying years,
The self-same words that angels hymned
Fall softly on our listening ears!
And Bethlehem's star, undimmed,
Gleams o'er the lone and gloomy waste,
And guides the feet of those who haste
Where, lowly, like a star displaced,
The Babe is seen.



CHRISTMAS ECHOES.

1872.

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Echoes the ring of generous mirth

Where loving ones meet round the board,
And sparkling eyes make glad the earth,
And hearts beat in accord.

Heap high the rousing, crackling fire,
That cleaves the gloom—a golden spire!
We'll laugh to scorn the north-wind's ire,
At Christmas-time.

Echoes: oh, may we heed it still!—

The cry of homeless, weary ones
Who beg the streets, while piercing chill
The white storm whirls and moans.
When the gaunt wolf, Winter, crouches near,
Think of the lives so sad and drear:
Oh, to the endless cry give ear—

"For Christ's dear sake!"

Echoes of those who dream alone,
Of Christmas-days long, long ago,
When love and beauty round them shone
Amid the pearly snow.

Oh, still in dreams of dear delight,
Though summer days have taken flight,
And dark forebodings fill the night—
May joy be theirs!

Echoes from yonder sweeping seas,
Where the swift petrel hears the cry
Of wrecked men in their agonies,
And storm-wrack blots the sky!
God's pity for the ills that be!
Save those who brave for us the sea!
So may we utter prayerfully
This blessed day!

Oh, spirit of this kindly time!
Oh, gentle hearts who fondly meet!
Oh, bells with ever-wakening chime,
Bring us your message sweet!
O'er bird-forgotten vale and glen,
Ring out your happy song again,
Breathing of "Peace, good-will to men—
Good-will to men!"

GEORGE COOPER.

THE TWO SUSIES.

"MAMMA," said little Susie Kent, turning round from the window of a sky-parlor in Bleecker Street, just out of the Bowery, "I see the postman coming here. Shall I go down for your letters?"

Mrs. Kent looked up from her writing-desk, and her thin cheeks flushed with a sudden fluttering color.

"Yes, Susie. Run down quickly. I am expecting a very important letter."

Away went the child, tripping down one, two, three long flights of stairs, while her mother sat with her eyes fixed upon the door, her fingers rustling nervously among the sheets of manuscript before her, and that fluttering color coming and going in her cheeks. They were pretty cheeks, only too thin, and the color evidently not at home there. A pretty mouth, with a certain pathetic quiver about the lips, and large, soft eyes, with the same story of trouble in them, made up a face too much refined, sensitive, and sweet, for the surroundings of this Bleecker-Street lodging-house. One could see by a glance at the desk in her lap, and the closely-written sheets on the table beside her, that her writing was work, and not pastime; one could guess that the "important letter" was the eagerly-expected answer to some literary venture upon which many things depended.

"No letters, mamma; only this little parcel," cried Susie, cheerfully handing her mother a neat, brown-papered roll; the first glance at which sent the glow quite out of poor Mrs. Kent's cheeks. "And here is Tom, mamma! Only think, he is head of the merit-roll this month, and has got a half-holiday. Isn't that nice?"

"Yes, dear; very nice indeed." Mrs. Kent forced herself to smile and looked pleased, though her heart was like lead. "We shall have to be proud of Tom, Susie. I am very glad."

"And I'm very sorry," said Tom, looking down ruefully at the brown-papered roll. He was older than Susie, and he knew what it meant. "I think it is too mean, mamma, for you to be disappointed so. They've rejected your story!"

"If it was only the disappointment, I would not care," said Mrs. Kent, dropping the roll into a drawer without opening it. "But I want the money that I was almost sure it would bring; I want it so much, Tom, that I don't know what I shall do without it."

"It's a mean shame!" cried Tom, his face glowing red. "I wish—oh, I wish I was a man, mother!"

"I wish my papa wasn't dead," cried Susie, putting up a grievous lip at the sight of Tom's angry, and her mother's unhappy face. "There wasn't never any thing the matter till he died. What made him do it, mamma?"

"Oh! my darling, God took him away from us. We must try to be patient," said Mrs. Kent, struggling to keep the tears out of her voice. "Don't feel so bad about the story, Tom"—with a patient smile that made the boy's heart burn; "I'll think of some way to manage without it, I dare say. Come and show me your medal."

"I didn't get the medal," said Tom. "I drew for it; but there was a lot of other fellows, and Ned Griffin got it."

"Well, you were head of the merit-roll, at all events; and that's an honor that means something. It's a great comfort to me, Tom, to see you doing so well at school."

"What's the use of it?" Tom answered, disconsolately, "when I don't do any thing to keep you, mamma? I wish you'd let me leave school, and go to Stewart's for a cash-boy! It's time I was earning money, and I only wish you would let me do something."

Mrs. Kent smiled tenderly, and patted his round red cheeks. "You shall earn money for me by-and-by, Tom, but, just now, the best thing that a little boy only ten years old can do, is to go to school, and improve his opportunities. We must be patient, dear, that is all."

She took up her pen again, and Tom turned away, silenced, but not satisfied. Susie had gone back to her "baby-house," consisting of an empty soap-box which Tom had papered over for her with newspaper pictures, and was deep in the manufacture of paper toys. Tom was an expert in this business, and was soon ordered over to assist her in it. But while his fingers were busy with Chinese junks, and cocked hats, and life-boats, his thoughts were busier with the hard prob-

lem so many older brains are striving to solve—of how to make money.

Susie's tongue kept up a running accompaniment to the scissoring. "What a lovely fly-box that is, Tom! and oh, what a splendid tail you gave that rooster! I think you make the nicest things of any boy I know."

"How many boys do you know?" asked Tom.

"Well, I know you, and I know the baby down-stairs; that's a boy. And I've seen lots of little boys in the park," said Susie, triumphantly. "They couldn't make things like you do; and I'll tell you what, Tom, I mean to keep 'em this time, and not tear 'em up; not even when I get my Christmas things.—now you'll see."

"S'pose you don't get any Christmas things?" suggested Tom, speaking low. "Mother hasn't any money, you know, and if I were you I wouldn't trouble her by talking about them."

"Why, what has mamma got to do with it?" cried Susie, whose faith in Santa Claus had never been rudely shaken. "Christmas-gifts don't cost money, you foolish boy! We hang up our stockings, don't you know? and Santa Claus comes down the chimney and fills them up. He didn't bring us much last Christmas, 'cause our stockings were so little, I guess. I mean to hang up one of mamma's this time."

Tom could not bring himself to tell her that Santa Claus was a delusion and a snare. He snipped the papers viciously, and wrinkled his forehead in a desperate attempt to think of something by which he might create a few shillings, if only for the filling of Susie's stocking. For he knew, poor little man, with a wisdom beyond his ten years, that the rent-money would soon be due, and there was an unpaid bill at the grocery, and very little to eat in the house; also, that his mother's purse was so nearly empty as to show a very poor prospect of any visit from Santa Claus this year.

Christmas, without Christmas-gifts, was something unprecedented so far, and the prospect was rather appalling. He didn't mind for himself—not particularly, at least—though there was a jack-knife round the corner in the Bowery, that was dirt-cheap at two shillings, and just what a fellow wanted in his pocket. He wouldn't mind it, though, if only Susie might have the doll and the pewter tea-set she had set her heart upon. And, just as he was saying this to himself, Susie put her finger on a staring



in the old newspaper she was cutting up.

"What a funny thing that is, Tom! Let's cut the eye out and paste it on something."

Tom looked at it—read the assurance below, that highest cash prices would be paid for all kinds of old paper—and felt his heart thrill with a sudden inspiration. He worked diligently for a little while longer, made a lapful of paper dolls, and, tossing them over to Susie, asked his mother for leave to go out a little while.

"Certainly," was his mother's abstracted answer, as her pen travelled over the paper.

And Tom ran off, congratulating himself that she had not asked any questions. What she would have said, if she could have seen him ringing at basement-bells and coolly begging for old newspapers, he did not stop to consider, and this chronicler can only imagine. That was what he did, though, for the whole afternoon, in the most unblushing manner. He wheedled the servant-girls with his bright eyes and his coaxing tongue; and, although they declared at first that they couldn't be bothered to hunt up old newspapers for the likes of him, it ended in their giving him armfuls here and there, till before nightfall he had collected a bundle quite as large as he could stagger under.

He carried it home, and hid it for the night in a rubbish-closet under the stairs, making no confidences to anybody concerning his novel enterprise. In the morning he contrived to get it out of the house again without being noticed, and tramped away manfully, an endless distance, to the hieroglyphic place, where he exchanged his burden for the handsome sum of seventy-five cents—just about half what he had expected to realize.

"Seems to me it takes a great many papers to make a pound," he thought, rather crestfallen as he fobbed his six shillings. "Never mind, though; there's more where they came from."

And nothing daunted, he trudged up-town to try his luck again. At home Susie pouted when the hours slipped by and Tom did not put in an appearance.

"I think when it's Saturday he might stay home and play with me. Don't you, mamma?"

But Mrs. Kent was too busy to answer the child. She was killing herself to finish a three-column story for *The Weekly Banner*, in a wild hope of raising ten dollars, and so having a trifle for the Christmas stockings. Susie had to content herself with her own company, but she found the morning dull, and, when Tom came home at noon, she received him with dignified displeasure.

"I don't want any of your kisses, sir," as he ran up to her, his cheeks all aglow with the frosty air, and his eyes sparkling. "I think it's awful mean, I do, for you to stay out so long. Mamma writes all the time, and I'm just as lonesome! But you don't care."

"Now don't scold," said Tom. "I stayed out for a good reason, and, when you see what I've brought you—"

"I don't believe you've brought anything," disdainfully.

"Don't you? Well, you shut your mouth and open your eyes, and look here!"

Tom unbuttoned his jacket cautiously, and Susie gave a scream of delight, for a little shaggy white head, with satiny-pink ears and twinkling black eyes popped up over his collar.

"It's a little dog! It's a little teeny white live dog!" she screamed in an ecstasy. "O Tom, where did you get it? Did you bring it for me, Tom? I want a little dog, worst of any thing in this world!"

"Oh! you do? And you wouldn't kiss me just now?" cried Tom, teasingly.

"What is all this?" asked Mrs. Kent, coming in from the little kitchen with a dish

of baked potatoes in her hand. "Where have you been all the morning, Tom, and what in the world is that?—a little white poodle?"

"Isn't she cunning?" said Tom, setting the dog on her legs. "She isn't much bigger than a kitten—see. And look how she cuddles up to me!"

"It is a lady's lapdog," said Mrs. Kent, stroking the little creature's silky curls. "It is used to being petted, I dare say. Where did you get it, Tom?"

"Found it," said Tom, exultingly. "I was just crossing the street, over in Clinton Place, and the little thing came trotting round the corner, and ran against my legs. I saw she was lost by the way she looked, and so I picked her up. And then a rowdy fellow tried to snatch her away. 'What you doing with my dorg?' he says, and doubles up his fists at me. And I says, 'It's none of your dog,' and doubles up mine. And then he jumps at me, and tries to snatch her, and what do you think I did?"

"What?" cried Susie, breathlessly. "Tell me quick, Tom?"

"Well, the loafer, you know, he put his head down, so, you see, to give me a punch. And then I went for him, right over his back. It was a regular Spanish Fly."

"O Tom!" Mrs. Kent exclaimed, half laughing, half horrified. "The idea of your wrestling in the street with loafers!"

"I didn't wrestle, not a bit," said Tom, coolly. "I only astonished him a little; and I didn't stop to pick him up any, you bet. I wasn't going to let a fellow like that get hold of this dog—not if I knew it."

"Good for you!" cried Susie, warmly. But Mrs. Kent looked grave.

"I don't see that you have any better right to it than he," she said.

"I found it first," said Tom.

"But somebody lost it. And somebody at this very minute may be fretting over the loss."

"How can I help that?" asked Tom, rather fretfully. "I don't know where to find the owner, mamma."

"Of course you don't; how could you?" echoed Susie, sympathetically. It did not occur to her as at all desirable that the owner should be found.

Mrs. Kent poured some milk into a saucer, and set it before the poodle, who lapped it up in a famished and yet dainty manner, as if she were accustomed to cream for her daily food, and only accepted milk as a matter of necessity. Having satisfied her hunger, she curled herself up on the chintz-covered sofa-pillow, and went to sleep, Susie watching her "cunning ways" in a rapture of admiration.

"Come to your dinner," said Mrs. Kent. "The potatoes are getting cold." But the child paid no heed.

"Susie, Susie!" her mother called, in a louder tone.

And up sprang the little dog, to everybody's surprise, wide awake in a second, and greatly excited. She wagged her tail violently, she jumped down from the sofa, and scampered toward Mrs. Kent, giving little short barks, and running to and fro as if in search of something.

"What is the matter with her?" said Mrs. Kent.

Tom's face brightened with a flash of inspiration. "Susie! here, Susie!" he called, and with a bound the poodle was in his arms, barking, and fawning, and licking his face all over in a rapture of recognition.

"Her name is Susie! don't you see?"

And Tom and the other Susie were both so delighted with this wonderful discovery and coincidence, that dinner became a matter of no consequence, and baked potatoes went by default.

They spent the afternoon playing with the poodle, who developed the greatest quantity of cunning and pretty tricks, convincing Mrs. Kent more and more that the dog was some fine lady's pet, trained to amuse her idle hours. A thought came to her that made her pretty, pale face flush with a sort of shame. Time was when such a thought would have been flouted with scorn; but there was temptation in it now—such a temptation that she actually sent Tom out next morning, Sunday though it was, to buy a *Herald*; and, with fingers that trembled with her eagerness, she turned to the page where things "Lost and Found" are advertised.

Truth is stranger than fiction sometimes, and it is true that the secret thought she had been cherishing was answered by this advertisement—the very first one that met her eye:

"Fifty dollars will be paid for the return of a poodle-dog, lost from a carriage on Broadway, on the morning of the 22d. Answers to the name of Susie. Inquire at 239 Madison Avenue, for Captain Meredith."

She grew so pale as she read this—for the reward was double the wildest fancy she had entertained—that Tom, who had been watching her with the sympathy that was instinctive between them, came close to her in a sort of alarm.

"Mamma, what is the matter?"

"Look here, Tom"—and the boy's face flushed and faded, in a curious likeness to her own, as his eyes devoured the wonderful, potential paragraph. He could hardly take in its full significance at first, for he had never thought of the dog being of such importance that a reward would be offered. Such a reward, too—fifty dollars! It fairly took away his breath.

"Do you think—is it really that little dog?" he asked, tremulously.

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Mrs. Kent, with a thrill of excitement running through her own voice. "Answers to the name of Susie, you see."

"And, if I take her to that place, I will get—fifty dollars?" asked Tom, in an awestruck way.

"If Captain Meredith is as good as his word," said Mrs. Kent.

"O mother!" Tom clasped her round the neck and nearly choked her in his exuberant delight. "It will make up for your story—and I shall help you a little, after all."

He pinched himself a dozen times that day, and trod on just the tip of Susie's tail, to make her squeak a little by way of making sure that he wasn't dreaming. Between-whiles he would take a sly peep at the adver-

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tisement, and wonder if Monday morning would ever come. For his own part, he would not have scrupled at settling the business on Sunday. But Mrs. Kent was not a heathen, of course, and he had to possess his soul in patience.

Susie was glad of a day's grace—the other Susie, that is to say. The significance of fifty dollars had been expounded to her infant mind; and, since Christmas turkey and mince-pies appeared to be a corollary, she resigned herself to the restoration of her little namesake on Monday, but determined to get all the fun out of her that was possible on Sunday.

Tom got himself up in his best style when the day came at last. He polished his boots to "a shine," brushed his Sunday jacket within an inch of its life, and tossed the old one—with his newspaper money in its pocket—carelessly into a corner. Such small gains were not worth remembering now! And, as he marched up the street, with Susie snugly tucked under his coat, he felt as if all the Christmas shops were already seeking the custom of such a capitalist as he would be when he walked down again. He quite turned up his nose at the Bowery Dollar-store as he passed it, though only two days ago it had seemed to him a temple of unattainable delights.

He shook in his boots a little when he waited for admission at the Madison Avenue mansion. "Suppose it should be a mistake, after all?" But it did not seem to be, for the servant said "All right" when he explained his errand, and took him at once into a luxurious breakfast-room, where the elegant Captain Meredith was sipping his coffee.

A table glittering with silver was surrounded by four people: an old lady with short curls, and a towering tulie cap; a pompous old gentleman in spectacles; a very pretty and stylish young lady; and, last of all, the captain himself, a very tall young officer, in undress uniform, with a gorgeous mustache.

Tom dropped his eyes and felt awe-struck before all this splendor; but the captain beckoned to him.

"Come up here, sir, and let me see what sort of a humbug you are!" he said, in a good-natured voice. "I dare say you've brought me a mongrel, like the last boy that came."

"I've brought you a poodle, and it answers to the name of Susie, sir," Tom answered simply, unbuttoning his coat, and taking the dog out.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the captain, evidently surprised, "this looks like the little beast, now, doesn't it?"

"Why, it is!" cried the young lady, delightedly. "It's Susie herself; I'd know her anywhere. Susie—here, Susie!"

The little dog jumped and struggled to get loose, in a frenzy of recognition. Tom set her down, and she scampered round the table, and made a bound into the young lady's arms.

"By George, that's better luck than I expected!" said the captain. "I really must congratulate myself."

"Helen will be perfectly happy," said

the young lady, caressing Susie rapturously.—"She's been heart-broken about you, you naughty little runaway!—Where did you find her, little boy?" to Tom.

"Yes," said the captain, sharply, wheeling round and inspecting Tom with his eyeglass. "Where did you find her, sir? Are you the small sinner that enticed her out of the carriage last Saturday?"

"No, sir, I never saw her in any carriage," Tom returned, holding his head up very straight. "She was running round the corner in Clinton Place when I picked her up. And I carried her home because I didn't know what else to do with her."

"Humph!" said the old gentleman with the spectacles. "Likely story."

The captain smiled sweetly. "It is understood in such cases that there are no questions asked," he observed, benignly. "There was something in the advertisement about a reward, wasn't there?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, feeling rather hot and insulted at the implied doubt of his integrity. "But I don't want anybody to think I stole that dog. I never stole anything in my life."

"Good boy," returned the captain, blandly. "Always remember that it is a sin to steal a pin, much more to crib a bigger thing. Now, as to that reward—what's your recollection of the figures, my son? It strikes me that I told the advertising fellow I'd stand fifty."

"It strikes me," interposed the old gentleman in spectacles, "that you offered a very large reward, absurdly large."

"I quite agree with you," rejoined the lady in the cap. "Why couldn't you have been satisfied, Alfred, with something moderate?"

"My dearest mother, what inducement could be too great to offer for the recovery of a thing so dear to my adorable Helen?"

"Your adorable fiddlesticks!" grumbled the old gentleman. "I see my adorable dollars getting spent confoundedly fast, sir, and I only hope your adorable Helen will hold the wuse-strings when she comes into possession of her two-legged puppy. I wish her joy of both her properties, sir."

"Thanks," returned the captain, negligently. "I will take pleasure in acquainting her with your good wishes, my dear sir. Meanwhile, as to this boy—"

"As to this boy, Alfred," interrupted the lady with the cap, "it is really too absurd to put such an amount of money in his hands. What can such a boy know of the proper use of money? He will waste it foolishly, perhaps get himself into trouble. I should not think of trusting him with fifty dollars."

"What would you have?" asked the captain, elevating his eyebrows. "Shall I repudiate my printed pledges? Shall I beguile a poor little devil with delusive hopes, and send him off with a flea in his ear?"

"Bosh!" retorted his father. "Don't be any more of a fool, Alfred, than the Lord made you. Find out where this boy comes from, and, if he's got any decent relations, then pay the money to them for his benefit. That's the sensible thing to do, if there's any thing sensible in all the stuff and nonsense."

So saying, the old gentleman pushed his chair back, and marched out of the room with a disgusted air. Tom felt relieved when he had disappeared. His heart was in his mouth with a dreadful fear that his golden dream might vanish likewise; but a peculiar sidelong glance from the captain inspired a forlorn hope. That young gentleman turned to his lady-mother with a suave look.

"My father's suggestion is excellent, as his suggestions always are," he observed. "Will you be so good as to say to him, my dear mother, that I will be guided by it?"

"Certainly, my son," was the gracious response. "And I have much satisfaction in the fact that you yield so readily to the wisdom and experience of your parents. It is very gratifying to your father and myself."

The young lady, who was petting Susie all this while, gave Tom a laughing glance as she handed the poodle back to him.

"Good-by, you dear little pet; you are going home to your mistress," she said to Susie, with a final caress; and to Tom, in a whisper: "Don't be afraid; you'll get your money."

"I suppose you are going to see Helen," said his mother as she left the room. "Don't be late for dinner, Alfred."

The captain assured her of his intention to be punctual, and, telling Tom to follow him, he went up-stairs to invest himself with hat, overcoat, and gloves; and presently they were in the street again on the way to Susie's home and the captain's "adorable Helen."

Out of the reach of the oap and spectacles, the captain grew confidential with Tom.

"You've got a governor, I suppose, my small boy? Most people do have in the course of Nature," he remarked.

"Sir?" Tom asked, not understanding.

"Your paternal progenitor, you know," said the captain. "Father, daddy, pop, whatever it is you're in the way of calling him."

"My father died two years ago, sir," answered Tom, with a certain dignity, not without its effect.

"Oh! ah! well, that makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir, a very great difference to us."

"Well, my governor, you see, still lives. Not that I object to it, by any means. On the contrary, here's to his health, as our venerable friend Rip remarks, and long may he wave. Perhaps you noticed that he's a little positive in his manner, addicted to plain speaking, rather? I humor him in that," said the captain, with a bland wave of his gloved hand. "Pleases him, you see, and doesn't hurt me, or you either, my son. I observed that your ingenuous countenance fell several degrees in the course of his remarks, to which, you know, as a matter of filial duty, I was bound to assent. I don't mind telling you, as it isn't likely to get back to the governor, that your relations are your affairs and not mine, and you've earned the money, and I intend to give it to you."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, joyfully.

"You are welcome, my son. You should have those greenbacks here on the spot, by the light of the street-lamps dimly burning. By-the-way, they aren't burning, though!"

"No, sir," giggled Tom. "It's the sun that's shining."

"All the same in the end," returned the captain. "You should have them now, I say, only for a happy thought that will give you the glory of receiving them from the lily-white hand of Miss Delafield herself. That will be an honor, sir, which may make you proud to your dying day, when the sands are told, when the stars are cold, and greenbacks passed away."

Tom snickered.

"You're an awful funny gentleman, sir," he remarked, with all sincerity.

"Do you think so?" retorted the captain.

"Well, my son, in five minutes from now you shall have the unspeakable honor of being presented to a young lady, of whom it may be said that the round world and all the sea holds nothing half so dear to me, who has the same opinion precisely."

They were in front of an opulent-looking brown-stone edifice, and the captain ran up the steps, and rang familiarly.

"Miss Delafield is in the library, and Mr. Delafield has not come up from breakfast, sir," said the gentle manly "Jeems" who admitted them.

"I'll go to the library," said the captain. "Pray, don't disturb Mr. Delafield, Owen. Keep the corner of your eye on this little chap till I come back."

"So you've found Susie," Owen remarked, conversationally. "Nothing like offering a liberal reward, sir. Though it do seem a shame to pay such young rascals for stealing one's property; now, don't it?"

"I never stole the dog!" cried Tom, with indignation. "I found her on the street."

"In course you did; you always do," was the sarcastic answer.

"Never mind him," cried the captain, cheerfully. "Owen is hard on you because he hasn't forgotten the sins of his youth. Hold the little beast till I come back."

He disappeared behind a stately arched door at the end of the hall, and Tom stood his ground defiantly, holding fast to Susie, who whined and scratched to get loose, and casting black looks at the supercilious funkier who had dared to call him a young rascal. He had not many minutes to wait, for there was a silken rustle and flutter presently at the arched door, and a lovely apparition floated out with arms extended.

"Oh! you naughty, naughty darling!" and away went Susie with one wild bound to the captain's "adorable Helen."

"No place like home, eh, Susie? wherever you wander, wherever you roam," said the captain, rapturously.—"Now you young discoverer—what's your name? Come in here!" and Tom was hustled into the library, and a plump-looking wallet drawn out of the captain's pocket.

"One, two, three, two twenties and a ten—there you are.—Miss Delafield, will you have the queenly condescension to make this boy distinguished for life by bestowing upon him this otherwise worthless dross?"

"O Alfred, what an extravagant creature you are," cried Miss Delafield. "The idea of paying fifty dollars for this naughty

little runaway! And to such a mere child, too. Why, what can he do with it?"

"Buy bread for me mother," whined the captain, with an absurd mimicry of a little Irish beggar.

"Here, take it, then!" said Miss Delafield, laughing, and handing the notes to Tom. "What an appetite for bread your mothers always have!"

It was a silly speech, that she would not have made, if she had not been infected by the captain's nonsense. She was far from being silly or heartless, and, in a more thoughtful mood, she would have observed that Tom was not the sort of child to be spoken to in that way. He had come to claim a reward, and his clothes showed that he needed it; but his manly, straightforward bearing, his refined, sensitive features, and intelligent expression, were credentials that should have been respected; and the boy knew it.

He felt himself outraged by the implication, and such slighting mention of his mother was not to be endured. He had borne all the previous chaffing patiently, but this was the straw too much, and he turned away, swelling with wounded pride.

"Why don't you take your money?" asked the captain.

"I would rather not, if you please. I shall go home, sir," was the answer, in a tone that neither of them could mistake. And Miss Delafield's face changed with a quick comprehension.

"We have hurt his feelings!" she exclaimed, remorsefully.—"Why, my dear child; I was only in fun. You are not like those little beggars at all—is he, Alfred? Look! what nice features he has, and such fine eyes! He is a gentleman's son."

"My mother is a lady," said Tom, proudly. "We didn't want money when my father was alive, and I don't want it enough now to stand being called a thief and a beggar—and to have my mother talked about!" he cried, hotly.

"Well, then, she sha'n't be," said Miss Delafield, with her sweetest smile, taking Tom's hand and slipping the money into it. "Your mother is a lady, I am sure, and I like you for taking her part so manfully. You are a very nice little boy, and I would like to go and see your mother some time. May I?"

"Come, now!" cried the captain, making a droll face. "If you don't go on your knees for that, you lucky little cuss! What have you done, I wonder, that she should call you a nice boy? She doesn't call me one."

"Because you are such a goose," Miss Delafield retorted; but she smiled at him bewitchingly, and Tom's vexation melted in the sunshine of her loveliness. He tried to make a little speech of thanks, but he broke down between a laugh and a cry. And then the young lady did a pretty thing.

She patted his smooth, rosy cheeks with her two little hands, and kissed his white forehead; and the captain pretended to go into a fit of jealous rage that was funnier than any thing. He stalked up and down the room, and quoted poetry, and scowled at Tom, until Miss Delafield fairly screamed with

laughter; and Susie barked and scampered and made frantic leaps at every body, like a poodle gone crazy.

Tom was dismissed after a while, but not until he had been asked a great many questions, and had grown very confidential. He told Miss Delafield that his mother was an authoress, and that she wrote books and stories; and how badly she felt when that MS. was rejected; and how much he had wished to earn some money to help her; and how, when he found Susie, and saw that advertisement, he was so delighted to think that he could bring her the money. He told her about his little sister, too, and how they had found out the poodle's name through calling Susie; and how he meant to buy her "such a doll" for a Christmas-gift.

"But no, you shall not," Miss Delafield said. "You must take all your money home to your mother, and let me bring the doll to Susie. I understand much more about buying dolls than you do, and to-morrow is Christmas-day. You watch at the window about three o'clock to-morrow, and see what you will see."

So Tom went home, and felt like a boy that had been to fairy-land. What a history he had to tell his mother! and how breathlessly Susie listened to every thing—and how merry and excited they all were! For Mrs. Kent had news for Tom, too—excellent news.

"That manuscript was not rejected, after all," she said, with her pretty face all in a glow of pride and pleasure. "If I had only opened it at first, I would have saved all the trouble we felt. For it was only sent back to be made a little shorter, and changed a little; and, when that is done, the editor says—in such a pleasant, polite note, Tom—that it will be a charming story! And he would like another, too; think of that!"

"O mother, that's better news than mine," Tom cried. "All the same, though, you're not to slight my Christmas-gift, you know," he added, jealously.

His mother gave him a squeeze. "As if I could, my precious boy! And as if I did not know something else you had been doing, too? Ah, Tom, that is the way you keep secrets from your mother!"

And then it appeared that Tom's old jacket had betrayed him. His mother had taken it to mend in his absence, and found the newspaper-money in his pocket, and a copy of the hieroglyphic advertisement, with Tom's memorandum of sales on the margin. She had put two and two together, and made a pretty clear guess at the truth. And, though she gave him a scolding for doing such a thing, I am sure she did not love him any the less.

Tom bought a little savings'-bank straightway, and put the seventy-five cents in it as a memento of his first business transaction. And, with the fifty dollars, they paid all the bills, and kept merry Christmas in something like the dear old way.

The Bleeker-Street folks were astonished at the parcels that came in for the Kents, but that astonishment was as nothing to the wonder when Miss Delafield's coach, with her superb driver and footman, rolled up to the door, precisely at three o'clock on Christmas-

day. Everybody, in all the different rooms below-stairs, peeped out to watch the beautiful young lady, and the elegant young gentleman, as they ascended the three flights to Mrs. Kent's apartments. Miss Delafield's velvet dress, and her furs, and her plumes, and her diamond ear-drops, were matter of wonder for a month afterward; and Susie's Paris doll broke the hearts of all the little girls in the house with envy.

For Miss Delafield had not forgotten the doll, and Captain Meredith had brought Tom such a pair of skates, and such a four-bladed knife, as he had never dared to dream of, to say nothing of a box of French bonbons, that was "a thing of beauty and a joy"—as long as the sweeties lasted!

Never was such a merry Christmas—in Bleeker Street, round the corner from the Bowery, at all events. And the best of it was, that it was really the beginning of brighter days for the Kent family. Miss Delafield was an energetic young lady when once she took a thing in hand; and Captain Meredith was only too happy to join hands with her in any way, literally or metaphorically. Between them they secured for Mrs. Kent the literary recognition and support that she deserved. They read her nice little books, and told people about the author; they sent her poems and stories to clever editors who appreciated their grace and freshness; they found a way, without hurting her pride or delicacy, to get her established in more suitable quarters than the Bleeker-Street lodging-house, and so put her in reach of social advantages.

The dwellers on Madison Square and Park Avenue are not always shoddy or Flora McFlimsey. There are plenty who fare sumptuously every day, yet are glad to reach out warm, helping hands to the toilers below them. And the captain's "adorable," and the captain himself—to his own astonishment when he waked up to the fact—belonged to this "better part" of our modern society. They might not, however, have discovered the talent they possessed for doing good, if it had not been for Susie, number two. So a merry Christmas to you, Susie, pampered little absurdity as you are; and may your cushions be soft, and your chicken-wing tender, and your shadow never be less!

MARY E. BRADLEY.

MISCELLANY.

Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.

DARWIN ON EXPRESSION IN MAN AND ANIMALS.*

OUT of the inexhaustible stores of his observation of Nature and his diffusive reading, Mr. Darwin has given us another copious series of proofs from natural history, which, if no more than minor affluents of the main stream of the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man," he regards as illustrating the great law of the unity and continuity of life. Although dealing with a more limited and special class of phenomena than most of

* "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals." By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S., etc. With Photographic and other Illustrations.

his earlier works, the present treatise readily connects itself with the general scheme of investigation and reasoning which has won for the author a distinctive name in the history of philosophy. His leading idea is that of tracing the law of evolution as displayed in, or accounting for, expression, or the play of features and gesture in man and animals—the inarticulate language, as it has been called, of the emotions. For the scientific basis of such an investigation, it is necessary to go far down into the ultimate structure of organic life, and to study the manifestations of character in their simplest forms. So long as man and all other animals are viewed as independent creations, an effectual stop is put, Mr. Darwin pleads, to such an attempt. The inherent defect in the treatment of the subject by writers so able as Sir Charles Bell, Gratiolet, Duchenne, and others, adduced by Mr. Darwin, has always been, he considers, the taking for granted that species, man of course included, came into existence just as they are now, wholly distinct from each other. The tendency to draw as broadly as possible the distinction between man and brutes, led Sir Charles Bell to deny to the lower animals any expression beyond what might be referred more or less plainly to acts of volition or necessary instincts, their faces seeming to him to be chiefly capable of expressing merely rage or fear. The facial muscles in man he thought to be a special provision for the sole object of expression, and so far distinctive of humanity. But the simple fact that the anthropoid apes possess the same facial muscles that we do, renders it most improbable, apart from any reference to teleology in general, that we were endowed with these muscles for any such purpose, still more that monkeys had special muscles given to them solely for the purpose of exhibiting their hideous grimaces. Since distinct uses can with much probability be assigned to almost all the facial muscles, we may look upon expression as but an incidental result of muscular or organic function. Mr. Darwin's early inclination toward the doctrine of evolution, or the origin of man from lower forms, led him, five-and-twenty years ago, to regard the habit of expressing our feelings by certain movements, innate as it has now become, as having been in some manner gradually acquired at the first. Seeking back for the origin of movements of this kind, he in the first place was led to observe infants as exhibiting emotions with extraordinary force, as well as with a simplicity and an absence of convention which cease with more mature years. Secondly, the insane had to be studied, being liable to the strongest passions, and giving them uncontrolled vent. Dr. Duchenne's ingenious application of photography, representing the effects of galvanism upon the facial muscles of an old man, gave some assistance toward distinguishing varieties of expression. Less aid than was expected was found to be derived from the study of the great masters in painting and sculpture; beauty in works of art excluding the display of strong facial muscles, and the story of the composition being generally told by accessories skillfully introduced. More important it was to ascertain how far the same expressions and gestures prevail among all races of mankind, especially among those who have associated but little with Europeans. With this view a list of sixteen questions was circulated by Mr. Darwin within the last five years, to which thirty-six answers have been received from missionaries, travellers, and other observers of aboriginal tribes, whose names are appended to Mr. Darwin's introductory remarks. The evidence thus accumulated has

been supplemented by the close and keen observation of the author himself through a wide range of animal life. It seemed to him of paramount importance to bestow all the attention possible upon the expression of the several passions in various animals, "not of course as deciding how far in man certain expressions are characteristic of certain states of mind, but as affording the safest basis for generalization on the causes or the origin of the various movements of expression." In observing animals we are not so likely to be biased by their imagination, and we may feel sure that their expressions are not conventional.—*Saturday Review.*

THE TENSION IN CHARLES DICKENS.

A great sculptor, commenting to the present writer on the physical features of the bust of Dickens, drew attention especially to "the whip-cord"—"the race-horse tension"—in all the muscles; all the softer and vaguer tissues in the face and bust were pruned away, and only the keen, strenuous, driving, purpose-pursuing elements in it left. The second volume of Mr. Forster's life of Charles Dickens brings out that criticism with extraordinary force. It is like reading the biography of a literary race-horse. The tension and strain go on through the whole ten years, 1842-52, which the book covers. There is no rest in the man's nature, even when he is professedly resting. He once proposed to himself to write a book like "The Vicar of Wakefield." He could just as easily have written a play like "Hamlet" or the Odes of Horace. He had not a touch of Goldsmith's ease and leisurely literary air. His nerves were never relaxed. A great element in the force of his genius, and a very great element in its principal limitations, is due to their constant strain, which spoils almost all the sentiment, makes it theatrical and always on the stretch, and not unfrequently lends a forced ring to the greatest of all his faculties, his humor. He is always on the double-quick march. If he hits the exact mark, and his humor is at its best, it is still humor marching sharply on to the particular end in view. You can see its steady, swift current, none the less easily for the enormous wealth of detail which he snatches from all sides wherewith to enrich it. If he fails to hit the mark, and talks excited nonsense, it is all in the same vein, jocosity stretching eagerly toward a given aim, though the aim is falsely taken. Consider, for instance, this answer to an invitation to dinner sent by Maillie, Stanfield, and Mr. Forster:

"DEVONSHIRE LODGE, January 17, 1844.

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN!—The appeal with which you have honored me, awakens within my breast emotions that are more easily to be imagined than described. Heaven bless you! I shall indeed be proud, my friends, to respond to such a requisition. I had withdrawn from public life—I fondly thought forever—to pass the evening of my days in hydropathical pursuits and the contemplation of virtue. For which latter purpose, I had bought a looking-glass. But, my friends, private feeling must ever yield to a stern sense of public duty. The man is lost in the invited guest, and I comply. Nurses, wet and dry; apothecaries; mothers-in-law; babies; with all the sweet (and chaste) delights of private life; these, my countrymen, are hard to leave. But you have called me forth, and I will come.

"Fellow-countrymen, your friend and
"faithful servant,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

The idea is forced and the gayety unnatural, but the whole letter is written up to the idea, and you see the straining whip-cord even in that bit of laborious comedy. But his true and most marvellous efforts of humor have all the

same swift-running current in them, though, of course, when the tide is triumphant, and sweeps all sorts of rich spoils upon its surface, there is not the same sense of effort—by which we usually mean force not quite adequate to its purpose. . . . We are not in the least degree endeavoring to explain away his genius, but only to show that one feature in it—the constructive power of his mind—his accurate and omnivorous observing faculty being taken for granted—depended on the extraordinary tension he could put on one or two leading threads of association, by the help of which he drew from his resources what they, and they alone, demanded. No man was ever able to stretch one or two lines of conception so tightly, and to exclude so completely all disturbing influences from the field of his vision. It was the source of his power and the source of the limitations on his power. It produced his great successes—Pecksniff, Mrs. Gamp, Moddle, Micawber, Toots, and a hundred others. It produced also, when applied to types of character that would not bear so keen a tension of one or two strings, all the failures due to overstraining, like Little Nell, Carker, Mrs. Dombey, Dombey, and a hundred others. You see the strain of the race-horse in all he did; and in creations which, with his wonderful wealth of observation, could be produced under sharp tension of the one or two humorous conceptions devoted to each creation, he succeeded triumphantly; while, wherever the creation wanted a leisurely, reflective, many-sided mood of mind, he failed. In sentimental passages, the string is almost always strained until it cracks. . . . His very idleness, as Mr. Forster well says, was "strenuous," like his work. He walked eighteen miles in four hours and a half, in the full heat of a glowing summer's day, simply as a sort of relief for the strain of his nerves. On another occasion, Mr. Forster says: "But he did even his nothings in a strenuous way, and on occasions could make gallant fight against the elements themselves. He reported himself, to my horror, thrice wet through on a single day, 'dressed four times,' and finding all sorts of great things, brought out by the rains, among the rocks on the sea-beach." When he is living in Genoa, in the middle of winter, he dashes over to London just to try the effect of reading "The Chimes" to his intimate friends. Between Milan and Strasbourg he was in bed only once for two or three hours at Fribourg, and had sledged over the Simplon through deep snow and prodigious cold. His dash into the editorship of the *Daily News* and out of it within three weeks was highly characteristic of the high pressure of his nervous decision. A *propos* of this matter, Mr. Forster says very truly that, "in all intellectual labors, his will prevailed so strongly when he fixed it on any object of desire, that what else its attainment might exact was never duly measured, and this led to frequent strain and uncommon waste of what no man could less afford to spare." Every thing he did, he did with this imperious resolve to let his volition take its own way, and it led him no doubt into some of the greatest mistakes of his life. He liked to have every thing just as he had imagined it. His mind strained intensely toward the particular ideal he had summoned up in his fancy; nothing else would satisfy him for a moment.—*London Spectator*.

"THE GREAT IDEA."

From Mr. Tuckerman's recently-published "The Greeks of To-Day," we derive the following interesting account of a great hope animating the people of modern Greece:

"Greece," says Mr. Tuckerman, "has many sins to answer for in the eyes of Europe—sins of omission and sins of commission—but above all rises one mountain of iniquity of such stupendous dimensions—singeing its pate against the Torrid Zone—as to diminish the 'Ossas' of brigandage, bankruptcy, and political corruption, to very warts. Brigandage is nothing to it, since the candid observer cannot but admit that the root of that evil is not wholly indigenous, and that the government does really make some exertions to repress it. It is worse than being in arrears for debt, for people are sometimes excusable for not paying what they owe, especially when they have nothing wherewith to pay it. It is not to be compared with political corruption, because Cowper told his countrymen long ago that

"The age of virtuous politics is past:
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them."

So Greece can hardly be considered as setting the world in defiance in that regard. The sin of sins that I refer to, and which excites the irony, if not the indignation, of the critics of Greece, is called 'La Grande Idée.' This 'Great Idea' is a component part of the Greek brain and the Greek heart. It permeates all classes of society—the toothless baby draws it in with the maternal milk, and the toothless mouth of age pledges to it in long draughts of the native resined wine. The shepherd dreams of it in the cold mountain air under his shaggy sheepskin, and the rich proprietor traces it in the graceful smoke-cloud of the incessant cigarette, and perhaps wonders if it is not quite as evanescent. If I treat the subject in a poetical way, it is because the subject itself pertains more to the realms of fancy than of fact.

Briefly defined, the Great Idea means that the Greek mind is to regenerate the East—that it is the destiny of Hellenism to Hellenize that vast stretch of territory which by natural laws the Greeks believe to be theirs, and which is chiefly inhabited by people claiming to be descended from Hellenic stock, professing the Orthodox or Greek faith, or speaking the Greek language. These, in the aggregate, vastly outnumber the people of Greece proper, and are regarded by 'Free Greece' as brethren held in servitude by an alien and detested power. There are in European Turkey and its territories not far from fifteen millions of people, of which number less than four millions are Ottomans. The rest are Slavonians, Greeks, Albanians, Wallachians, etc., who profess the Greek religion or speak the Greek dialect; and, although in morals and character these are far below the independent and educated Greeks of Athens and the chief towns of Greece, this inferiority may doubtless be largely ascribed to the political restraints still pressing upon them. The Greek in Turkey does the work and receives the money. He vitalizes the sluggish mass around him, but is quite as unscrupulous as his masters. How can it be otherwise when he possesses all the characteristics of a conquered race? 'At the sight of a Mussulman,' says an intelligent observer, 'the rayah's back bends to the ground, his hands involuntarily join on his breast, his lips compose themselves to a smile; but, under this conventional mask, you see the hatred instilled even into women and children toward their ancient oppressors.'

"If this be the prevailing sentiment of the Greek population in Turkey, it may well be asked, Why, with corresponding influences at work in the Hellenic kingdom, cannot the Great Idea be made to bear practical fruits? With the elements of revolution, why is there no revolution? With the general desire of the

people for unity and territorial grandeur, why does the prospect of political and national amalgamation grow more and more illusory, and the shores of the Bosphorus and the minarets of Constantinople (as the ideal capital of the Hellenic kingdom) recede farther and farther into the landscape, like the mirage of cities and of fountains mocking the wearied eyes and parched lips of the traveller in desert lands? There are many reasons, of which a few only need be cited. Greece has no organization of forces sufficient to make the first attempt to deliver her countrymen. Occasional spasmodic movements in Epirus and Thessaly have only resulted in defeat and disgrace. A large proportion of the Greeks under Turkish rule, especially those who are place-holders and those who are engaged in gainful commercial pursuits, prefer the proverb, 'Let well alone,' to that of 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' They distrust the result of revolutionary movements, and the political restraints of King George's kingdom do not tempt them to change the temporal advantages of their present position for the chances of prospective independence, however golden with patriotism."

THE ANGEL.

We had made acquaintance with Wilson's grandson, a boy about twelve years old, and one day when we were up in the tower (for we three often went there when our mother was out and nurse wanted to get rid of us) we talked to this boy about several things that Mr. Mompesson had told us of, specially, as I remember, about angels.

"Oh, Titus," I said to this boy, "I wish I could see an angel."

"And why shouldn't you?" he replied, "I could show you one very easy—my father's got one in his shop."

"An angel!" I exclaimed, "has he got a real angel—a live angel?"

I was little more than five years old—let that fact be an excuse for the absurdity of the question.

Snap was absorbed in his book and took no notice.

"Is it alive?" I repeated.

"I don't know what you mean," he replied; "it ain't alive, nor it ain't dead—but it is an angel, and has long wings and a crown on its head."

"And how did he catch it?" I exclaimed, in the plenitude of my infantine simplicity.

"He didn't catch it," replied Titus, "he borrowed it of another man."

I shall never forget the awe, the ecstasy which thrilled my heart on hearing this. "Do you think," I inquired, "that he would let me see it?"

Titus replied that he would with the greatest of pleasure.

He was a very stupid boy, and when I inquired whether it would be wicked in me to go and see it he stared vacantly, and said I had better come at once, for very soon it would be his dinner-time. I would rather have waited, but then I thought perhaps that might be my only opportunity, as no doubt the angel would shortly go home again to heaven; so I followed, longing and yet trembling, and Titus took me out-of-doors and into a yard where there was a great shed. It was a large place full of chips and shavings, and at the end farthest from the entrance there was a table covered with a large white cloth which had settled to the shape of a figure lying beneath it, and gave evident indication of limbs and features.

"There," said Titus, "that's the angel; father keeps it covered because it's such a handsome one."

My heart beat high, but when I marked the bier-like appearance of the table, and that there was a recumbent figure beneath the drapery, I snatched away my hand, and shrieking out, "Oh, it is dead, the angel is dead!" fell down on the floor, and lost recollection for a moment from excessive fright. Presently I saw that Titus was standing by me, staring in alarm, and I sat up, shaking, and feeling very cold.

"I told you, Miss, that it wasn't alive nor it wasn't dead," he observed; "how should it be! Don't be afraid, come and look at it."

I felt sick, and shut my eyes while he led me to it, and put back the drapery; and then I ventured to open them, and, oh, unutterable disappointment! It was a wooden angel, and there were veins of oak upon her wings.

"Now," said Titus, "what were you afraid of?"

"This is not the sort of angel I meant," I answered, and added, "I meant an angel that had been in heaven."

Titus, stupid as he was, looked at me with astonishment on hearing this, and answered with reverential awe, "Miss, you must not talk in that fashion. That sort of angel doesn't fly down here."

"Are you sure?" I inquired.

"Why, of course I am," he answered, sincerely enough, though strangely. "If they came in snowy weather, they would get their wings froze."

"I know they do come," I replied; "God sends them with messages; Mr. Mompesson told me He did."

Titus, as I remember, did not clear up this mystery for me, but he answered: "This is an imitation angel. Father is making two for the new organ. The man that he borrowed it of made it."

"Then had he seen an angel?"

"No, sure."

"How did he know, then, what angels were like?"

That Titus could not tell.

"Where did that man live?"

"He lived at Norwich."

This reply entirely satisfied me. Norwich I knew was a great way off. It might be a good deal nearer to heaven than was the place where I lived. I cannot say that I distinctly thought it was, but it was remote and utterly unknown. All things therefore were possible concerning it. I looked down on the angel's wings as it lay on the long, low table, and I believed that it was rightly carved, and that they knew all about angels at Norwich.—*Of the Skelligs,* by Jean Ingelow.

A JEWISH WEDDING IN ALGIERS.

Lady Herbert, in a recent English work entitled "Algeria in 1871," gives a description of a Jewish wedding which possesses features new, we imagine, to most of our readers:

"We passed in our sight-seeing to go with Madame de C— and her beautiful daughter to see a Jewish wedding, for which she had kindly obtained us an invitation. We were received in an alcoved room, where a breakfast of sweetmeats, cakes, and sweet wines, was set out, the bride and her parents being seated on a divan at one end, dressed in rich Jewish costume. After a short time, we were told to precede the young lady to the Moorish vapor-bath, which is the next part of the ceremony. Such a marvellous scene as there met our eye I despair of reproducing on paper! About fifty young Jewish girls, from twelve to twenty years of age, whose only clothing was a scarf of gold or silver gauze round their loins, with their beautiful dark hair all down their

backs, and their lovely white necks and arms, covered with necklaces and bracelets, were seen dimly standing in the water through a cloud of steam and incense, waiting for the bride, and when she appeared received her with loud, shrill cries of 'Li! Li! Li!' in a continually-ascending scale. Among these girls were hideous negresses equally scantily clothed, and one or two of them with their black, woolly hair dyed bright orange-color: these were the bathing-women. They seized us by the arm and wanted to force us to undress too, which we stoutly resisted; and took refuge on the raised marble slab which surrounded the bath, and where the pretty little bride, with her mother and aunts, was standing waiting to be unrobed too. They took off her heavy velvet clothes, and she appeared in a beautiful gold-figured gauze chemise and some lovely short red-and-gold drawers; they then led her, with the same cries, into an inner room, which was stifling with wet vapor and steam, and here the poor child, who was only thirteen, remained for three mortal hours, the women pouring water on her head from picturesque-shaped gold jars, and every kind of cosmetic and sweet scent being rubbed upon her. Being unable to stand the intense heat and overpowering smell any longer, we escaped for a time into the open air; but returned after about an hour to find another bride going through the same ceremonies. Some of the bridesmaids were very beautiful; one especially, though a Jewess, had regularly golden hair and blue eyes! And the whole scene was like a ballet at the opera, or rather a set of nudes or water-nymphs in a picture; not like any thing in real life! Their glorious hair floating over their shoulders, with their beautifully-modelled arms rounded in graceful curves as they disported themselves round the bride, would have driven a sculptor or painter wild with delight! But I could not get over the indelicacy of the whole thing; it was a scene in the nude with a vengeance!

"At half-past three o'clock the following morning, we got up and went to the bride's house for the conclusion of the ceremony. A great crowd of men and musicians were grouped in the lower court. Above, the bride was sitting in state, in the deep recess of a handsome Moorsque room, veiled in white gauze, while a red-and-gold figured scarf hung in graceful folds behind her head. On either side of her were two venerable-looking old men with long, white beards, and in front of her another, holding a candelabrum with three candles. They were Rabbis, and chanted psalms alternately with songs of praise about 'the dove with the beautiful eyes,' etc.; in fact, a sort of canticle. All this time the minstrels in the quadrangle below were 'making a noise,' while over the carved gallery above, looking down upon them, leaned a variety of Jewish women, all beautifully dressed in brown velvet and satin, with stomachers and girdles richly brocaded in gold, and gold-embroidered lappets hanging from the black-silk head-dress which is the invariable costume of their race. This went on for hours, till the poor little bride looked quite worn out. From time to time spoonfuls of soup were put into her mouth, which she strove to resist; and then she was conducted into the court below, where the same ceremonies were gone through, except that a species of buffoon danced before her, and was rewarded by ten-franc bits put into his mouth, which he kept in his cheek while drawing out a queer kind of song, which we supposed was witty, as the audience were in fits of laughter. Every thing was done, both up-stairs and down, to make the bride laugh, even to chuck-

ing and pulling her under the chin. But she remained impassive, it being part of her business to look grave, and to prove by her demureness that she was old enough to be married. All of a sudden, the same unearthly cry or yell of 'Li! Li! Li!' was heard in the outside court, caught up instantly by every one in and out of the house. I thought of the words, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh!' so exactly were the old traditions preserved. A very ordinary-looking youth, in a frock-coat and red fez, accordingly, made his appearance, and then the women covered their faces with their gauze handkerchiefs, and the men, who never ceased eating and drinking at intervals during the whole night, formed themselves into a procession; while the bride's father (a venerable-looking old Jew, with a long, white beard, white turban, and crimson sash) led her to the carriage which was to take her to the bridegroom's home, we all following, and the women's cry of 'Li! Li! Li! Li!' resounding through the narrow streets."

THE CRY FOR PROTECTION.

Edmond About has written a book on social economy, soon to be reprinted in this country, from which we quote a few characteristic passages:

"The French do not hate being protected, they are a people of a monarchical temperament. But they do not all interpret protection in the same way.

"Protect me!" says the agriculturist. "I have had a good grain-harvest; my neighbors, less fortunate, have barely doubled their seed. Before a month is over prices will rise, if the information in my newspaper be accurate. I hope to get thirty francs the hectolitre, and empty my granary under the best conditions in the world. I shall do this unless, through culpable weakness, the door is opened to foreign grain! America threatens us, Egypt holds plenty suspended over our heads like the sword of Damocles; Odessa, infamous Odessa, thinks to glut us with her produce. Help! Let the door be shut! Or, if you permit the importation of foreign grain, have the humanity to tax it heavily, in order that the cost of purchasing on the spot, the transport, and the import duty, should raise the price to thirty francs the hectolitre! If every thing goes on as I should wish, I count upon proceeding to Switzerland, and bringing back four pairs of oxen."

"Protect me!" says the grazier. "Shut the door upon foreign cattle, if you wish me to earn a livelihood. We are promised a rise in the price of meat, and I count upon it; but the admission of Italian, Swiss, German, Belgian, and English cattle would create plenty for everybody and be my ruin. Protect me by prohibiting or by taxing all the products which come into competition with me. Let grain enter; I do not grow any, and I like to buy bread cheaply. Permit the entry, free of duty, of the combustibles with which I warm myself, the glass out of which I drink, the furniture which I use, the stuffs with which I clothe myself, and all manufactured products in general. Oh, visible providence of citizens, arrange so that I shall not have any competition to fear as producer, but that in what I consume I may enjoy all the benefits of competition!"

"Protect me!" says the manufacturer. "Cause all the products which compete with mine to be seized at the frontier; or, if you suffer them to enter, load them with a duty which will render them unsalable. The interest of the country enjoins upon you to serve my personal interest. Do you not take pity upon the national industry doubly menaced by superior qualities and lower prices! My for-

elga comrades may reduce me to destitution by inundating France with good merchandise at cheap rates. As a citizen, I fear no one in Europe; as a manufacturer, I am afraid of everybody. The feeblest foreigner is stronger than I. Strive then that I may preserve the monopoly of my products; but be generous as regards all that which I buy but do not sell. Allow grain to enter, in order that my workmen, being fed for next to nothing, may be satisfied with low wages. Allow the raw materials I employ to enter, and the machines which assist my labor.'

"Do nothing of the kind!" exclaims the machine-maker. 'If the foreigner should come and compete with me, there will be nothing for it but to shut up shop. Stop, or tax, the products which resemble mine; content yourself with opening the door to the metals I use, and you will usefully protect the national industry as far as I am concerned.'

"Hold, there!" replies the iron-master. 'If foreign iron be admitted, I must put out my furnaces. Leave me the monopoly of my industry; only allow me to import freely the minerals and combustibles which are my instruments of labor.'

"No, a hundred times no!" reply the shareholders in mines and collieries, and the proprietors of forests. 'Is our industry less worthy of protection than the others? Now we shall be ruined if foreigners are permitted to introduce plenty and low prices among us.'

"Deafened by such a concert, it is not surprising that statesmen should have been induced to tax all imported articles, or nearly all. Under a tutelary government which concentrated, so to speak, the people's initiative and responsibility in the chief's hands, the chief thought that he did well in according to each industry the kind of protection it desired. The mass of consumers, eaten up by all these privileges, did not know enough to put its fingers on the mischief, and, besides, it had no voice in the council."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE backwardness of England in certain things, as compared with the Continent, is almost as striking as her superiority in respect of general enlightenment. While she solved long ago political problems which are still cabalistic mysteries to France and even to Germany, she is slow to adopt some of the means of civilization which have been in vogue for years in Continental countries. Germany is far in advance of England in her system of general education; France is in advance of her, not only in the arts, but also in the establishment of free public libraries. Paris had seven of these before London had one, for the British Museum is not a free library; Dresden had four; Berlin, Vienna, and Munich, each, two; Copenhagen, three; and Florence, six. Indeed, it is only twenty years since the first free public library was established in Great Britain. There are now forty, and, the success of the earlier experiments having been demonstrated, they are springing up rapidly in all parts of the kingdom. A writer in the October *Westminster Review* collects from recent reports upon the subject some interesting data respecting British

free libraries. It appears from these that the Public Libraries' Act, authorizing towns to establish free libraries, and to lay a tax for this object on the ratepayers, was passed, after much Tory opposition—even so enlightened a man as Roundell Palmer speaking against it—in 1850; and that Liverpool took the lead in availing itself of the act, in 1852. It is noteworthy that the first towns to establish free libraries were places whence almost every liberal and radical movement of the century has proceeded. From Liverpool and Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, came the organized effort to abolish the corn laws; these were the centres of the agitation for electoral reform; it was thence that Bright and Miall were sent to the House of Commons to advocate bold measures against the feudal power still remaining, and the disestablishment of the state Church; here was and is the stronghold of dissent, and the heart of the trades'-union agitation. Liverpool was the first, Manchester the second, and Salford (also in Lancashire) the third town to confer upon their inhabitants the blessing of free books. At first only towns of ten thousand population and upward could avail themselves of the act, but in 1867 its benefits were thrown open to all communities, however small. Each town decided for itself, by a vote of the burgesses, whether a library should be established; and, if the decision was in the affirmative, a tax, at first of a halfpenny, and latterly of a penny in the pound, was allowed to be levied by the town council. In many cases, donations of buildings and books from wealthy and public-spirited men rendered such a tax unnecessary. At Liverpool, Sir William Brown gave thirty thousand pounds for a building, and the library itself was formed in the main by voluntary gifts. The working-people of Manchester contributed eight hundred pounds to the library-fund, and ten thousand pounds were easily raised by subscription. The largest of the English free libraries is that at Manchester, which contains one hundred and six thousand volumes; next comes Liverpool, with ninety-three thousand; Birmingham, with sixty thousand; and Salford, with thirty-four thousand. They include works of reference and works to be lent; the former are consulted at the libraries themselves, the others are issued for home-reading. In some cases they are exclusively reference libraries, in others exclusively lending—but most of the libraries combine the two. The larger number, also, have reading-rooms and news-rooms, where free access is had to the leading periodicals and newspapers of the day. The books are generally well selected, and embrace the widest variety, from the heaviest theology to the most feathery fiction.

— Mr. Ruskin, in his usual pungent manner, particularly requests that, if he ever murders anybody, he may be immediately shot. He doesn't think he ought to be

hanged, declaring, with small reverence, that no one "but a bishop or a bank-director can ever be rogue enough to be hanged." Apart from Mr. Ruskin's grim humor, his position in this matter is, we believe, a sound one. The severity of hanging as a punishment, the horrors that pertain to it, designed originally as a means for preventing the commission of crime, have resulted in rendering conviction so difficult as almost to give the murderer immunity for his offence. It is now, in the present condition of the public mind, rapidly defeating its own end; and hence it is incumbent upon us to revise our criminal laws so far as this method of execution is concerned. It is idle for us to attempt to arrest the tendency of public feeling in this matter. We may denounce the juries as sentimentalists who refuse to bring in verdicts of guilty; we may deplore the increase of sensibility and the decay of robust manliness; we may point out to juries, with all our eloquence, that they have nothing to do with consequences, but are bound to act upon facts and evidence, regardless whether the criminal is to receive from the judge a rose or a halter, and yet we will still find that juries are men who reflect the current aspect of public sentiment, and who are certain to act in accordance with prevailing prejudices and theories. We must, therefore, wisely adjust our laws to a correspondence with those sentiments. Hanging as a mode of punishment originated when people's sensibilities were blunter, when men were of ruder feelings and harsher tastes, when punishments of all kinds were severer than now—was extended even to unfortunates like idiots and lunatics—when the theory of pure force characterized not only all governments, but all relations of superior and inferior. But hanging has become now, with the growth of humaner sentiments, intensely repugnant to the imagination of most people. A very large class are advocating the abolition of capital punishment altogether; and it is by no means certain, notwithstanding the derision with which the theory is received in some quarters, that this plan would not have the desired effect, which is to render punishment, whatever it may be, conducive to the security of the community. But, if abolition of capital punishment may not be essayed, it would at least be practicable to test Mr. Ruskin's theory, without Mr. Ruskin's exceptions, it is, of course, unnecessary to say. It may be argued that there is nothing ignominious in shooting; that soldiers are shot down in the honorable discharge of duty; and that a murderer who is shot suffers nothing more than his victim. To the first point it may be answered that death by the bullet is ignominious or not, according to how it is inflicted; that, while a soldier shot in battle dies gloriously, one shot for cowardice or insubordination dies ignominiously. And, to the second point, it may be said that the object of killing a criminal

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is not to avenge a crime, nor to do him a wrathful injury merely that he may suffer, but to suppress lawlessness and give the public security. No matter what we do with a criminal, if we attain these ends. At present those ends are very far from being attained; crime increases, the public peace was never so often violated, or the public security so much endangered. It is often justly pointed out that celerity of punishment is the only means to keep down crime. If it were certain that a man killing to-day would be tried to-morrow, and shot on the third day, this fact would strike terror among the criminal classes. But why, the reader may ask, is this not also true with hanging? It is, undoubtedly; but we have seen that when the punishment is one that excites a general public horror, juries hesitate and judges are complacent. The philosophy of this matter is, to bring our penal laws down to that point which is in full accord with public sentiment; then so adjust the administration of these laws that punishment comes upon the evil-doer with the certainty of fate and a swiftness that concentrates public indignation.

— For a lady to devote herself persistently for a period of seventy years to the study of abstruse mathematics, and those branches of science with which this study is more intimately allied, is a phenomenon well worthy of note and comment. Still more remarkable is it that she should embody the results of her contemplations in works which have been pronounced superior to Humboldt's "Cosmos," and in her eighty-eighth year should write a treatise upon molecular science, challenging the approbation of critics easy to offend and hard to please. Such praise is due to Mary Somerville, who expired a few weeks since, at Florence, when she was fast approaching her ninety-third birthday. Mrs. Somerville was a Scotchwoman, and seems to have inherited the Scotch fondness for exact science. There is an impression in some minds, which is either a profound popular fallacy, or meets with a very emphatic exception in Mrs. Somerville's case, that the gentler sex is inferior to its lords in the powers of reasoning. There are no modern scientific works which more conspicuously and constantly exhibit this power, added to that of masterly generalization, than Mrs. Somerville's "Connection of the Physical Sciences" and "Molecular Theory." Her style is most sober, most compact, and clear. She economizes words, and eschews the ornamental arts of composition, and challenges learned opinion simply on the soundness of her reasoning and the justice of her conclusions. Mrs. Somerville was married, and entered London society, as long ago as 1804. She might possibly have seen Johnson, Gibbon, and Cowper, and probably did see Sheridan, Fox, and Pitt; early recognized as a woman not less of extraordinary philosophical talent than of true feminine grace and gentleness, her ad-

mission to scholarly and literary circles was not long postponed. She frequented Holland House, where she met Byron and Madame de Staël, Talleyrand and the Princess Liöven. She knew Mackintosh, Bentham, and Wilberforce, Rogers, Moore, and Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, Brougham, Canning, and Plunket. It may be—it surely is to be hoped—that, in the intervals of her severer studies (which she ardently pursued up to her very death), she may have written notes of her recollections of a most interesting life; for such recollections would cover a period prolific in genius in every department of thought and art with which Mrs. Somerville was familiar, and which none could portray with more graceful or zealous pen. Our readers will probably recollect that we gave a portrait, accompanied with a brief biographical sketch, of this distinguished lady, in the *JOURNAL* of May 11th last.

— Christmas comes again—"comes but once a year," says the old song, but comes with all its associations as fresh as if it came but once in a lifetime; and it comes now as it has ever come, stirring all the better and sweeter impulses of humanity; comes with festivities historically interwoven with many picturesque customs, and identified with some of the most felicitous fancies of our race; comes with its visions of delight to younger folk, and with its tender reminiscences for the elder; comes with its Christian celebrations, its anthems and carols, and ecstasies of praise; comes with new repeatings of that old, ever-strange, and wonderful, yet always-cherished story of Bethlehem; comes with its family reunions and restorations of ancient friendships; comes with its new impulses of charity, with its fresh desires to carry peace and good-will to all men; comes with its special devotion to, our little ones, who gather at Christmas-tide such tokens of affection, such proofs of love and remembrance, that old age will never cease with delight to recall them; comes with its bays, and its wreaths of evergreen, and its lighted Christmas-trees: with its decorated churches and memorial mottoes in radiant green; with its sprigs of holly in the parlor, and its sacred immortelles around the portraits of the lost ones; comes with its abundant gift-giving and all those interchanges of tokens that make friendship sweet; comes with all its suppression of self, its lessons of generosity, its awakening of kindness, its out-going to others; comes bringing a Name that transmutes all natures into something better than they were, scatters bad passions, and calls forth holy impulses, touches hearts, awakens memories, sweetens pain, chastens success, and exalts the spirit—comes with all these boons and blessings, and yet comes bringing nothing that it has not always brought, having no lesson to teach that is not as old as Christianity, but coming, nevertheless, with a freshness and beauty that no novelty could

possess, no invention, however fortunate, could supply. We can welcome Christmas with no new phrases. We can accompany it with no new interpretations. We can describe it with no new terms of affection or appreciation. We can illustrate it with no new ideas or sentiments. But these facts give it its greatest charm; these are the very conditions that bring it so near to the heart of the world—it is its wealth of association, of remembrance, of memories, of tradition, of long-cherished ideals and beauties, of thoroughly familiar sentiments, that give it every quality endearing to mankind.

MINOR MATTERS AND THINGS.

— Mistresses afflicted with bungling Bridgets and saucy Abigails will be interested in hearing that the people of Montreal have been discussing the universal servant nuisance, with an eye to the amelioration of the condition of both employers and employed. The meeting was called by a number of the most prominent Protestant clergymen of the city, who invited the "masters and mistresses" to come together for a free interchange of opinion on the vexed question. The ladies turned out in force, but the discussion seems to have been a failure, so far as they were concerned, since they permitted the parsons to monopolize the talking. A number of theories were advanced by these gentlemen to account for the modern differences between mistress and maid, the most ingenious of which was that of a reverend gentleman from the East Indies, who thought all the difficulties were "due to the want of knowledge of the patriarchal age," clinching his argument with the assertion that Abraham and his servants had no trouble. This point did not make much impression on the audience, who evidently were not prepared for a return to antediluvian simplicity. Dr. Corder, the Unitarian preacher of Montreal, replied that, until recently, an agent had been stationed in that city who gave good girls twenty dollars to pay their expenses to the United States, which was not the case in the patriarchal times. He did not hope for much help from Abraham, nor from a study of his house-keeping. The secret of all the trouble, he said, lies in the fact that society is changing. The lower classes have now so many more avenues of labor thrown open to them than formerly, at once less arduous, less menial, and more remunerative in character, that they are attracted from domestic service. Here Dr. Corder struck directly at the root of the matter; and his remarks are no less pertinent when applied to the United States than to Canada. Men and women will not remain content in menial positions if they can obtain independent employment at equal rates of pay. If our servants are to be retained, their labor must be made lighter or their wages increased. The other alternative is for society to do its own work.

— These remarks are as applicable to John Chinaman as to Patrick or Bridget. When the Chinese immigration to this country began, great hopes were entertained that

the problem of the age was about to find a solution. We heard on all sides of the neatness, the aptness, and the industry of the Celestials; and many long-suffering housekeepers regarded their advent as a special dispensation of Providence. But their gratulations were short-lived. The Mongol proved to be shrewder than the Yankee. John was quick to learn the true value of his labor, and showed a determination to get the full worth of it. He could make more money in working on his own account than in a menial position, and so he refused to go into the kitchen. Bridget, therefore, still rules the roast, and there is no help for mistresses but to make a compromise with her. Perhaps, in time, some genius may win a fortune and immortality by inventing a machine that will do household drudgery without the intervention of human mind and muscle; or, what is more likely, society may advance to the point of banishing servants from the dwelling, and of having the more arduous work done without the house. This would entail on the ladies of the family some of the lighter labors now performed by menials, but there is no doubt that they would be the better for it. Until that happy day arrives, however, society and Bridget must make mutual concessions, if they would live together peaceably. We know of no other way of bringing about a cessation of hostilities than that suggested above.

—London has now got a free city-library, which is likely to become a very fine thing. Before the fire of 1666, there was an institution of this kind, containing many precious volumes; but, after its destruction, no steps were taken to revive it until 1824. Since that year, additions, which slowly came in, were stowed away in a gloomy room, of bad approach, in the Guildhall; but, now the corporation have taken the matter in hand, a splendid apartment has been provided, and it turns out that the collection is, in one respect, preëminently what it should be, viz., richer in topographical works relating to London than even the British Museum itself. Why could not our corporation—now that it has got rid of its Tweeds and Sweenys—have a room devoted to works relative to New York? Such a collection, steadily kept up, would be invaluable in 1973, even if it only taught our grandchildren what to avoid.

—The Grand Hotel at Paris, which suffered so severely during the war, seems to have since taken a more prosperous position than ever. Among other special attractions of this establishment are concerts twice a week, which afford an admirable opportunity to observe the occupants of that human menagerie. To such an extent are all nations now brought to this common centre, that a Parisian declares it to be quite unnecessary to travel. Only go to the Grand Hotel, and you once more have the Tower of Babel. When recently his doctor ordered him abroad for change, he assented, but, in truth, merely took up his abode at this establishment. There he lived with the people of all lands, conversed with them, listened to their descriptions, and thus became familiar with their countries. After two or three months, when he went to see his doctor, he

was pronounced a complete recovery. "Ah! doctor," he laughingly said, "the beauty of those charming Constantinople girls cured me." He did not add that he made their acquaintance at the Grand Hotel. To sum up, it is averred that these advantages, with excellent food and wine, may, if you don't mind a journey to the fourth floor in the elevator, be had for three dollars and twenty cents a day, even now.

—The walls of the Lenox Library building have already risen to a noble altitude, and present, from several points in Central Park, a very effective feature. From some situations the pile appears to be erected on an elevation, and the granite walls lift above the trees with an imposing dignity that captivates the beholder. We learn that the site for the new Metropolitan Museum of Art has been selected in the immediate vicinity of the library, and that the projected Episcopal Cathedral will, in all probability, be erected in Fifth Avenue, facing the Park. These architectural piles will give a superb setting to our pleasure-ground, and add immensely to its beauty and dignity.

—The Museum of Art is to be built on the east side of the Park, between Eighty-first and Eighty-second Streets. A large force of men are at present engaged in making the necessary excavations for the building, which is ultimately to cover several acres, and, when completed, will be eight hundred feet long and five hundred feet wide. The foundations will be laid at once, and the building carried forward vigorously in the spring, so that by 1874 a sufficient portion of the vast structure will be completed to receive the works now contained in the Art-Museum in Dodworth's old Dancing Academy in the Fifth Avenue. The new Conservatory, another charming feature of the Park, will be completed in the autumn of 1873. It is to be erected on the border of Fifth Avenue, opposite Seventy-fourth Street, and the foundations are already completed. It is to be both a floral and musical conservatory. The upper story will be used for botanical plants and flowers, and the lower for music. The dimensions of this building will be two hundred and fifty feet in length by fifty in width. It will be surmounted by a handsome ornamental dome of iron and glass.

—Joe Cowell, in his book of theatrical reminiscences, describes the annoyance actors experience by the ceaseless fumbling of programmes and turning of leaves in their "books of the play" by the audience. Actors are not the only sufferers from the restlessness of concert and play goers. There are people in every audience who are in perpetual struggle to keep up a connection between the performance and the programme, and twist and turn their handbills in this vain effort, as if an entertainment consisted of perusing the account of it. Then there are others who must read the libretto or the "book of the play," and only occasionally give their regards to the performers, tormenting themselves to find where the speaker or singer is now, why this is omitted, why something is done that is not down on the book, and so on. Then there are others—principally ladies—who keep up a continual dis-

turbance with their programmes. They fold them, turn them, rattle them, crush them, make fans of them, ceaselessly find something to do with them that will make a noise, to the exasperation of every attentive listener in the assembly. If the writer were a great tragedian or a singer, he would certainly stipulate, as a condition of his appearance, that programmes and books of the play should be excluded from the audiences whenever it was his mission to entertain. What with rattling programmes, noisy ushers, musicians who always come stumbling in to their places, to the ruin of the last scene of every act of a play, and go stumbling out again at the opening of every first scene; people who come bustling in too late, and people who go bustling out too soon; people who come to talk, and people whose ears, responding a flash too late, are forever asking what the last speaker said—between these combinations the man who likes to enjoy a play deliberately and freely is put in a nervous torment enough to make him forswear public entertainments forever!

—The late King of Sweden set an example, which we hope to see every day more extensively followed here, by bequeathing to the national museum of his country such of his pictures as relate to national scenes, together with a very valuable collection of armor and other valuables. In former days a wealthy New-Yorker, who desired to benefit his native city in such manner at his death, was placed in this difficulty, that, unless he specially founded an institution for the reception of his gift, there was no place to receive it. Happily, in the last two years, we have changed all that. No collector need now be at a loss; full justice will be done to the inanimate objects dear to his soul when he starts on that last journey where no luggage is allowed, if he will but bequeath them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. One of the best points about this institution is, that it has nothing individual in its origin. No great name obscures all other donors, as in the case of the Astor Library. Thus we hope to see the time when we shall pass from room to room called after some celebrity in art and taste, who has thus contributed to the education of his countrymen by a beneficent bequest, and whose memory is handed down for all time to a grateful posterity by the chamber which bears his name, and the bust or portrait of him which fills the most prominent position in it.

—The Hartford *Courant* asserts that one of the chief sources of Horace Greeley's power was his humor, which was of that homely sort that characterized Franklin, not too fine for popular appreciation. But this gift, although a great force in his writings, interfered, it thinks, with his influence in some other directions. "It is still true," says the *Courant*, "that, in the popular mind, a certain gravity, which may border on stupidity, is considered essential to a great man, especially to a man who is to occupy public position. People are a little afraid of wit, and the man who makes others laugh too often gets laughed at himself, or, if he is not laughed at, he is not trusted." Perhaps the popular instinct in the matter is not very far

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wrong, although a marked exception to the operation of the rule existed in Mr. Lincoln's case, whose humor not only greatly endeared him to the people, but strengthened their faith in him. He is the only man we can recall who made humor a political power. But if we take a glance at humorists as a class, we will discover that, however delightful their gifts, they have not been men whom the world could safely trust in places of responsibility. Sterne, for instance, was a delightful character; we love the man with all his foibles, but we would never dream of placing important trusts in the hands of a man of his character; and Sterne is an excellent representative of the wits—men of fancy, quickness of imagination, and geniality of temperament, but men whose susceptibility often played strange pranks with their judgments. We are not to be understood as asserting that Mr. Greeley belonged to this class; far from it, for his humor was only an embroidery, and not the fabric of his talent; but the *Courant's* intimation that popular judgment is blunt and stupid in this matter is what we question; for the judgment is supported by the dramatists and novelists in their delineations, is illustrated by the essayists and the poets, and is abundantly confirmed in biography and history.

"Hung be the heavens in black!" exclaims the mourner in the Shakespearian play; but, on the occasion of Horace Greeley's funeral, recently, the heavens in Broadway were fairly hung in scarlet and blue, so great was the display of bunting. Flags at half-mast convey to every one the idea that some one is dead whose memory it is desirable to honor; but flags at half-mast are no more solemn or grave than flags at the height of the staff. The "stars and stripes" that flutter in the breeze are always full of color, brilliancy, and animation. The American colors are exceedingly radiant, and, when flung forth in a bright sun, give marvellous sparkle and life to a picture, whether the occasion be a solemn one or not. This fact leads a correspondent to suggest the adoption of a mourning-flag, or a banner which in its color should express the sentiment of the occasion for which it is displayed. He suggests a black flag—but that would be piratical in its expression, unless a wreath of green in the centre relieved the black. As an alternative, our correspondent recommends a black ground set with stars—which certainly would be appropriate. But there is no reason why one uniform model should be adopted. So, without deciding which, in our judgment, would be the better plan for a mourning-flag, we simply commend the suggestion to the consideration of the public.

People in New York, who like studies of interiors, have an excellent opportunity to indulge their tastes by rides on the elevated railway. This route, which runs on the level of the second-story windows, and so near that one may almost extend his hand to the shutters, gives to the inquisitive passenger a ceaseless succession of queer glimpses into other people's apartments. The inside views thus afforded are not generally of very elegant modes of life, but for this reason they are all the more novel and suggestive. Ele-

gance is monotonously circumspect; but the struggle for respectable existence in second-story fronts shows life under a good many individual aspects. It is true the glimpses we get are rapid, and sometimes almost too fleeting for special observation; but, by repeated rides, one may multiply impressions to an extent that will give him a very good idea of how people live in the quarters thus unceremoniously exposed. There is not much neatness of apparel, although ladies are often seen before their mirrors giving finishing touches to their toilets. Bureaus are occasionally seen, prettily set out with ornaments; but taste, as a rule, shows itself sparingly. There are numerous tumbled beds and other evidences of slovenly house-keeping. The newspaper is not neglected, but the idlers, for the most part, are in groups for the purpose of gossip. The children are not commonly in attractive trim, although the wash-tub and the sewing-machine are actively employed. There are some tidily-kept rooms, but even the better apartments are not inviting—they look gloomy, lack sunlight, and cheer of every sort. The succession of pictures is a little curious, but not calculated to give pleasant impressions of city home-life.

Literary Notes.

DR. DÖLLINGER seems to think that the great, perhaps the only, obstacle to the union of all the various sects of Christendom into one common "household of faith" is presented by the papacy; at least, we gather this impression from reading his "Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches." (Dodd and Mead.) All Protestants and old Catholics will doubtless agree that he is right in part, but most of these will see breaches between certain Protestant communions which are almost as wide as the one between Protestantism and the papacy itself. For the benefit of those who are in any doubt as to the good to result from the establishment of a universal church, the doctor devotes his first two lectures to a review of the religious condition of the world at large, and to pointing out the great hindrance that delays the performance of an acknowledged duty to the heathen. This hindrance, as may be supposed, is, according to the author, the dissensions that prevail in the Church, a view he well sustains by bringing forward the moral effect on unbelievers of the fruits that appear from such division. To show how he does this we quote from the close of the second lecture (pp. 80, 81): "Christ says that every kingdom divided against itself shall be destroyed. We understand the failure of missionaries. And that is not all. What is to Christians the holiest and most venerable of all places, the birth-land of our faith, where Christ taught, lived, and suffered, is now the meeting-place of churches that hate one another. Greeks, Russians, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Jacobites, Protestants of various sects, all have there their fortresses and intrenchments, and are intent on making fresh conquests for the rival churches. To the shame of the Christian name, Turkish soldiers have to interfere between rival parties of Christians, who would else tear one another to pieces in the holy places, and the pacha holds the key of the holy sepulchre." The third lecture is a *résumé* of the causes leading to the separation of the Eastern and Western Churches. Then

we have a brief history of the German Reformation, which is characterized as a movement "deeply rooted in the needs of the age," and that "sprang inevitably from the ecclesiastical conditions of the centuries immediately preceding it." Luther and his colleagues receive no blame, except for interrupting the order of apostolic succession, for which there was no external necessity. The loss of this is found a "peculiar difficulty" in the way of reunion between certain classes of Christians, and one which, the doctor thinks, ought not to have arisen. The fifth lecture treats of "The Reaction toward Union in the Seventeenth Century;" the sixth, of "The English Reformation; its Nature and Results;" and the seventh and concluding one of the series, of difficulties in the way of union, and the ground of hope for its ultimate accomplishment. The doctor is careful throughout to hold up the cruelties of the popes and the intrigues of the Jesuits as largely to blame for the continued division of the Church, and his "ground for hope" seems to lie in the reaction that has set in from the culmination of the papal idea in the famous decree of infallibility. The "lectures" are popular in style, and will doubtless command much attention from all who have any interest in the weighty question at issue.

A somewhat peculiar story is attached to the posthumous work, by M. Villemain, "The History of Gregory VII.," which is about to be published in Paris. The deceased academicien commenced this voluminous dissertation more than forty years ago, and did not complete it till 1851. After M. Villemain's death, which took place on the day when seven and a half millions of ayes were being elicited by the last of the Napoleonic *généralistes*, his family were about to publish the work which, for some unaccountable reason, the author had kept so long in reserve, when their plans were quite upset by the outbreak of the war. When Paris was seriously threatened by the Germans, the manuscripts were sent out of the capital. Their transportation was no easy matter, for M. Villemain had the habit of never burning a single scrap of paper, and all the notes, copies, articles, etc., connected with this work, made up a heavy load of literature, added to, as they were, by an unpublished translation of "Pindar," and fragments about the Restoration. From Paris they were sent to Angers, and, when that town was threatened, Lord Lyons was asked to take them under his protection, but he seems to have thought that he could hardly be expected to do so. Eventually the precious deposit appears to have reached Bordeaux, whence it was sent back to Paris just before the conflagrations in the Rue de Lille and the Rue de Vernueil. The house in which the manuscripts were lodged was in this quarter, but luckily escaped destruction, and the book has at last reached the hands of the printer.

Literary treasures are often brought to light in quite unpromising quarters. One does not expect much, for instance, from such a field as heathen India, yet from time to time the students of its unfamiliar literature point out gems of art that would do credit to any people. In a recent article in the *Pall-Mall Gazette* on "Heathen Poetry," we find such specimens as this from Tamil authors:

THE SHEPHERD OF THE WORLDS.

"How many various flowers
Did I in by-gone hours
Call for the god, and in his honor strow!
In vain how many a prayer
I breathed into the air!
And made, with many forms, obsequies due.

"Beating my breast, aloud,
How oft I called the crowd
To drag the village-car! how oft I strayed
In manhood's prime to lave
Sunward the flowing wave;
And, circling Salva's fanes, my homage paid!

"But they—the truly wise—
Who know and realize
Where dwells the Shepherd of the Worlds, will ne'er
To any visible shrine,
As if it were divine,
Deign to raise hands of worship or of prayer."

This is more remarkable from its protest against idolatry.

The paper in question recalls some beautiful quotations given in Rimmel's "Book of Perfumes," from kindred authors. One of the finest of these is from "Sakontalá," a sacred drama of the Hindoos. Kanwa, the father of Sakontalá, and chief of the hermits, offers a sacrifice of fragrant woods, exclaiming:

"Holy flames that gleam around
Every altar's hallowed ground;
Holy flames, whose frequent food
Is the consecrated wood,
And for whose encircling bed
Sacred Kusa-grass is spread;
Holy flames that waft to heaven
Sweet oblations daily given,
Mortal guilt to purge away;
Hear, oh, hear me when I pray,
Purify my child this day!"

In this same drama occurs the following, in reference to the custom of conducting such ceremonials in sacred groves as well as temples:

"The sprouting verdure of the leaves is dimmed
By dusky wreaths of upward-curling smoke
From burnt oblations."

From an Indian ode we have this:

"The rose hath humbly bowed to meet
With glowing lips her hallowed feet,
And lent them all its bloom."

From another poem, this:

"A hundred flowers there are beaming,
The verdure smiling and the hushed waves
dreaming.

Each flower is still a brighter hue assuming,
Each a far league the loveliest air perfuming.
The rose her book of hundred leaves unfolding.
The tulip's hand a cap of red-wine holding.
The northern saphyr ambergris round spreading,
Still through its limits varied scents is shedding."

From what we have given we are sure that many a reader will wish for more, and join us in hoping that the excellent translations which have long been made from some of the most noted of the Indian poets, may soon be given to the public in a dress that will secure their acceptance by that large class who have an appreciation of good things quite out of proportion to the means for obtaining them. The expensive editions in which such works are too often issued, is an effective barrier against their introduction with those who would often love them the most.

Professor Hart's "Manual of American Literature" (Eldridge & Bro.) is the companion to his "English Literature," issued a few months since. It is designed as a text-book for schools and colleges, but will be also an acceptable substitute, in many cases, for the more bulky cyclopædias, which are cumbersome as well as expensive. One cannot look for completeness in such a work, yet there are some authors omitted from this one which should, by all means, have place in even the very briefest treatise on the subject. It can hardly be accounted for why a score or more of prominent names should receive no mention, while at least an equal number have been included in the "Manual" that require notice

only in dictionaries or cyclopædias. We are sorry that a book, otherwise so good, should have its value thus impaired, and we hope the professor will supply the omissions in a second edition.

Under the title of "Oriental and Linguistic Studies," Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have issued a series of papers contributed from time to time to several periodicals by Professor William D. Whitney. These papers are on the Veda, the Avesta, and the Science of Language. As popular expositions they cannot fail to be welcome to the many who, without time for thorough study, wish accurate knowledge on the interesting subjects of which they treat. The professor is receiving well-deserved commendation of his work from the critics, and is especially complimented on the "elegant plainness" of his diction, and on his success in imparting an interest to philological studies, which are, unfortunately, too often rendered uninviting by the dreariness of dull teachers.

The merits of "The Lillingstones of Lillingstone" (Dodd & Mead) depend much upon the point from which it is viewed. If intended as an addition to such libraries as are usually selected for younger persons, it may be accounted a very worthy book; but, if designed as a more pretentious work, a candid critic must own it rather commonplace, or that it at least appears so, by contrast with the brilliant fictions now so familiar to all story-readers. The fortunes of the Lillingstones are, however, made to teach good lessons in morals and religion, and the narrative deserves praise for its healthy tone, a virtue too often wanting in what are otherwise more successful stories. The volume has twelve full-page illustrations, which are unmistakably English in design, and well executed.

Jean Ingelow's first novel, "Off the Skel-ligs," scarcely equals the expectation formed from her reputation as a poet. The story is not romantic, and is narrated in a very matter-of-fact manner. It never runs beyond the usual commonplaces of every-day life; there is little display of strong emotion; the tone and feeling accord well with that social etiquette which forbids enthusiasm of every kind. To many, however, this may be the best praise that we can give it. The chief charm of the story, to us, is in the quiet gentleness and sweetness of the maiden who is writing of her own early life, and it seems as if Miss Ingelow had sometimes written from personal reminiscences. On the whole, the book, while pleasing, and containing not a few good descriptions of character and well-told incidents, has scarcely advanced the author's fame.

A dainty little work, "Treasure Trove," exhibits some of the fairest mechanical handiwork of those tasty book-makers, Messrs. Osgood & Co. "Treasure Trove" is a rhymed caricature on the "Non-hearted" Richard—on chivalry—on the ways and manners of his time in general; and, although it is another blow at the legendary ideals we have so long looked upon with reverence, yet its *animus* cannot but commend it to all who are not afflicted with a belief in the "divine right" of kings. As a literary performance the book is quite clever, and its interest is increased by a liberal number of excellent illustrations, from the pencil of the well-known S. Etynge, Jr.

Mr. Evans has evinced the most praise-worthy industry in the preparation of his "Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and

Ornaments of Great Britain." The scattered results of innumerable researches are here collected into a large yet handy volume, which is almost an encyclopædia of these curious remains. The work is profusely illustrated with woodcuts, which are both artistic and, as the author assures us, faithful to the antiquities they represent. We are not content to pass so important a volume with this brief mention, and we hope to refer to it again in a future number of the JOURNAL. (D. Appleton & Co.)

There is an effort now being made in the South to aid the widow of the poet Henry Timrod by the issue of a subscription edition of his poems. Earnest efforts are made to obtain a wide circulation of the volume, not only in behalf of the poet's widow, but with a laudable desire to promote a better knowledge of a poet too little known. The volume will be accompanied by a biography, and edited, we believe, by Paul H. Hayne.

A forthcoming memoir of Miss Susan Ferrier contains some unpublished letters by Robert Burns. It is said that the work will present a lively picture of literary life in Edinburgh. Miss Ferrier's best-known novel, "Marriage," was published in 1818, and was praised by Sir Walter Scott as containing some of the happiest illustrations of Scottish character.

A Paris publishing-house having announced that it will speedily issue "The Letters of Eugénie de Montijo, prior to her Marriage to Louis Napoleon," the prefect of police has prohibited the publication of the work.

Old M. Guizot has three new books in press, among them a work on the Second Empire. In the preface he says that Louis Napoleon frequently importuned him with offers of important official positions.

Earl Russell has completed a volume of essays on the "Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the Council of Trent."

Many readers have no doubt been puzzled to understand what Tennyson meant by the word "spate," occurring in his last idyl:

"The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring,
Stared at the spate."

Spate is an old Saxon word, meaning the flooding of a stream by heavy rains.

The library of the Escorial, which so narrowly escaped destruction a month or two since, contains over fourteen thousand MSS. in Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages.

It is reported that Merle d'Aubigné has left two nearly completed volumes on the Reformation, carrying his record to the death of Luther.

Chambers's well-known "Cyclopædia of English Literature" is undergoing revision by the Rev. Dr. Carruthers, of Inverness, Scotland.

Curiosity will be stimulated by the announcement that Baron Nathaniel Rothschild is preparing a history of the Rothschild family, extending from 1806 to the present time.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag: Shawl-Straps." By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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"For Conscience' Sake." By the author of "Alice Lee's Discipline," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead.

"What Katy Did." A story: By Susan Coolidge, author of "The New-Year's Bargain." With Illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Science for the Young;" "Force." By Jacob Abbott, author of "The Franconia Stories," "Marco Paul Series," "Young Christian Series," "Abbott's Illustrated Histories," etc. With numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Our Young Yachter's Series: Vol. ii., Left on Labrador; or, The Cruise of the Schooner-Yacht Curlew, as recorded by Wash." Edited by C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"Dr. Wainwright's Patient: A Novel." By Edmund Yates, author of "Black Sheep," "Wrecked in Port," "A Waiting Race," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Scientific Notes.

THE preparations for the English circumnavigating exploring expedition give promise of results of great value to both science and civilization. The vessel set apart for the purpose is H. M. S. Challenger, a main-deck corvette of two thousand three hundred tons. Her commander is Captain G. S. Nares, well known as the author of a valuable work on seamanship. Second in command is Commander J. P. Maclean, son of the late astronomer royal at the Cape of Good Hope, who will have charge of the magnetic observations which will form part of the work of the expedition. The Challenger has been put in thorough repair, and specially fitted out for the occasion. Stages have been erected amidships, from which the dredges will be worked; and immediately aft of these is the steam winding-in apparatus. A chemical laboratory and naturalist's work-room have been fitted up in the after-part of the vessel; and the fore-magazine is set aside for the storage of the large quantities of spirits required for the preservation of natural-history specimens, and of the many thousand stoppered bottles which will contain them. Among the stores are traps of various forms, harpoons, a harpoon-gun, and fishing-tackle of all kinds, including trawls, trammels, a seine, shrimp-nets, fish-traps, and lobster-pots. From the latter, used in deep water, great results are expected; and it is not improbable that living specimens of nautilus may thus be procured. The scientific staff, under the direction of Professor Wyville Thomson, numbers five able and experienced scientists. The route to be followed by the Challenger, though not yet fully determined, will be nearly as follows: Leaving Portsmouth about the middle of November, she will sail for Gibraltar, the first haul of the dredge being made in the Bay of Biscay. From Gibraltar she will proceed to Madeira; thence to St. Thomas, the Bahamas, Bermuda, and the Azores; thence to Bahia, touching at Fernando de Noronha; then across to the Cape of Good Hope; thence southward to the Crozet and Marion Islands, continuing in this course until ice is reached. Australia, New Zealand, the Campbell and Auckland Groups, Torres Straits, New Guinea, and New Ireland, will then be visited. A year will be spent among the Pacific islands; Japan, Kamohatka, and the regions farther north, thoroughly explored; the return being made by the way of Cape Horn. The voyage is expected to take about three years and a half, as the deep-sea work—the main object

of the expedition—is to be supplemented by that of a general inland exploration, with accurate investigations of many of those distant and almost unknown islands of the sea. The interest with which the public watched the progress of the late Hassler expedition furnishes sufficient evidence that their sympathy and well-wishes will be with the Challenger and her gallant and learned officers, till they have doubled the Horn, and are again safely moored in Portsmouth Harbor.

At the first announcement of diamond discoveries in Arizona, the San Francisco and New York Commercial and Mining Company engaged the professional services of Clarence King, the eminent geologist, who, with an able corps of assistants, was to explore the regions from which the diamonds and precious stones were said to have been obtained. From the final report of Professor King, as lately presented to the officers of the company, it is evident that a gigantic fraud has been perpetrated; and, as the results prove, not without gain to certain enterprising and ingenious rascals. In justice to the company above named, it may be added that they seem to have acted in good faith and with honest purpose. The report of Clarence King gives the operations of his survey in detail. Referring to the discovery of certain gems, it is stated that, in the vicinity of Table Rock, diamonds and rubies were found on the surface and in the crevices; but, in every instance of a "find," there was evidence that the soil had been tampered with. In crevices where there were no traces of the work of man, no evidence of the existence of precious stones was discovered. Some diamonds were found in what were evidently artificial holes. From further reports, as received from San Francisco, it appears that Arnold, the man who sold the original discovery, received for it from the Harpending Company one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Now that the swindle has been exposed, this prince of impostors will doubtless return to the deserted fields, map in hand, to recover from the cracks and crevices what stones yet remain concealed in them.

The Chicago papers announce the successful trial of a new pumping-engine, said to be the largest in the world, which was designed and constructed for the water-works of that city. The steam cylinders—of which there are two—have each an internal diameter of seventy inches, and allow a twenty-foot stroke of piston; the fly-wheel is twenty-five feet in diameter, weighing thirty-three tons, and the cast-iron walking-beams, measuring twenty-seven feet between the ends and centres, are seventy-five inches deep in the middle, and twenty-four inches at the ends. Mr. Chesbrough, under whose direction the lake-tunnel was constructed, estimates that this engine will be capable of raising thirty-six million gallons of water one hundred and fifty feet in twenty-four hours. In addition to this, the main engine, there are three others, with a capacity respectively of eighteen thousand, twelve thousand, and eight thousand gallons. An interesting and significant fact, illustrating the rapidity with which Chicago has recovered from the disastrous fire, is that, during the past year, there have been laid in that city twenty miles more of pipe than was ever laid before in that length of time.

A most remarkable instance as illustrating the powers of physical endurance is afforded by the terrible experience of four of the survivors from the wreck of the ocean-steamship Missouri. Eight days at sea in an open boat,

with their bodies half immersed in salt-water, and without a drop to drink, or a morsel of food, these four men yet live. The story of those eight days, as narrated by Assistant-Engineer John Freaney, is substantially as follows: Having remained near the burning vessel till she sank, the small boat, containing eight men, was put before the wind, her progress toward land, wherever it might be, being aided by the four remaining oars. "On the second and third days," as the account reads, "we were still before the wind, and suffering terribly. On the fourth day one of our crew died, and that night two others, having become crazy, jumped overboard. The boat was always full of water, and ourselves sitting waist-deep. On the fifth morning another man died. . . . On the sixth and seventh days our situation was unchanged. On the eighth day we sighted land, and succeeded in landing at Powell's Cay, near Abaco, in the evening. On the ninth day we found a few tomatoes, which we boiled, having found a few matches and a pot in one of the boats." These tomatoes were the first food that they had tasted since leaving the ship, eight days before, and the strength thus feebly renewed sustained life till the following day, when a friendly hand rescued and supplied them.

Soap-stone, or steatite, has recently found a new application as a raw material for buttons, dominoes, and other similar objects. Chips and refuse pieces of the mineral are ground to powder and mixed with silicate of soda, water, glass; and, after a repose of some hours, dried on a plate, and the mixture again pulverized. The powder thus obtained is then subjected to powerful pressure in suitable moulds, and afterward baked in air-tight crucibles. The pressed objects are again soaked in a silicate-of-soda bath, and again heated out of contact with the air. The hardness of the product is said to depend, in a great measure, upon the number of times the heating is repeated. The last stage in the process of manufacture consists in washing in water in a rotary tub, drying, and then agitating in a suitable vessel with soap-stone powder, this last operation giving to the surface a bright polish.

A writer in *Les Mondes* describes an interesting and simple experiment by which it is demonstrated that the light of the Geissler tubes is intermittent. Take a chameleon top—such as may be purchased from any dealer in toys—and place upon the centre one of the prismatic disks which accompany it. Instead of producing the singular optical illusions usually obtained from these disks by stopping their revolutions with the finger, simply illumine the table and disk with a large Geissler tube. The result is described as beautiful. The most varied combinations of colors and designs succeed each other without any need of touching the disks and thus checking the movement of the top.

In the report of certain commercial analyses, as made by Professor Allen, of Sheffield, England, is that of five samples of butter which were purchased in that city, and submitted to a careful examination. The results are as follows. No. 1 contained eight per cent. of water, with much salt and dripping; No. 2, seven per cent. of water, a large quantity of salt, and a little lard; No. 3, seven per cent. of water, a very large quantity of salt, a considerable quantity of lard, and some *rag pulp*, the original fibres and colors of the rag being readily visible under the microscope; Nos. 4 and 5, water seven per cent., with salt and lard. The presence of water and salt is not to be won-

dered at, but many a good housewife will have her faith shaken in humanity when she reads of the lard and rag pulp.

At Krupp's steel-works at Essen, Prussia, 8,810 workmen, and engines amounting to 9,695 horse-power, are employed. Last year the establishment manufactured 150,000,000 pounds of cast-steel, an increase of 30,000,000 pounds over the product of 1870. There are 528 furnaces for smelting, heating, and converting, 169 forges, 260 welding- and puddling-furnaces, 345 coke-furnaces, 180 other kinds of furnaces, 349 turning-lathes, 130 planing-machines, 73 cutting-machines, 179 boring-machines, 94 grinding-benches, 209 various other machines, 174 steam-boilers, 265 steam-engines (from 1,000 horse-power downward), and 58 steam-hammers (from 30 tons downward).

English farmers use nearly a million tons of artificial and chemical manures annually, the materials for which are obtained from all quarters of the globe. It is by this system of judicious and repeated fertilizing that the land is made to yield such heavy returns without "working out," as have the abandoned tobacco-fields of Virginia.

On the 27th of October last, an interesting *fête* was given by the municipality of Florence, Italy. The occasion was that of the inauguration of the new Florentine Observatory, that stands on a striking eminence, from which, in former times, Galileo made most of his discoveries.

It has recently been demonstrated that plates of polished slate may be used as a substitute for boxwood for engraving. These plates will furnish over one hundred thousand impressions without loss of detail, do not warp, and are not affected by oil or water.

Home and Foreign Notes.

THE Russian Government has demanded from the King of Belgium the extradition of one Vashtenew, one of the *valets de chambre* that accompanied the Grand-duke Alexis to the New World. Vashtenew was sent by the grand-duke with a portion of his trunks from Cuba to Russia. He delivered all trunks but one to the imperial family on his arrival at St. Petersburg. But the trunk he kept contained the letters which the grand-duke received while in the United States. Among them are many *billets-doux* from foolish American women. The faithless valet took the trunk to Brussels, and sold the letters to a young bookseller, who has since then announced as in press a volume which will probably prove painfully interesting to some of our countrywomen. Its title is: "The Private Correspondence of a Prince on his Travels round the World." The Russian Government claims that Vashtenew is nothing but a common thief, and wants the Belgian Government, on that ground, to send him back to St. Petersburg, together with the stolen and interesting trunk.

Intelligence from the arctic regions indicates that the season has been unusually mild and propitious for the various polar expeditions in that region. In a letter from Greenland, dated September, Mr. Edward Wymper writes to a London friend that, when he arrived there in June, the "land was covered with flowers, the butterflies were beginning to appear, and almost all snow had vanished from the sea-level up to two thousand feet." Since that time the writer mentions the very remarkable fact that, with the exception of the bad week in the Waigat, he had "enjoyed the most exquisite weather that it is possible to imagine." This intelligence is corroborated from Germany by Dr. Petermann, the renowned geographer, whose geographical journal stated that the seas which wash the indented shores of Spitzbergen are free from ice for several

months in the year, and this year have been peculiarly iceless. The further discovery in September of an open sea to the eastward of Spitzbergen by Captain Nils Johnsen, the last explorer to make report, looks very much as if the American expedition under Captain Hall, and also the far-advanced German voyagers under the Austrian leaders Payer and Weyprecht, had struck upon a year remarkably auspicious for their perilous endeavor.

Some of the Mid-England papers are considerably exercised over an event which has occurred in connection with the Prince of Wales's visit to Lord Aylesford in Warwickshire. According to the modern unsportmanlike fashion, grand *bettises* were among the principal amusements of the visit, and to the first of these events some reporters gained admission. The result was, a severe criticism on game-butchery in a Birmingham paper, and on the following day the reporters, on arriving at Packington Hall, were met by a policeman, who announced that he had his lordship's orders to see them off the ground. The incident is likely to aggravate the bitter feeling engendered by the exaggerated system of game-preservation which for some years has been in vogue, and has caused very strong feeling on the part of tenants. It was strongly condemned by Lord Derby in a speech last spring, and the impression is general that its days are numbered.

The *Lancet*, which has recently published a series of reports by a special commission appointed to investigate fully the accommodation afforded to steerage-passengers from Liverpool to the United States, seems inclined to the opinion that, although there is not a little to condemn, yet there is not cause for wholesale fault-finding. As regards the provisions, they were pronounced good in quality and abundant in quantity, the supposition being made that few of the emigrants fared so well previous to embarking. The arrangements for ventilation are very defective, and the sexes are mixed in a way that tends to promote indecency. The hospitals are inconveniently situated, and in some instances there are no lavatories and very imperfect closet arrangements for the women and children. Taking the reports in the most favorable light, it is evident that there is needed a change in the construction and the supervision of emigrant-vessels.

One of the London papers reproduces "an interview" of Mr. Froude, during which the reporter asked whether the "swell young *militaires*" of the Household Brigade were not as idle and useless as those French officers who lounged on the boulevards of Paris, whose lack of vigor both in mind and body their last campaign so palpably proved. Mr. Frode supposed that they were, but added that there were but few of them; and, further, pointed to the fact that, at Waterloo, in the Crimea, and elsewhere, they had certainly done excellent service. The really redeeming point about English officers, from a service point of view, is that, unlike their French brethren in arms, they are, for the most part, men of very active bodily health and fine physique. Although, with rare exceptions, wonderfully illiterate—probably more so even than the French—they can ride, shoot, swim, and fence, and have a vast amount of pluck and endurance.

The new Turkish grand-vizier, Mehemet Rouchdi Pacha, has risen to power from a very humble station in life. The son of poor parents, he joined the army as a private soldier in his sixteenth year, but his talents soon raised him in the service. He devoted himself earnestly to the study of the French language and of military science, and, having translated a French military book into Turkish, Sultan Mahmoud recognized his talents, and became his patron. When but twenty-six the war-ministry was tendered to him, but he soon resigned, resuming it, however, shortly before the breaking out of the Crimean War, during which he greatly distinguished himself by his administrative ability. He is the author of several works on strategy and fortification that rank high.

A widow lady named Mellen, who said she was from New York, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Frankfort-on-the-Main for collecting, in May last, subscrip-

tions for Woodhull and Clayton's Weekly. In pronouncing sentence, Judge Miller said that he regretted exceedingly that, under the law, he could not send her to the state-prison for several years. He ordered a bailiff to burn the copies of the paper which were found in the woman's possession.

Netschayeff, the International leader from Russia, has been delivered by the authorities of Switzerland, where he had taken refuge, to Russian policemen, on the ground that he was a common murderer. Upon reaching Wersaw the unfortunate man was placed before a court-martial, and sentenced to be branded with a red-hot iron on the forehead, to receive one hundred lashes with the knout, and to be sent to Siberia. He survived the barbarous punishment, and is now on his way to Tobolsk.

The Paris papers tell of a duel on a piano between two musicians. They played for forty-eight hours without food or drink. Having commenced with pieces of a sedate character, they passed on to waltzes, and thence to operatic music. One had played the *Miserere* in "Il Trovatore" five hundred and eighty times, and was commencing on the five hundred and eighty-first performance when he sank to rise no more. The other was conveyed to the hospital, his life being despaired of, and the four seconds are suffering from mental aberration.

Queen Isabella of Spain looks younger and healthier since she left the country which she governed so miserably. She enjoys Paris and its amusements with undisguised relish. She gives, twice every week, a reception, which, strangely enough, are largely attended by the literary men of France. At her last Jules Janin, Louis Ratisbonne, and Jules Sandeau, were introduced to her.

Highland Lake, East Andover, New Hampshire, has been the home of a pair of herons for nearly half a century, and the good people of the town had come to regard these venerable and long-legged fowl as birds of good omen. But lately a sacrilegious fowler shot one of them, when popular indignation rose to such a pitch that the sportsman narrowly escaped with his life.

The Emperor William drinks but very little wine; his nephew, the Russian Czar, drinks a great deal of *rotky* (Russian whiskey); President Thiers is fond of a bottle of Chamberlain; King Amadeus loves the sweet wine of Alicante; Queen Victoria sticks to her port; the sultan and the khédive relish Bordeaux; and the Emperor of Austria takes his Tokay regularly.

Private contributions have made good one hundred thousand dollars of the loss of the Harvard University by the Boston fire. But Harvard needs a hundred thousand more to place her where she stood before, and her graduates and friends should come up to the mark.

A Spanish editor, having called King Amadeus several hard names, and intimated that the people would do well to send him and his wife back to Italy, has now time to cogitate over the beauties of the freedom of the press in Spain at the city-prison of Seville, where he will have to remain for the next twelve months.

The trustees of Columbia College have purchased a splendid site on Washington Heights, to which it is proposed to remove the college. The plot of ground comprises nine acres, and is located just above One-hundred-and-sixtieth Street, extending from the line of the Boulevard to the river-front.

The sultan and all his vassals, including the Khédive of Egypt, the Hospodar of Roumania, and young Prince Milos of Servia, will be at the Vienna Exhibition next year. The Emperor of Austria will invite the rulers of all civilized countries to visit Vienna on the occasion, and the President of the United States will be strongly urged to attend.

"The burnt child dreads the fire," but it seems that Chicago does not; for, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, there are more wooden buildings in that city now than before the ravages of the fire-bend.

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The insane young Pole, Sigismund Glatz-tern, who shot a New-York heiress, Miss Nellie Huse, a few months ago on the public promenade at Gersan, in Switzerland, because she refused to elope with him to Italy, has, strangely enough, been sentenced only to ten years' banishment from Switzerland. The announcement of this sentence elicited loud cheers from the audience, and Miss Huse and her mother were grossly insulted by the crowd upon leaving the court-room.

Mdlle. Adele Spitzeder, formerly a third-rate actress at a so-called varieties theatre in New York, and more recently proprietress of the Dachaner Bank at Munich, has failed for seven million florins, and has been sent to jail with a prospect of becoming an inmate of the penitentiary for many years.

Among the leaders of the Spanish Carlists is said to be a young girl named Anita Peravez, who claims to have been inspired by the Holy Virgin. The Madrid *Gaceta* is ungallant enough to say that, in case the young lady is caught, she will be sent to the state-prison and be employed in spinning wool.

In some of the river-counties in Iowa, where timber is scarce, there are a large number of people who live in sod-houses, and burn the rank river-bottom grass for fuel. They twist it when dry into ropes, and, thus prepared, it gives an intense heat, and lasts well.

In view of the numerous railroad accidents caused by the misplacement of switches, the *American Manufacturer* calls upon inventors to produce an automatic switch-tender, which, it asserts, will do the work better, as a rule, than most men.

At the Vienna Exhibition there will be an Infants' Pavilion, where will be gathered every thing pertaining to the life of the child—toys from Japan, China, Turkey, Egypt, as well as all the countries of Europe, with illustrated books and other matters of interest to the juvenile mind.

The new tablet in the Walhalla, near Ratisbon, which has been fixed in the wall by order of King Louis II. of Bavaria, contains the names of the following Americans: Abraham Lincoln, W. H. Seward, Andrew Johnson, and Ulysses S. Grant.

The most successful graduate at the recent examination of the pupils of the First Lyceum of Rome was young Delaterra, an orphan boy, whose parents died several years ago in Philadelphia, and who acted in that city for a time as a newsboy.

The aggregate value of the battle-paintings of Horace Vernet in the public galleries of France is estimated in the official catalogue at two million two hundred and fifty thousand francs. Under Louis Philippe they were appraised at less than half that sum.

The Prussian Minister of the Interior has sent word to certain newspaper editors in that country that, unless they discontinue speaking of the President of the United States in disparaging terms, they will be prosecuted by the criminal authorities.

Indianapolis boasts of a leading contractor who can neither read nor write, and who does not know one figure from another, and yet can accurately estimate the number of brick for a wall or shingles for a roof, of given dimensions, and the cost of construction.

The Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association have resolved to erect a memorial column and statue in honor of General Meade, and design to raise a fund of one hundred thousand dollars, by subscription, for that purpose.

Old President Thiers said, the other day, to a leading Orientalist: "My friend, we are growing old, but let us not forget that we may remain young if we try to keep in harmony with the spirit of the times."

An item in the Paris papers states that, between 1840 and 1873, no fewer than eighteen hundred of the public officials have become deranged. In this country office-holders inevitably lose their heads sooner or later.

A London writer asks, dolefully, if there is any inexorable law which prevents railway companies from providing sleeping-cars. How long is England to remain without this best of recent Yankee notions?

The Leipzig *Central Blatt* says: "The forthcoming book of travels by America's great son, William H. Seward, is justly awaited in Germany with the utmost impatience. What Mr. Seward saw must have been seen well."

The Nuremberg *Courier* gives APPLETONS' JOURNAL a flattering notice. It says that it opens every number of the JOURNAL, as soon as it arrives, with unalloyed pleasure and interest.

The Leipzig *Central Blatt* complains that the facilities for obtaining American books in the old country are exceedingly limited, although the demand for them is rapidly on the increase.

The *Augsburger Universal Gazette* yielded its proprietors last year a profit of eighty thousand dollars. The *Cologne Gazette* was twice as profitable; but none of the Berlin journals yielded half that amount.

Anthony Egerle, a parricide, was recently beheaded at Uri, in Switzerland, after receiving fifty lashes on the bare back. His mother, who had assisted him in assassinating his father, committed suicide while in prison.

The Russian Government has strictly prohibited the newspapers from publishing any reports about Polish conspiracies. Several of them have been recently discovered, but the matter has been kept secret from the public.

A contemporary thinks that "many excellent people take a sort of melancholy delight in being swindled." From our observations, we should say that people generally express a very savage distaste for the performance.

Marshal MacMahon is known in the French army for his miserly habits, and his personal expenses during the year are said to be less than one thousand francs. His wife, on the contrary, is said to be extremely extravagant.

Baron von Reischach, a wealthy Württemberg nobleman, has fled from that country to the United States after committing forgeries amounting to upward of nine hundred thousand florins.

The King of Holland is said to have signed a decree depriving his eldest son of the right of succession in consequence of his vicious and dissolute life.

Berthold Friedmann, formerly an alderman of Baltimore, has been sentenced at Heidelberg, in Baden, to six months' imprisonment for carrying on a secret gift-enterprise.

Emile de Girardin had, during his long journalistic career, only about one hundred and twenty libel-suits. He won them all but three.

In Mr. Gilbert's new burlesque of "Happy Arcadia," recently produced in London, he foreshadows a feminine millennium when bonnets shall be only a ha'penny apiece.

Mr. Ellis is engaged upon a statue of Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine, which is destined for Central Park.

A grand-daughter of Thaddeus Kosciuszko is teaching school at Soleure, in Switzerland.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

DECEMBER 1-7.

DECEMBER 1.—Mrs. Mary Somerville, the celebrated English mathematician, dies in London, at an advanced age.

Serious engagements take place in Spain between the royal troops and the insurgents.

The Emperor William creates twenty-five new Prussian peers.

President Thiers is defeated in the French Assembly by an adverse majority of six.

DECEMBER 2.—Reopening of Congress. President Grant says in his annual message that the taxes, in his opinion, ought not to be much further reduced. He regards the finances as in a very healthy condition, and hopes for the resumption of specie payments at an early day. He urges liberal appropriations for the improvement of the Capitol. He makes no recommendation in regard to our internal revenue system, and, although he calls special attention to the report of the Postmaster-General and the subject of postal telegraphy, he makes no recommendations on the project. He discusses at considerable length our relations with Spain and Cuba, and regrets that no advance has been made toward a settlement of the difficulties between that country and the United States. He regards the troubles in Cuba as largely due to the existence of slavery in that island, and hopes for the speedy reestablishment of amicable relations. Much space in the message is devoted to the critical condition of affairs on the Mexican border, and the President calls attention to the report of the commissioners.

The Secretary of the Interior says in his report that last year 4,671,832 acres of the national domain were charged to the homestead account, and that 125,680,820 acres are still unsurveyed, and that a million acres more were sold than last year. There are 282,229 names on the national pension-list, for which \$25,480,578 are annually required.

The Public Printer says in his report that the earnings of his office, last year, were \$223,175.04 in excess of the expenditures.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in his report, estimates the revenue from internal taxation for the current year at about \$110,000,000.

The Postmaster-General gives the revenue of his department, in his report, at \$20,000,000. He says the mails are now carried over 58,000 miles of railroads, eight thousand more than last year; 184,000 pounds of letters were sent to Europe, and 165,000 pounds were received from there. There are 44,800 post-office employes, among them 30,000 postmasters, with an annual aggregate salary of \$5,500,000. More than 4,000,000 letters were sent to the dead-letter office. The adoption of the postal telegraph system is warmly recommended.

The Secretary of War says, in his report, that the military expenses were \$427,834 less than last year, and estimates that, next year, they will be \$1,500,000 less than this year.

The Secretary of the Navy, in his report, says that the whole number of vessels in our navy is 176, of all classes, carrying 1,378 guns, exclusive of howitzers; among them are 68 steamers, with 929 guns; 31 sailing-vessels, with 322 guns; 51 iron-clads, with 127 guns, and 28 tugs. There are 45 vessels in commission for sea service, carrying 463 guns. An increase of the navy is strongly recommended.

The House of Representatives refuses to accept the resignation of General Banks as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

DECEMBER 3.—Horace Greeley's body, lying in state at the City Hall, in New York, is viewed by sixty thousand persons.

The impeachment trial of Judge Curtis opens before the State Senate, at Albany.

The electoral vote of the Republican States is cast unanimously for Grant and Wilson. In the Democratic electoral colleges, Hon. Thomas Hendricks, of Indiana, receives most of the votes.

DECEMBER 4.—The funeral of Horace Greeley takes place in New York amid imposing ceremonies and in the presence of a vast crowd. Funeral orations are delivered by Rev. Dr. Chapin and Henry Ward Beecher. Among the mourners are the President and Vice-President of the United States, and many other distinguished dignitaries.

The British steamship *Cresswell* is lost near Cork, with all on board.

Robert Bowles, the American banker, is arrested, in London.

The Po, in Italy, overflows the plains of Lombardy, causing immense losses.

Minister Washburne receives a reception by the Union League Club, of New York, on his return from France.

DECEMBER 5.—Judge Nelson, of the United States Supreme Court, resigns, and Mr. Ward

Hunt, of New York, is appointed in his place.

Reports are received of the loss, on Lake Superior, of the barges Jupiter and Saturn, and the schooners N. O. Brown and C. G. Griswold, with probably all on board.

London is left without gas in consequence of the strike of the gas-stokers.

President Thiers is again defeated in the French Assembly, on a test vote, by an adverse majority of twenty-eight.

Gov. Warmoth, of Louisiana, bids defiance to the United States courts in New Orleans.

United States troops occupy the State House in New Orleans.

The Spanish Government announces the final defeat of the insurgents.

Terrible inundations take place in Tuscany.

DECEMBER 7.—The impeachment trial of Judge Curtis is closed, at Albany.

Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, declares his determination not to submit to the United States courts in regard to the result of the late election in that State.

The special committee of the French As-

The Museum.

WE copy from Louis Figuier's interesting book on "The Human Race" an illustration depicting the mode of travelling sometimes seen in the interior of China. The structure and the three distinct methods for propulsion will interest the reader, the engraving affording every aid he may require for an understanding of this very peculiar method of



CHINESE LOCOMOTION

A railroad accident occurs on the Pennsylvania Railroad near Mifflin, in which five persons are reported killed and others injured.

DECEMBER 6.—Henry Rogers is executed in Brooklyn for the murder of policeman Donoghue, and Barney Woods is hanged in Washington for the murder of Samuel M. Cheeseman.

assembly, which is to propose a new constitution, has elected officers intensely hostile to the administration of President Thiers.

An exciting debate takes place in the Prussian House of Lords on the important County Reform Bill.

The Spanish Cortes refuse to consider the immediate impeachment of the Sagasta cabinet.

getting over country-roads. It would be a novel and interesting feature if sails should ever appear on our public highways, but the probability of our being able to utilise the wind in this way to a serviceable extent will no doubt strike every one as exceedingly problematical.

TO INVESTORS.

We are selling at par and interest, and recommend to careful investors, the First-Mortgage Seven-thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Special attention is called to the ample Land Security on which these bonds rest, in addition to the usual guaranty of a First Mortgage on the Road, its equipments, and earnings. The Lands of the Company thus far sold have realized \$5.66 per acre. The grant averages about 23,000 acres per mile of road.

JAY COOKE & CO.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. A. K. Brown, Galesburg, Ill., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine since 1857, and it is now in good running order, the first ten years making bags for a flour-mill, averaging fifty-five bags a day, besides the sewing for a family of sixteen. See the new Improvements and Woods's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

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Attention is requested to the Prospectus for 1873, printed in another place. APPLETONS' JOURNAL is now enlarged, and gives a larger quantity and greater variety of standard literature than any periodical of its class in America. The editorial force of the JOURNAL has been strengthened. Numerous novelties are in preparation. Increased effort will be given to secure the best popular writers of the day. It is the determination of the Publishers to make APPLETONS' JOURNAL, in all particulars, a valuable and indispensable Household Magazine.

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EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, CHRISTMAS, 1872.

AMONG THE ASHES; OR, DOOMSDAY CAMP.

A TALE OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.

Reprinted from advance-sheets of the extra double Christmas number of "All the Year Round," by special arrangement with Mr. Charles Dickens, Jr.

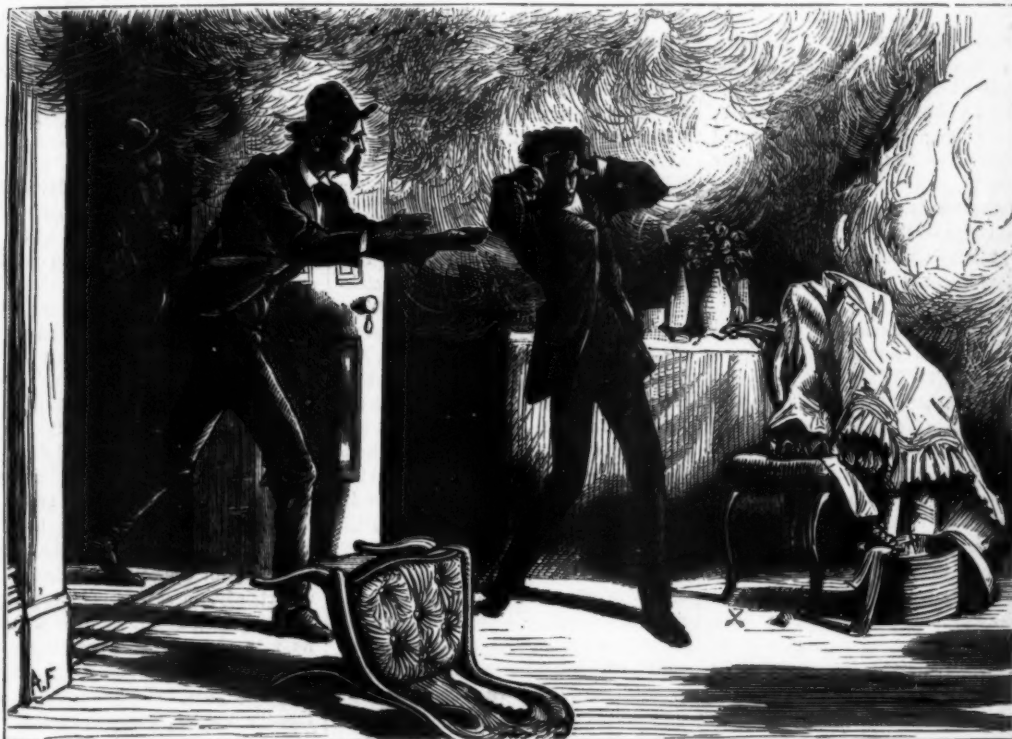
DOOMSDAY CAMP.

"WAL, sir, and so you have concluded to fix yourself in our city! I guess you couldn't do better!

elevators, but which is never tired of blowing in' and crackin' itself up. Yes, sir, Chicago is the Queen of the West, you bet."

"Then you think I have done right in making up my mind to settle here?"

and Washington, but they don't amount to much. Don't you believe what the real-estate brokers tell you about them cities; it won't wash, it's quite too thin; but plank down your pile in Chicago, and



It was her room! He ran hither and thither, shrieking her name in tones of anguish.—Page 3.

This is the place for a live man, this Chicago, just beginning to feel its feet, not half played out like your old Manchester and Yorkshire on the other side. No, sir, and not like St. Louis, a one-horse place, which we could put into one of our grain-

"Yes, sir, that is so! I am acquainted with this continent. I was down to Boston when I was a lad, and was located in New York at the Grand Central Hotel for two weeks when James T. Heffernan run for mayor. Likewise Philadelphia

you'll have no need to move stakes never agen."

The speaker was a man standing two or three inches over six feet in height, lean-ribbed and wiry in frame, and giving one the idea of great strength. His clear gray

eyes, looking even lighter than Nature had originally intended them to be, in the bronzed complexion in which they were set, had a frank, earnest, and withal somewhat humorous expression; his nose was large and aquiline; his lips thin and compressed; and his square chin was covered with a long hay-colored beard. A slight stain at the corner of his mouth, an occasional abstraction of manner under the influence of extra enjoyment, and an unremitting attention to the china jar, which, placed on the floor of the car, served for a spittoon, showed that Rufus P. Croffut followed the practice still common among his Western countrymen, and regularly invested a certain portion of his dollar in Bagley's Mayflower, which he held to be the best chewing-tobacco made in the States. His companion was a good specimen of the average middle-class Englishman, young, good-looking, and intelligent, and the place where the conversation just recorded was carried on was a drawing-room car—a large saloon on wheels, elegantly fitted with easy-chairs, tables, mirrors, etc., running over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and now nearing Chicago, the time being about eleven on the night of Sunday, the 8th of October, 1871.

"Blows, don't it?" said Rufus P. Croffut, pulling his coat tightly round him; "wind seems to snake in at every crack, and that nigger"—looking at the negro who was trimming one of the suspended lamps—"that nigger is powerful weak at keeping the door shut.—Say, Peter, pretty tall wind outside, ain't there?"

"Reg'lar storm, colonel," replied the negro; "'nuff to blow de smokestack out of de locomotive."

"Fall weather is all gone, I guess, and we're going in for winter right away. Well, Mr. Middleton, since you're decided to squat in Chicago, I can recommend you to a boarding-house where you will be comfortably located."

"I'm not such a stranger in Chicago as you seem to think," said Harry Middleton, with a laugh. "I've been there once before, though only for a few days, and I have some friends there, one friend especially, who—in point of fact," he added, with cheeks flushing under his companion's searching gaze, "I am going to Chicago to be married."

"Why, thunder!" cried Croffut, with a broad grin. "Why, then, in course you won't want no boarding, but will go right away to house-keep! Say, mister, who is this gal of yours?"

Middleton started at the abruptness of the question, but immediately recollecting that his companion had no inten-

tion to offend, said, "She is Miss Otis, daughter of Judge Otis, and—"

"What, Myra?" interrupted the Western. "Guess I've known her since she was born! Guess I know'd the jedge when he was sent to lobby a new appropriation for our post-office through Congress. She's the right sort is Myra. You're in luck's way, mister, and I give you joy! Ha! what's that?"

His exclamation was caused by a tremendous gust of wind, which came sweeping over the open plain, and seemed to shake the train of cars as it passed along.

"Dat's de wind dat I told you of," said the negro, pausing by them, and looking out of the window. "Bress my soul, it's a reg'lar wild night."

"That's suthin more than wind, Peter," said Croffut, following his look. "Keep your eyes skinned and see straight over there. I've done too much camping out not to know the streak of fire, and by G— it's there!"

He pointed as he spoke to a light on the horizon, now dull red, now flaring bright at each successive gust of wind.

"Dey're got anoder fire in Chicago, I guess," said the negro, grinning and showing all his white teeth; "dey had one last night, so Adams's expressman in Pittsburg was telling me just now. Burns bright, don't it, Mr. Croffut?" he added, shading his eyes with his hand; "dey do every thing in Chicago better than anywhere else—even to fires."

"Tell you what it is," said Croffut, still looking straight before him, "this ain't going to be just one of your match-box blazes, this ain't. It means going, this does, and every thing is in its favor. There has been no rain all summer, and the sun has scorched all the sap out of the trees, and baked the airth and the houses till they're as dry as tinder, and as ready to fire. And there's this here drivin' gale of wind, surging up from the southwest. Look at the lake under it. It's whipping the waters until Old Nick is growing reg'lar mad."

He pointed as he spoke to the lake, alongside of which the train was running, and on whose troubled surface the waves were rising high and white-crested, like the breakers on an ocean-beach.

"Guess de fire department will be pretty tired with last night's work, and won't care about turning out again in a hurry," said Peter. "Flames seem to walk along strong, don't they, Mr. Croffut?"

"They du, that same," said Croffut; "the way it flares is a caution!"

"Have you any idea," asked Harry Middleton, who, while eagerly scanning the distant horizon, had listened to this

conversation with blanched cheeks—"have you any idea whereabouts the fire is?"

"Looks somewhar round by the depot, I should say," said Peter, straining his eyes under the shade of his hand. "Don't you think so, Mr. Croffut?"

"More than that, I guess," said Croffut. "It would take all ten or twelve blocks to make that light. It's making tracks through them wooden buildings and shanties in the West Division, that's what's the matter. What makes you take such an interest in it, young man?" he asked, turning to Middleton.

"I—I am anxious for Myra."

"Lord! I forgot about the gal," said Croffut. "Whar is she stayin'?"

"At the Sherman House, or at the Pacific—I don't know which," said Harry.

"Don't you be skeared, my lad. I guess the jedge ain't easily taken by a deadfall. You can't come any gum-games over him; and if he saw the fire creeping up to his diggings, and thought he was going to be crowded out, he'd move stakes at once. He ain't one to bark up the wrong tree, ain't the jedge?"

As he spoke, the engine, uttering its deep intermittent groans, and with the huge bell suspended midway over its boiler loudly clanging, was already running through the outskirts of the town, and nearing the scene of devastation. Already the narrow streets and alleys, right through the centre of which the railroad ran, were beginning to overflow, and to be choked with people driven from their houses, whose terror-stricken faces were silent witnesses of the anguish through which they had passed; women, frantic with terror, and only half dressed, who had been roused from their threatend homes, and dragged into the streets; children, only half awake, and dazed and deafened by the roar and tumult; men, laden with such hasty waifs and strays of their deserted hearths as they had been enabled to snatch up in the moment of flight—all drifting about, in hopeless uncertainty, in search of any place of refuge. Already the train was forcing its way through an atmosphere alive with showers of sparks and swirling flakes of fire, which went hurtling through the air, borne upon the wings of the tornado then raging: an atmosphere so rarefied by the intense heat as to cause the cooler air from beyond to rush in with eddying whirlwinds. Already the engine, with its iron-tongued bell booming out the knell of doom, was coming to a stand-still far in advance of its usual halting-place, and the affrighted passengers, leaping forth, saw before

them a deep, dull, red glow fringed by two lively tongues of brilliant flame, which leaped forth, and lit up and swallowed all with which they came in contact.

Harry Middleton was one of the first to alight, and hurried on for a few steps, but he soon found any thing like swift progress impossible, and stood, more than half dazed, gazing on the scene around him. Far into the broad channel of the main road, fed on either side by innumerable intersecting streets and courts and alleys, each contributing its quota of terror-stricken people to the general mass, came pouring a shrieking, yelling, gesticulating crowd, only to be numbered by thousands, and making its way, it scarcely knew whither, in a mad frenzied stampede. Away from the fire they were rushing—away from the burnt-up beggars' homes and the scenes of horror which they had just witnessed; men, women, and children, all for the most part laden with some articles of value, which they had hastily secured, each trying to outstrip the other in the frantic flight. Crushing down into the midst of this mass were vehicles of every description, which had been hired at fabulous prices, and which were stacked with furniture and goods, among which not unfrequently lay crying women and cowering children, the drivers yelling at their frightened beasts, and fighting their way through the human mass, which was too weak to repulse them, and yet too dense and serried to escape. But this escaping crowd, numerous and powerful as it was, did not have it all its own way. For, directly opposed to it, and hurrying from the very direction toward which it bent its steps, came another seething, struggling mass of humanity, composed of merchants and proprietors who, living far out in the extreme suburbs, had only just learned the disaster of the night, and were now hurrying into the city in hot haste eager to learn what amount of ruin had fallen upon them. Where these opposing bodies met, the scene was most frightful; men seized upon each other and endeavored to clear the way and pursue their progress by sheer brute force; the old and feeble were knocked down and trampled upon; children were torn from their parents, and the heavy lurid air, echoing from time to time with a dull roar as the gunpowder did its useless work, was pierced with childish shrieks and female lamentations.

"Say," said a voice in Harry Middleton's ear, as he stood gazing at these frightful sights, "I've seen more fires than you could shake a stick at, but

nothing like this; this livens up, this does, out of pure cussedness. Now, see here, I'm my own boss, and haven't got woman nor child to look after. You're too young to count for much in a skear like this, and I'll stand by your side and see you through it. Now come along with me, we'll make our track to the Sherman House and see after Myra and the jedge."

It was Croffut's deep-toned voice that spoke; it was Croffut's hand that gripped Harry Middleton's arm, and pulled him forward. The young man made no attempt to resist, but pulled himself together with an effort, and followed his conductor down a broad street branching off from the main thoroughfare. Here the crowd was much less dense, though, even as it was, the street was terribly thronged, while the scenes enacted in it were of an equally painful and extraordinary character. For while, at the outbreak of the fire, the professional thieves had taken advantage of the public excitement to carry on a certain amount of petty pilfering, as the night wore on and the terrific extent of the impending disaster became apparent, they dropped all pretence of concealment, and aided by thousands of poverty-stricken loafers, who only needed the opportunity to drop from idleness into crime, began to pillage indiscriminately. Such stores and warehouses as were closed were speedily broken open and gutted of their contents, while in others, where the owners and their servants were busying themselves in packing up the property ready for transportation, the influx of a band of desperadoes would be the signal for a hand-to-hand fight, at the conclusion of which, the legitimate occupants, outnumbered and overpowered, would be cast maimed and bleeding into the streets, while the robbers would give themselves up to their work of plunder and destruction.

It was obvious, however, from the nature of the booty which, in many cases, became theirs, that all their boldness and success would have been thrown away had they been unable to obtain the means of transport. In league with the robbers, however, were a large number of rascally "express-men" (who are the recognized agents for the conveyance of goods and luggage in America), corresponding to the Pickfords and other great railway-carriers in England, who, in consideration of a share of the proceeds, placed their wagons and horses at the disposal of the thieves, and waited as composedly at the doors of houses which were being ransacked, as though they were there upon a legitimate errand. Nor

was the robbery confined to the sacking of shops and private dwellings. Raids had been made on the liquor stores, and the effects of the drink were beginning to be painfully prominent. While maudlin wretches, male and female, lay stretched upon the streets hiccupping forth their drunken songs and ribald blasphemy, others, who had not drunk so deeply, stood at the corners of the streets banded together in groups of three or four, and, stopping all the women and children, and the weaker men that passed by, bearing money, jewelry, or any small article of value, compelled them to yield it up.

Not unprepared, apparently, for scenes of this kind, and certainly totally undaunted by them, was Rufus P. Croffut. Scarcely had they started on their walk when he stopped short, and putting his hands behind him and pulling a Derringer from each of those two hind-pockets which are so universal in American, so uncommon in European trousers, handed one to his companion, as he said:

"I reckon I git the drift of this pretty c'lar. They're keardless of human life about here, these derned rowdies, and will draw a bead on you at once, if you hev'n't the savvy to draw on them first. But there's a few of them know me, and I guess they'll dry up when they see me, so keep your shooting-iron handy, and come along."

Whether it was that Croffut was known to these desperadoes as the hero of certain adventures in the early days in which very rough though even-handed justice had been dealt forth, or whether, as is far more probable, his gaunt, wiry frame, and resolute face, aided by the appearance of the Derringer in his right hand, had that effect, it is certain that he and his young companion pushed through the crowd unmolested and made their way to the Sherman House.

On their arrival there they found the mansion in a blaze!

Nevertheless it was the only place where a certain amount of discipline seemed to be preserved. The people who were gathered together in front of the burning pile were gazing idly on because they had nothing better to do; having been utterly ruined some hours previously, they could with equanimity contemplate the sufferings of their neighbors, but the residents in the hotel having had due notice had all long since been removed to places of shelter.

All?

"All, sir," said the clear-headed, energetic hotel-clerk, who since the establishment was first threatened had been actively engaged in providing for the

safety of those confided to his care, and to whom the question was addressed by Croffut; "all, sir, including a number of ladies, as hadn't any male escort, and down to five ladies who were sick, and whom we just carried out of their rooms, and have placed in these hacks," pointing to some cabs just by the pavement and just about to start off.

"Five! There's only four women there," said Croffut; "but they look sick enough for fifty."

"There are five, sir," repeated the clerk, passing along, and looking into the cabs. "Why, my God!" he exclaimed, turning rapidly round to two or three of the porters, who, scorched and blackened by the smoke, were standing by, silently watching the progress of the flames, and momentarily expecting the building to fall in, "didn't any one go for the lady in Number Thirty-two, Judge Otis's room?"

"What's that?" cried Harry Middleton, pushing past his friend; "what name did you say?"

"Nonsense, stay; no matter, now," said Croffut, laying his heavy hand on the young man's chest, "the whole place is full of flames."

"Let me go," cried Harry, shaking him off, and seizing an axe from a fireman. "It's Myra's life that's in danger."

"Wal," said the hotel-clerk, quietly, picking up a large overcoat that lay on the ground, and enveloping his head and arms in it, "if you go, I'm going too, jest to show you the way."

"So am I," said Croffut, taking similar precautions. "If the poor girl is there, you'll want some one pretty strong to help heft her."

So, with a loud cry from the crowd, which was half a shout of encouragement, half an expression of horror at their boldness, the three men dashed forward into the now trembling structure. Through great flaring bursts of flame, that leapt and glowed all round them, through thick columns of smoke, they made their way, now halting for an instant before the hot breath of the fire, now pressing on with renewed energy, until the hotel clerk touched Croffut, who was leading, on the shoulder, and silently pointed to a door. At a blow and a kick from the western man's foot and hand, in it crashed, leaving an aperture through which Harry Middleton was the first to spring.

It was her room! Harry recognized the heavy blue serge dress hanging in the open wardrobe as one which he had himself ordered from England, for Myra—but the room was empty—she was not there! He ran hither and thither shriek-

ing her name in tones of anguish, then, overpowered by the smoke and flame, but, worst of all, by the deadly sinking of his heart, he succumbed and fell senseless on the floor.

When Harry Middleton came to himself, the first thing he felt was an acute pain in his right arm, and, looking at it, he found that the sleeve of his coat had been cut away, and that the limb was enveloped in strips of wetted rag. Where was he? How came he to be lying there stretched out on his back, propped up against a mound of turf, and, as far as he could make out through the gloom, with trees not yet entirely stripped of their autumnal foliage waving above him? What was the strong smell of charred wood? What was the meaning of that red lurid light in the sky above and all around? Ah, he remembered now, the burning city, the crumbling walls of the hotel, the — the search for his lost love! And this beneath him on which he was lying, this substance, half-singed, half-soaked, was her serge dress, the last thing on which he had looked before his senses left him! What had happened to him that he had abandoned the search and lay idle there? He must get up at once and learn what had occurred! He strove to raise himself, but there was a dead numbness through all his limbs, and he fell back helpless. At that moment, Rufus P. Croffut's honest face was interposed between him and the sky.

"Say," cried the kindly western giant, "why you ain't crazy no longer, but have comed right away to yerself! Lay right still and listen while I talk to yer! I know what ye're going to ask—about Miss Myra, ain't it? She's safe, you bet!"

"Safe!" cried Harry, with a groan.

"Wal, she wasn't folded up in the fire at the Sherman House, anyhow. This is all about that. When you caved in on the floor, I thought you was clean rubbed out. Me and the hotel-clerk, who is c'lar grit all through—me and the hotel-clerk threw a pitcher of water over this here gownd, and fixed you up in it, and snaked you out as best we could. It wern't such cruel easy work, but we got through with it, and, while I was wondering whether you'd passed in your checks, or was still good for a hand, one of the hackmen came up and told me he see'd Jedge Otis and his gal pass out of the hotel more than an hour before. I told him he lied, but he fixed it up right enough, for he says, 'I'm from New Hampshire, and I've know'd the jedge ever since he was a long-legged galoot at East Concord—the gal, she's sick, ain't she?' Wal, the jedge he comes out,

and he makes a trade with James M'Nulty one of the hackmen, to take him and a lady out of the reach of the fire; anywhere, he says, out of the reach. Sixty dollars M'Nulty asked, and the jedge never dickered, but agreed to give it, and went back into the house to fetch the lady. While he was gone, Natey Dodge, of the jewelry-store, in the next block, came round, saying he'd been trying everywhere for an express-wagon and couldn't get one, and he give the hackman a five hundred dollar bill to let him pack the coach full of his goods as many times as he could between then and the time the fire got to his store. 'That's good enough for me,' said the driver, and, though the jedge just then arrove at the door with the sick gal in his arms, the hackman was driving off, when three men in the crowd standing by had a word together. Then two of them went for the driver, knocked him into the road and held him there, while the third helped to hand the jedge and the lady into the carriage, jumped on to the box, seized the reins, and struck a bee-line for a place of safety."

"Thank God," said Harry Middleton, faintly. "But has nothing more been heard of her?"

"Wal, no," said Croffut, after a short pause. "It ain't no use lying, and so far I am cornered. I brought you out here, mostwise on my back, to this here Lincoln Park, where all the poor skeared, homeless critturs has fled to, and where, if you could only look round—so, gently, let me give you a heft under the shoulder, now, down again—you would see yourself s'rounded by the curioust lot of humans, Germans, French, and all sorts. Doomsday Camp some of 'em calls it, and I ain't surprised that many of 'em think the very last day's come for 'em, poor wretches. I spoke to two or three of them, for, though they had misery enough of their own, I know'd they'd look after you, and they did so, while I went and looked all round the park. Sech heaps of trouble I never see; men, women, and children, all down in it, but the jedge weren't among them, nor Myra neither."

"What shall I do, oh what shall I do?"

"Don't go back on your luck, sonny," said Croffut, cheerily; "nothing can't be done till daybreak, and there's hours till then, when I'll set about a further search. See, here's two of your nurses coming to speak to yer," he added, as a man and a woman drew near.

"Gott sey dank, the young herr is better," said the woman, a fresh, wholesome-looking German, with rather sad, gray eyes, hurrying to Harry's side.

And before Harry could thank her, several of the other sufferers came up, haggard, and worn, and smoke-blackened, but all, even in their own misery, sufficiently human-hearted to find a kind word for the suffering lad, of the loss of whose love, and whose bravery in the search for her, they had heard.

They grouped themselves around, and after discussing for the thousandth time the incidents of the fire, as personally affecting themselves, drifted into indifferent topics. At last one of the men lying on the outside edge of the circle struck a key-note by saying:

"This here park jines on to the cemetery, I guess. I hope no catawampous vampires will be out grazing there to-night."

"Ach Himmel, don't talk of such dreadful things as vampires," cried a fair-haired German girl, burying her head in her mother's lap.

"And yet they are not so dreadful as those who think they have to deal with them," said a grave French gentleman from his place close by Harry. "I know a story—"

"A story!" cried Croffut, "Hyer, hand it round."

Instantly there was a chorus of exclamation in various languages, all clamoring for the story.

"Well," said the French gentleman, relaxing into a grave smile, "I will tell you the story. It may serve to send some to sleep, or for a time to distract the thoughts of others from matters of which, Heaven knows, they will have enough."

And so, without further preface, he commenced:

THE FATE OF MADAME CABANEL.

PROGRESS had not invaded, science had not enlightened, the little hamlet of Pieuvrot, in Brittany. There was a simple, ignorant, superstitious set who lived there, and the luxuries of civilization were known to them as little as its learning. They toiled hard all the week; they went regularly to mass in the little chapel; believed implicitly all that monsieur le curé said to them, and many things he did not say; and they took all the unknown, not as magnificent, but as diabolical.

The sole link between them and the outside world was Monsieur Jules Cabanel, the proprietor par excellence of the place; maire, juge de paix, and all public functionaries rolled into one. And he sometimes went to Paris, whence he returned with a cargo of novelties that

excited envy, admiration, or fear, according to the degree of intelligence in those who beheld them. Monsieur Jules Cabanel was not the most charming man of his class in appearance, but he was generally held to be a good fellow at bottom. A short, thick-set, low-browed man, with blue-black hair cropped close like a mat, as was his blue-black beard, inclined to obesity, and fond of good living, he had need have some virtues behind the bush to compensate for his want of personal charms. He was not bad, however; he was only common and unlovely.

Up to fifty years of age he had remained unmarried. Perhaps his handsome housekeeper, Adèle, had something to do with his persistent celibacy. They said she had, under their breath, as it were, down in the village; but no one dared so much as hint the like to herself. She was a proud, reserved kind of woman, and had strong notions of her own dignity, which no one cared to disturb. So, whatever the underhand gossip of the place might be, neither she nor her master got wind of it.

Presently, and quite suddenly, Jules Cabanel, who had been for a longer time than usual in Paris, came home with a wife. Adèle had twenty-four hours' notice only to prepare, and the task seemed heavy. But she got through it; arranged the rooms as she knew her master would like them to be arranged, and even placed a voluntary bunch of flowers on the saloon table.

"Strange flowers for a bride," said to herself little Jeannette, the goose-girl who was sometimes brought into the house to work, as she noticed heliotrope—called in France "*la fleur des veuves*"—scarlet poppies, with a bunch of belladonna, and another of aconite—scarcely flowers of bridal welcome or bridal significance. Nevertheless, they stood where Adèle had placed them; and if Monsieur Cabanel meant any thing by the passionate expression of disgust with which he ordered them out of his sight, madame seemed to understand nothing, as she smiled with the look of a person who is assisting at a scene of which the true bearing is not understood.

Madame Cabanel was an Englishwoman; young, pretty, and fair as an angel.

"La beauté du diable," said the Pieuvrotines, with something between a sneer and a shudder; for the words meant with them more than they mean in ordinary use. Swarthy, ill-nourished, low of stature, and meagre in frame as they were themselves, they could not understand the plump form, tall figure, and fresh complexion of the Englishwoman. Un-

like their own experience, it was therefore more likely to be evil than good. The feeling which had sprung up against her at first sight deepened when it was observed that, although she went to mass with praiseworthy punctuality, she did not know her missal, and signed herself à travers. *La beauté du diable, in faith!*

"Pouf!" said Martin Briolic, the old grave-digger of the little cemetery; "with those red lips of hers, her rose cheeks, and her plump shoulders, she looks like a vampire, and as if she lived on blood."

He said this one evening down at La Veuve Prieur's, and he said it with an air of conviction that had its weight. For Martin Briolic was reputed the wisest man of the district, not even excepting monsieur le curé, who was wise in his own way, which was not Martin's, nor Monsieur Cabanel, who was wise in his, which was neither Martin's nor the curé's. He knew all about the weather and the stars, the wild herbs that grew on the plains and the wild shy beasts that eat them, he had the power of divination, and could find where the hidden springs of water lay far down in the earth. He knew, too, where treasures could be had on Christmas Eve if only you were quick and brave enough to enter the cleft in the rock at the right moment, and come out again before too late; and he had seen with his own eyes the White Ladies dancing in the moonlight, and the little imps, the lutins, playing by the pit at the edge of the wood. And he had a shrewd suspicion as to who, among those black-hearted men of La Crèche-en-bois, the rival hamlet, was a loup-garou if ever there was one on the face of the earth—and no one doubted that! He had other powers of a yet more mystic kind; so that Martin Briolic's bad word went for something.

Fanny Campbell, or, as she was now, Madame Cabanel, would have excited no special attention anywhere but at such a dead-alive, ignorant, and gossiping place as Pieuvrot. What history she had was commonplace enough. She was simply an orphan and a governess; very young, and very poor; whose employers had quarrelled with her, and left her stranded in Paris, alone and almost moneyless, and who had married Monsieur Jules Cabanel as the best thing she could do. Loving no one else, she was not difficult to be won by the first man who showed her kindness in her trouble and destitution; and she accepted her middle-aged suitor, who was fitter to be her father than her husband, with a determination to do her duty cheerfully and faithfully. She did not know, however, of the handsome

housekeeper, Adèle, nor of the housekeeper's little nephew, to whom her master was so kind that he allowed him to live at the Maison Cabanel, and had him well taught by the curé. Perhaps, if she had, she would have thought twice before she put herself under the same roof with a woman, who, for a bridal bouquet, offered her poppies, heliotrope, and poison-flowers.

If one had to name the predominant characteristic of Madame Cabanel, it would be easiness of temper. You saw it in the round, soft lines of her face and figure, in her mild blue eyes, and placid, unvarying smile; which, however, sometimes irritated the more petulant French temperament, and especially disgusted Adèle. It seemed almost impossible to make madame angry, or even to make her understand when she was insulted, the housekeeper used to say with disdain. But madame accepted all Adèle's haughty reticence and defiant continuance of mistreatment with unwearied sweetness; indeed, she expressed herself gratified that so much trouble was taken off her hands, and that Adèle so kindly took her duties on herself.

The consequence of this placid, lazy life, where all her faculties were, in a manner, asleep, and where she was enjoying the reaction from her late years of privation and anxiety, was, as might be expected, an increase in physical beauty that made her freshness and good condition still more remarkable. Her lips were redder, her cheeks rosier, her shoulders plumper than ever; but as she waxed, the health of the little hamlet waned; and not the oldest inhabitant remembered so sickly a season, or so many deaths. The master, too, suffered slightly, and the little Adolphe desperately.

This failure of general health in undrained hamlets is not uncommon in France or in England; but Adèle treated it as something out of the line of normal experience; and, breaking through her habits of reticence, spoke to every one quite fiercely of the strange sickness that had fallen on Pieuvrot and the Maison Cabanel; and how she believed it was something more than common; while as to her little nephew, she could neither give a name nor find a remedy for the mysterious disease that had attacked him. There were strange things among them, she used to say; and Pieuvrot had never done well since the old times were changed. Jeannette used to notice how she would sit gazing at the English lady, with such a deadly look on her handsome face, when she turned from her fresh complexion and grand physique to the

pale face of the stunted, meagre, fading child. It was a look, she said afterward, that used to make her flesh get like ice and creep like worms.

One night Adèle, as if she could bear it no longer, dashed down to where old Martin Briolic lived, to ask him to tell her of his knowledge how it all had come about—and the remedy.

"Hold, Ma'ame Adèle," said Martin, as he shuffled his greasy cards, and laid them out in triplets on the table; "there is more in this than one sees. One sees only a poor little child become suddenly sick; that may be, is it not so? and no harm done by man? Heaven sends sickness to us all. But the little Adolphe has not been touched by the Bon Dieu. I see the will of a wicked woman in this. Hein!" Here he shuffled the cards, and laid them out with a kind of eager distraction of manner, his withered hands trembling, and his mouth muttering words Adèle could not catch. "Saint Joseph and all the saints protect us!" he cried, "the foreigner—the Englishwoman! Ah, misery!"

"Speak, Father Martin! What do you mean?" cried Adèle, grasping his arm. Her black eyes were wild, her arched nostrils dilated, her lips, thin, sinuous, flexible, were pressed tight over her small, square teeth. "Tell me in plain words what you would say!"

"Broucolaque! Vampire!" said Martin, in a low voice.

"It is what I believed!" cried Adèle. "It is what I knew. Ah, my Adolphe! woe on the day that the master brought that fair-skinned devil home!"

"Those red lips don't come by nothing, Ma'ame Adèle," said Martin, nodding his head. "Look at them—they glisten with blood! I said so from the beginning; and the cards, they said so too. I drew 'blood' and a 'bad, fair woman' on the evening the master brought her home, and I said to myself, 'Ha, ha, Martin! you are on the track, my boy;' and, Ma'ame Adèle, I have never left it! Broucolaque! that's what the cards say, Ma'ame Adèle. Watch and see; watch and see; and you'll find that the cards have spoken true."

"And when we have found, Martin?" said Adèle, in a hoarse whisper.

The old man shuffled his cards again. "When we have found, Ma'ame Adèle?" he said slowly. "You know the old pit out there by the forest? the old pit where the lutins run in and out, and where the White Ladies wring the necks of those who come upon them in the moonlight? Perhaps the White Ladies will do as much for the English wife of Monsieur Cabanel; who knows?"

"They may," said Adèle, gloomily.

"Courage, brave woman; they shall," said Martin.

The only really pretty place about Pieuvrot was the cemetery. To be sure, there was the dark, gloomy forest, which was grand in its own mysterious way; and there was the broad wide plain, where you might wander for a long summer's day; but these were scarcely places where a young woman would care to go by herself; and for the rest, the little patches of cultivated ground, which the peasants had snatched from the surrounding waste, and where they raised their poor crops, were not very lovely. So Madame Cabanel, who, for all the soft indolence that had invaded her, had the Englishwoman's love for walking, and fresh air, haunted the pretty little graveyard a good deal. She had no sentiment connected with it. Of all the dead who laid there in their narrow coffins, she knew none and cared for none; but she liked to see the flower-beds, and the wreaths of immortelles, and the like. The distance, too, from her own home was just enough for her; and the view over the plain to the dark belt of forest and the mountains beyond was fine.

The Pieuvrotines, however, did not understand this. It was inexplicable to them that any one, not out of her mind, should go continually to the cemetery; not on the day of the dead, and not to adorn the grave of one she loved; only to sit there and wander among the tombs, looking out on to the plain and the mountains beyond when she was tired.

"It was just like—" The speaker, one Lesouëf, had got as far as this, when he stopped for a word.

It was down at La Veuve Prieur's, where the hamlet collected nightly to discuss the day's small doings, and where the main theme, ever since she had come among them, had been Madame Cabanel.

"Wander about among the tombs just like what, Jean Lesouëf?" said Martin Briolic. Then rising, he added, in a low but distinct voice, every word falling clear and clean, "I will tell you like what, Lesouëf—like a vampire! La Femme Cabanel has red lips and red cheeks, and Ma'ame Adèle's little nephew is perishing before your eyes. La Femme Cabanel has red lips and red cheeks, and she sits for hours among the tombs. Can you read the riddle, my friends? For me it is as clear as the blessed sun."

"Ha, Father Martin, you have found the word—like a vampire!" said Lesouëf with a shudder.

"Like a vampire!" they all echoed with a groan.

"And I said vampire from the first,"

said Martin Briolic. "Call it to mind; I said it from the first."

"Faith, and you did," they answered; "and you said true."

So now the seed which Martin and Adèle had dropped so sedulously had at last taken root; and the Pieuvrotines would have been ready to accuse of atheism and immorality any one who had doubted their decision, and had declared that pretty Madame Cabanel was no vampire at all, but only a young woman with nothing special to do, a naturally fair complexion and superb health.

The little Adolphe grew paler and paler, thinner and thinner; the fierce summer sun told on the half-starved dwellers within those foul mud huts surrounded by undrained marshes; and Monsieur Jules Cabanel's former solid health followed the law of the rest. The doctor, who lived at Crèche-en-bois, shook his head at the look of things, and said it was grave. When Adèle pressed him to tell her what was the matter with the child and with monsieur, he evaded the question, or gave her a word she neither understood nor could pronounce. The truth was, he was a credulous and intensely suspicious man; a man, too, who made theories and then gave himself to the task of finding them true. He had made the theory that Fanny was secretly poisoning both her husband and the child; and, though he would not give Adèle a hint of this, he would not set her mind at rest by a definite answer that went on any other line.

As for Monsieur Cabanel, he was a man without imagination and without suspicion; a man to take life easily, and not distress himself too much for the fear of wounding others; a selfish man, but not a cruel one; a man whose own pleasure was his supreme law, and who could not imagine, still less brook, opposition, or the want of love and respect for himself. Still, he loved his wife as he had never loved woman before. Coarsely-moulded, common-natured as he was, he loved her with what strength and passion of poetry Nature had given him. But the quality of his love was sorely tried when, now Adèle, now the doctor, hinted mysteriously, the one at diabolical influences, the other at underhand proceedings of which it behooved him to be careful—especially careful what he ate and drank and how it was prepared, and by whom; Adèle adding hints about the perfidiousness of Englishwomen, and the share the devil had in fair hair and brilliant complexions. Love his young wife as he might, this constant dropping of poison was not without some effect.

One evening, when Adèle, in an agony, was kneeling at his feet—madame had gone out for her usual walk—crying, "Why did you leave me for such as she is?—I, who loved you, who was faithful to you, and she, who walks among the graves, who sucks your blood and our child's—she who has only the devil's beauty for her portion, and who loves you not?"—something seemed suddenly to touch him with electric force.

"Miserable fool that I was!" he said, resting his head on Adèle's shoulder, weeping. Her heart leaped with joy. Was her reign to be renewed? Was her rival to be dispossessed? And might she dare?—

From that evening Monsieur Cabanel's manner changed to his young wife, but she was too easy-tempered and unsuspicious to notice any thing; or, if she did, there was too little depth in her own love for him—it was so much a matter of untroubled friendliness only—that she did not fret, but accepted the coldness and brusqueness that had crept into his manner as good-naturedly as she accepted all things. It would have been wiser if she had cried, and made a scene, and come to an understanding with Monsieur Cabanel. They would have understood each other better; and most Frenchmen like the excitement of a quarrel and a reconciliation.

Naturally kind-hearted, Madame Cabanel went much about the village, offering help to the sick. But no one among them all received her civilly, or accepted her aid. If she attempted to touch one of the children, the mother, shuddering, withdrew it hastily to her own arms; if she spoke to the adult sick, the wan eyes would look at her with a strange horror, and the feeble voice would mutter words in a *patois* she could not understand. But always came the same word, "Broucolaque!"

It was the same at home. If she wanted to do any little act of kindness to the child, Adèle passionately refused her. Once she snatched him rudely from her arms, saying as she did so, "Infamous broucolaque! before my very eyes?" And once when Fanny was troubled about her husband, and proposed to make him a cup of beef-tea à l'Anglaise, the doctor looked at her as if he would have looked her through, and Adèle upset the saucepan, saying insolently—but yet hot tears were in her eyes—"Is it not fast enough for you, madame? Not faster, unless you kill me first!"

To all of which Fanny replied nothing; thinking only that the doctor was very rude to stare so fixedly at her, and that Adèle was horribly cross; and what

an ill-tempered creature she was, and how unlike an English house-keeper!

But Monsieur Cabanel, when he was told of the little scene, called Fanny to him, and said in a more caressing voice than he had used to her of late: "Thou wouldst not hurt me, little wife? It was love and kindness, not wrong, that thou wouldst do?"

"Wrong? What wrong could I do?" answered Fanny, opening her blue eyes wide. "What but love should I give to my best and only friend?"

"And am I thy friend then, to thy mind? Thou lovest me, dear?" said Monsieur Cabanel.

"Dear Jules, who is so dear? who so near?" she said, kissing him; while he said fervently:

"God bless thee!"

The next day Monsieur Cabanel, who was a little better, was called away on urgent business; he might be absent for two days, he said, but he would try to lessen the time; and the young wife was left alone in the midst of her enemies, without even such slight guard as his presence might prove.

Adèle was out. It was a dark, hot summer's night, and the little Adolphe had been more feverish and restless than usual all the day. Toward evening he grew worse; and though Jeannette had strict commands not to allow madame to touch him, she grew frightened at the condition of the boy; and when madame came into the small parlor which Adèle called her own, to offer her assistance, Jeannette gladly abandoned a charge that was too heavy for her, and let the lady take him from her arms.

Sitting there with the child in her lap, cooing to him a low, soft, nursery song in English, the paroxysm of his pain seemed to her to pass; and it was as if he slept. But in that paroxysm he had bitten both his lip and tongue, and the blood was now oozing from his mouth. He was a pretty boy, and his mortal sickness made him at this moment pathetically lovely. Fanny bent her head and kissed the pale still face, and the blood that was on his lips was transferred to hers.

While she still bent over him, her woman's heart touched with a mysterious force and prevision of motherhood, Adèle, followed by old Martin and some others of the village, rushed into the room.

"Behold her!" she cried, seizing Fanny by her arm, and forcing her face upward by the chin—"behold her in the act! Friends, look at my child—dead, dead in her arms, and she with his blood on her lips! Do you want more proofs?"

Vampire that she is, can you deny the evidence of your own senses?"

"No! no!" roared the crowd, hoarsely, "she is a vampire—a creature cursed by God, and the enemy of man; away with her to the pit! She must die as she has made others to die!"

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Madame Cabanel, rising and facing the crowd with the true courage of an Englishwoman. "What harm have I done to any of you that you should come about me, in the absence of my husband, with these angry looks and insolent words?"

"What harm hast thou done!" cried old Martin. "Sorceress as thou art, thou hast bewitched our good master, and, vampire as thou art, thou nourishest thyself on our blood. Have we not proof of that at this very moment? Look at thy mouth—cursed broucoule; and here lies thy victim, who accuses thee in his death!"

Fanny laughed scornfully. "I cannot condescend to answer such folly," she said, lifting her head. "Are you men or children?"

"We are men, madame," said Legros, the miller; "and being men we must protect our weak ones. We have all had our doubts—and who more cause than I, with three little ones taken to heaven before their time?—and now we are convinced."

"Because I have nursed a dying child, and done my best to soothe him!" said Madame Cabanel, with unconscious pathos.

"No more words!" cried Adèle, dragging her by the arm she had never let go. "To the pit with her, my friends, if you would not see all your children die as mine has died, as our good Legros's have died!"

A kind of shudder shook the crowd, and a groan, that sounded in itself a curse, burst from them.

"To the pit!" they cried. "Let the demons take their own!"

Quick as thought Adèle pinioned the strong white arms; and before the poor girl could utter more than one cry Legros had placed his brawny hand over her mouth. Though this destruction of a monster was not the murder of a human being in his mind, or in the mind of any there, still they did not care to have their nerves disturbed by cries that sounded so human as Madame Cabanel's. Silent, then, and gloomy, that dreadful *cortège* took its way to the forest, carrying its living load, gagged and helpless as if it had been a corpse, among them. Save with Adèle and old Martin, it was not so much personal ani-

mosity as the instinctive self-defence of fear that animated them. They were executioners, not enemies; and the executioners of a more righteous law than that allowed by the national code. But one by one they dropped off, till their numbers were reduced to six, of whom Legros was one, and Lesouëf, who had lost his only sister, another.

The pit was not more than an English mile from the Maison Cabanel. It was a dark and lonesome spot, where not the bravest man of all that assembly would have dared to go alone after nightfall; but a multitude gives courage, said old Martin Briolic; and half a dozen stalwart men, led by such a woman as Adèle, were not afraid of even lutins or the White Ladies.

As swiftly as they could for the burden they bore, and all in utter silence, the *cortège* strode over the moor, one or two of them carrying rude torches; for the night was black, and the way was not without its natural dangers. Nearer and nearer they came to the fatal bourn, and heavier grew the weight of their victim. She had long ceased to struggle, and now lay as if dead in the hands of her bearers. But no one spoke of this or of aught else. Not a word was exchanged between them.

The way got darker, the distance between them and the place of execution shorter; and at last they reached the border of the pit where this fearful monster, this vampire—poor, innocent Fanny Cabanel—was to be thrown. As they lowered her, the light of their torches fell on her face.

"Grand Dieu!" cried Legros, taking off his cap; "she is dead!"

"A vampire cannot die," said Adèle. "It is only an appearance. Ask Father Martin."

"A vampire cannot die unless the evil spirits take her, or she is buried with a stake thrust through her body," said Martin Briolic, sententially.

"I don't like the look of it," said Legros; and so said some others.

They had taken the bandage from the mouth of the poor girl, and as she lay, in the flickering light, her blue eyes half-open, and her pale face white with the whiteness of death, a little return of human feeling among them shook them as if the wind had passed over them.

Suddenly they heard the sound of horses' hoofs thundering across the plain. They counted two, four, six; and they were now only four unarmed men, with Martin and Adèle to make up the number. Between the vengeance of man and the power and malice of the wood-demons, their courage faded, and their

presence of mind deserted them. Legros rushed frantically into the darkness of the forest, and Lesouëf followed him; the two others fled over the plain, while the horsemen came nearer and nearer. Only Adèle and Martin Briolic stood their ground; Adèle holding the torch high above her head, to show herself in her swarthy passion and revenge, and the dead body of her victim, more clearly. She wanted no concealment; she had done her work, and she gloried in it. Then the horsemen came plunging to them; Jules Cabanel the first, followed by the doctor, and four *gardes-champêtres*.

"Wretches! murderers!" was all he said, as he flung himself from his horse, and raised her pale face to his lips.

"Master," said Adèle, "she deserved to die. She is a vampire, and she has killed our child."

"Fool!" cried Jules Cabanel, flinging off her hand. "Oh, my loved wife, thou, who did no harm to man or beast, to be murdered now by men who are worse than beasts!"

"She was killing thee," said Adèle. "Ask monsieur le docteur. What ailed the master, monsieur?"

"Do not bring me into this infamy," said the doctor, looking up from the dead. "Whatever ailed monsieur, she ought not to be here! You have made yourself her judge and executioner, Adèle, and you must answer for it to the law."

"You say this, too, master," said Adèle.

"I say so, too," returned Monsieur Cabanel. "To the law you must answer for the innocent life you have so cruelly taken—you, and all the fools and murderers you have joined to you."

"And there is to be no vengeance for our child?"

"Would you revenge yourself on God, woman?" said Monsieur Cabanel, sternly.

"And our past years of love, master?"

"Are memories of hate, Adèle," said Monsieur Cabanel, as he turned again to the pale face of his dead wife.

"Then my place is vacant," said Adèle, with a bitter cry. "Ah, my little Adolphe, it is well thou went before!"

"Hold, Ma'am Adèle!" cried Martin.

But, before a hand could be stretched out, with one bound, one shriek, she had flung herself into the pit where she had hoped to bury Madame Cabanel; and they heard her body strike the water at the bottom with a dull splash, as of something falling from a great distance.

"They can prove nothing against me,

"Jean," said old Martin, to the garde who held him. "I neither bandaged her mouth nor carried her on my shoulders. I am the grave-digger of Pieuvrot, and, *ma foi*, you would all do badly, you poor creatures, when you die, without me! I shall have the honor of digging madame's grave, never doubt it; and, Jean," he whispered, "they may talk as they like, those rich aristos, who know nothing; she is a vampire, and she shall have a stake through her body yet. Who knows better than I? If we don't tie her down like this, she will come out of her grave, and suck our blood."

"Silence there!" said the garde commanding the little escort. "To prison with the assassins, and keep their tongues from wagging."

"To prison with the martyrs and the public benefactors!" retorted old Martin. "So the world rewards its best."

And in this faith he lived and died as a forger at Toulon; maintaining to the last that he had done the world good service by ridding it of a monster. But Legros, and also Lesouff, his companions, doubted gravely of the righteousness of that act of theirs on that dark summer's night in the forest; and though they always maintained they should not have been punished because of their good motives, yet they grew in time to disbelieve old Martin Briolic and his wisdom, and to wish that they had let the law take its own course unhelped by them—reserving their strength for grinding the hamlet's flour and mending the hamlet's sabots, and leading a good life, according to the teaching of monsieur le curé and the exhortations of their wives.

As the French gentleman had proceeded with his story the listeners had increased in number, and now, when he ceased speaking, and looked around him with a little gesture to intimate that he had come to the end of Madame Cabanel's sad history, there was, as Mr. Rufus P. Croffut remarked, "quite a crowd."

"And what's more," said that gentleman, who seemed to take the foremost place in the company, as if it were a mere matter of course, "that's not only a derved good story of yours, mister, but it was a derved good idea of yours to start telling of it. Here we are, dead fixed in this all-fired Doomsday Camp of ourn, and can't do nothing till day-break nohow, and as for sleep, I guess there ain't many of us ready for that to-night. S'pose somebody follers on, and tells us another story? I ain't good at

literatoor and that myself, but I'm death on listening, and like a story just as a child likes candy; so do a lot more here, I dessay. As for talkers, why they ain't in general hard to find, and there must be plenty of good stories knockin' round here somewhere. What d'ye say?"

The suggestion was received with every mark of favor, and it was unanimously resolved that an attempt should be made to while away the tedium of the night in the manner suggested. But a little difficulty threatened to mar the project at the very outset. Nobody seemed inclined to begin. Everybody seemed to be in Mr. Croffut's case, and to be ready for any amount of listening, but for nothing else. There was an awkward pause, and a dead silence.

"What's the matter now?" said Mr. Croffut, with his deep laugh. "All afraid? Wal, I s'pose I shall have to act president of this meeting, and order somebody to make a start. What do *you* say, colonel?" he added to the man whom he had introduced to Harry as one of his nurses; "you look as if you'd travelled a bit, and seen a thing or two."

"That's true," said the man, a big, broad-shouldered Englishman; "that's true, though I don't think I'm as good at story-telling as I am at sheep-farming and that. However, if you like, I'll try my best, and tell you what happened to a neighbor of mine in Australia, when he chanced to meet a famous bush-ranging rascal they called—

JINGLING GEORDIE.

"I wonder when John will be back? Oh, I wonder when?" thought Lizzie Armstrong, a pretty, trim north-country lass, as she stood by the open window of the Australian farm-house, round which clustered a large-leaved creeper, with great yellow flowers; "he is so bold and daring, that I know if the blacks or bushrangers tried to carry off any of father's sheep, John would fight for them, though there were a hundred against him. But there, how foolish I am, there's no danger about here."

Lizzie was busy ironing, and, as she thought of her lover's danger, she put down her iron on its stand, sat down with one hand on the pile of snowy-white linen, and thought over John's last words before he started for the sheep-run, thirty miles off. Not a syllable, not a tone of the voice had escaped her: for were not the words and music of them printed on her heart? "Lizzie, darling, I have served your father well and faithfully these seven years now, and when I return I mean to ask him for you. I think he likes me, and, though he is a

hard, stern man, and despises my education, and my 'high-faluting Oxford talk,' as he calls it, I do not think he will refuse, for he knows I love you dearly, and he knows you love me." There had been a kiss between several of these words, and those kisses, too, Lizzie had not forgotten. Presently she rose, looked out at the great sun sinking fast in a fiery ocean of cloud, leaned her cheek on her hand, and still thought of John.

All at once the face of a brown-bearded man pushed through the leaves, and its lips flew to hers. Yes, it was John himself! She gave a little startled scream, then the two lovers stood face to face at the great sun sinking fast in a fiery ocean of cloud, and he held her hands. There were many inarticulate words expressive of joy and delight.

"Why, John, this is the very spot where we parted."

"Do you think I forget it, Lizzie."

"Nine weeks ago; oh, such long weeks, John, they have been. But what has brought you back, dear, so soon? Nothing bad, I hope."

The young bailiff's face fell.

"Yes, bad, Lizzie—very bad. Bob Wilson is losing sheep on his run every other day, and we can find no tracks of them. There are no black fellows near there, and a bushranger hasn't, as you know, been seen in this part of the colony for three years. We have had no floods. It baffles me, and I've come back, at Bob's request, to try and smooth matters for him, and to ask whether we shall not change our runs, and see if that betters it. One more kiss, Lizzie, then I'll go and put up my horse, and come in and lay the whole affair before your father."

The one kiss grew into several.

"I thought I heard talking in the parlor, Lizzie, as I came round; who is with your father?"

"Why, it's that horrid Mr. Travers from Melbourne. He came yesterday after some wool."

Churton's face darkened. "He has come after you, Lizzie. I hate that fellow. Let him look out. Good-by, dearest, I shall feed the horse and be in directly."

The moment after he left, a little bright-eyed girl of twelve ran in and caught hold of Lizzie's apron. It was Lizzie's younger sister, Kitty.

"Lizzie," said she, "father and Mr. Travers have been talking about you. Mr. Travers wants to marry you, and he says he's very rich, and they're drinking the champagne he brought like any thing. Oh, he's such a beautiful singer, Lizzie, and he's brought you such a beautiful blue-silk gown."

"I don't want his gown," said Lizzie, ironing viciously, wishing it was over Mr. Travers's face.

"Lizzie, my lass," shouted a harsh, coarse, north-country voice, from the next room, "bring us in my silver tankard, and come and see the beautiful gown Mr. Travers has brought thee."

"If he dares to leave it I'll tear it to pieces," said Lizzie, her eyes kindling as she went to a cupboard and brought out the tankard, a prize long ago at an agricultural show at Carlisle. When she entered the parlor she found her father and the detestable sleek, vulgar, false-looking Mr. Travers seated at a rough table, on which stood two empty champagne-bottles. Both men looked flushed, and Mr. Travers had one leg thrown carelessly over the arm of the chair on which he sat. He at once unhooked himself, and rose with vulgar politeness to hand a third for Lizzie, an act of politeness which her father greeted with a saturnine smile.

"Only hear the news, Lizzie lass, Master Travers has brought. 'The Melbourne Argus' says that Jingling Geordie, the famous bushranger, has threatened to cross over to our part because our police had said that we shouldn't put up so easy with his ways as the New South Wales police have done. Ah, he's a lish yen (supple one), but he'll no' baffle our side long. We're not the lads to be stuck up like those soft cakes over t'other way. I bet ye he'll repent before he's ridden many miles, and just hike back."

"Pray take my chair, my dear Miss Armstrong," said Travers, with a manner he considered of the first elegance.

But the invitation appeared to have no charms for Lizzie.

"M'appen, lass, thou'dst like to see the present Mr. Travers has brought thee," interposed her father, with as insinuating a tone as he could assume.

"I must first see to the pigs, father, and feed the chickens," said Lizzie, with a toss of her head, that did not augur well for Mr. Travers's hopes, and off she ran.

"Ah, they're kittle cattle, the lasses," said old Armstrong, as the door slammed behind her. "You must get quietly near them, or they're off like a hurt grouse; they're shy birds, and there's no rule for trapping 'em. Winning a woman is for all the world like catching a colt; you shake the oats, and just as you think you've got the bridle all but on, away she goes, with a kick of her heels, and you've got to begin again. But who's that?" (There was a knock at the door.) "Come in, man, come in. Why, it's John. Hoo is't, John?"

John entered with a glower at Travers and a warm greeting to the old farmer.

"And hoo are the ship (sheep)? All going weel?"

"Not so well as I could wish, Mr. Armstrong. Robert Wilson has lost six in a fortnight, and how they're gone we can't any of us even guess."

The farmer's face seemed to contract, and his mouth quivered. "Mebbe," he said, with his teeth closed, "you and he have been kangaroo-hunting when you ought to have been minding them. You mind what the Scriptor says about the hiring that loved not his ship because he was a hireling? That's the way all my profits go. You've left them, and been idling and hunting, or some mischief or the other; but I'll stop it out of your wages, man, never fear."

John's brows knit, and his lips compressed. "You know no one but you, Mr. Armstrong, dare call me an idler. We have not been hunting at all; we have kept as close to our work as if we had been slaves."

"Mebbe, then," said the old man, scornfully, "some black fellars have taken them from under your noses, and you hadn't the mettle to try and save them. When I first came out and began to serve, I had to fight for my master's ship. Look here." Armstrong tore open his waistcoat, and showed two broad scars where black men's spears had pierced his chest. "But you lads are nowt, now. Ye're all for lying about smoking, and making a fortune sooner than in my time we could earn enough to buy a damper; but why do you come back now? You've come here, I s'pect, only to get a word with my darter, who, I can tell you plainly, is for a richer man than you."

Travers lolled back in his chair, and sipped his champagne with infinite complacency. Already he felt himself the son-in-law of the rich colonist.

John did not condescend to notice this man's impertinence, but he turned on Armstrong. "Mr. Armstrong," he said, "I have served you faithfully for seven years, and during that time, except by flood and murrain, you know you haven't lost ten sheep. I have not fought for you, because there has been no one to fight; but when the time came, I dare say I should show better pluck than this pen-driver here."

"I won't have you sneaking away from work," said Armstrong, "and trying to wheedle away my darter. She is only fit for a rich man, who can make a lady of her, and you're wasting your time to think of her; and mark ye this,

and mark it weel, Mr. John Churton, I'll not stand much more of your stuck-up ways and gentlefolks' airs. I'm a plain man, mysel', a Coomberland farmer's son, and I want men who'll work, and keep my ship together, and earn their wages. If you don't think my pay enough, and the bush is too warm for your delicate skin, you can go when you like. Your quarter's up next week, and you have your remedy. I'll stand none of your fine gentleman's airs. They may do in Lannun, though they didn't stand much for you there; but they won't do at Gillsland."

"Very well, sir," said John, whose hand was already on the door-handle. "You have said it, and so it shall be; but remember that I came back here only from a sense of duty. If I had been perishing in the bush, and the sheep had been in danger, I wouldn't have come back here, even to put my dying hand in Lizzie's."

"I was once foolish enough to say something about you and Lizzie when the wool had sold well, a year ago; but now, I unsay it. Here is her future husband. You can go."

John kept a firm look on the old man, though his face was pale too.

"I come for my wages to-morrow," said Churton, "and start for Melbourne by the drays in the morning. There is the revolver you have lent me; your rifle is in the kitchen."

"Go, and be hanged. I'll have no more fine gentlemen here."

"God bless you—ta ta," said Travers, with his champagne to his lips.

As Churton opened the door, Lizzie Armstrong rushed into his arms, and hid her tearful face upon his shoulder.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Armstrong, bursting into rage. "Let go my daughter, you sir, and don't darken my doors more than once more, when you come for the wages you haven't earned!"

One passionate kiss, and Churton released Lizzie and slammed the door behind him.

"And weel shut o' him," said the old farmer. "Go to your room, Lizzie. I'll have no blubbing here for a stook-ooop fine gentleman. And now, then, Travers, drink to my toast—'Bonny auld Coomberland, its lads and lasses,' and if you can sing John Peel, let's have it, for it stirs my blood as weel as one of the auld Border songs."

An hour later, and just before the place was bolted up for the night, there came a tremendous blow at the front door, as if with the butt-end of a heavy whip or pistol.

"It's that sneaking fellow John come

to beg my pardon, I suppose," said old Armstrong. "I thought he had more spirit."

It was getting dark, and, snatching up a great, flaring tallow-candle, he threw open the door.

It was not John. It was a short, thickset, bearded man, mounted on a strong, black horse, spotted with foam, its eyes bloodshot, and its mouth in a thick lather. The rider wore a deep-brimmed wide-awake, and a digger's stained red shirt, over which streamed four or five heavy cables of gold chain. He had a short double-barrelled rifle slung at his back, and a six-shooter stuck on either side of the digger's belt. His long boots were splashed with mud. He was a hard, ill-favored man, with a thick, matted black beard, small, quick eyes, thin, pale lips, and prominent, cruel-looking cheek-bones. He swung himself lightly from his horse, and stood with one hand on his horse's tangled mane.

"You've maybe heard of Jingling Geordie, the bushranger," said the man, in a hoarse, harsh voice; "has he been here lately?"

"I've not seen owt of the rascal," said Armstrong. "You are one of the police, mebbe, and are after him? You'll doubtless want a night's rest? Walk in."

"And take some fizz with us, like a jolly good fellow," hiccupped Travers.

"So, you have never seen Geordie?" asked the man again with a dry laugh, as he tied up his horse.

"What is he like?"

"Why, to tell the truth, he is the very image of me," said the man, pulling out a revolver, as quick as lightning, and cocking it, "for I am him, and he's me, and we're partners for life. Now, I mean to stick you up; so, up with you."

The old man sullenly, Travers pale and trembling, instantly threw up their arms in the approved Australian manner, and backed into the parlor, as the bushranger pushed them before him into the room, first locking the front door, and turning the key after him.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, throwing himself insolently into a chair, and tossing off Travers's full glass, "I don't want money, for I have stuck up three parties to-day, and I've as much as I can carry; but what I do want is some grub and lush, a night's shake-down, and a certain good mare I've heard of. Call the whole crew—"

"If you've got a revolver on you, fire at him," whispered the old man to Travers, as they stood with their arms up.

"Come, no whispering," said Geordie, "or I shall have to put a bullet through one of you, and I've blood

enough on my hands already. Do as I tell you, old man; quick, and pipe all hands—I want to give them a short sermon. Never mind my horse; he's good for nothing; he can go to the devil his own way."

Armstrong did as he was bid, and called Lizzie. Kitty had already heard the alarm, and hidden herself in a wood cupboard in the kitchen: Lizzie came down-stairs pale and crying; she gave just one scream when she saw the rough man, whom she guessed at once to be after no good; then, like a brave girl, collected herself for the worst.

"So this is the whole lot, all told. So far so good. You needn't be afraid, my pretty lass. I won't hurt you," said the bushranger. "Come, old man, what shooting-irons have you about you? It is always as well in these cases to be careful."

As he said this the man began to rummage Armstrong's pockets with all the practised care of a custom-house searcher.

"I tell you I don't carry any."

"But don't you wish you did?" said the fellow, with an odious sardonic grin. "Yes, I see that by the red in your eyes, and the white of your lips. You keep your temper, old man. I won't touch your shiners. I've got enough of my own.—And don't you be frightened, miss; I'm not going to hurt the old father, though he does look mischief. As for that counter-jumper, I won't search him, for I can see he hasn't the pluck to use a pistol, even if he had one."

Lizzie shuddered as she saw the wretch's rough hands laid upon her father, a man of such rough temper and such uncontrollable passions, and every moment she expected to see a blow struck, and to hear the return shot that would stretch her father dead at her feet. "Oh, that John were here!" she thought, and the next moment she trembled to think what might have happened had her lover flown at the ruffian, as he would surely have done.

"Come, now," said Geordie, "one of you, and we'll go round and bolt all the doors. I don't want any of the neighbors to know who's here; and we'll have it all snug to ourselves. Come, I say, one of you, d'ye hear, and no nonsense, for I'm rough and ready, as you'll pretty soon find, if my blood once gets up. Where are the guns and powder?"

"Well, I suppose we must e'en make the best of a bad bargain," said Armstrong, "So come, and we'll shut the doors first. Lizzie, this gentleman will want some supper; you lock the back

door, and see to it, while we go up-stairs and collect the guns. He is here, we are at his mercy, and we must just make things as pleasant as we can. He knows well enough I would kick if I could. Travers, you come with us up-stairs, and help to overhaul, and you, Lizzie, cook some steaks and get some toast ready."

Travers, with a very pale face, said he would rather stop where he was. He was evidently overcome with fear. All at once Geordie turned his cold, keen eyes upon him, drew a revolver, and held it to his head.

"Come," he said, "none of that. I know your game. You want to sneak behind; and then, when we are busy up there, you'll make a rush for it, and ride off for the police. No, no, my gentleman, you go first, or I'll make cold meat of you at one touch of the trigger."

With very shaky steps Travers staggered forward, and the three men proceeded up-stairs, having first locked the lower doors.

The moment she was left alone in the kitchen, Lizzie opened the wood-cupboard door, and called softly to her sister. She had resolved on a bold step.

"There is no danger now, Kitty, but keep there till he is at his meal, then I want you to do something that may save us all."

"I'll do it, Lizzie, whatever it is," was the reply. "But, oh! don't let that dreadful man see me. I'm so afraid of him. I'm sure he is going to kill us all."

Just at that moment there were sounds of feet on the stairs, a loud coarse laugh, and, just as Lizzie closed the cupboard, the man entered the kitchen with two or three guns and a bag of powder under his arm.

"I thought I heard some one talking here," he said. He looked suspiciously round, and a murderous look came into his eyes.

"I was only talking to the cat," said Lizzie, stooping down and stroking a cat, that sat gravely and sleepily on a kangaroo-skin that served as hearth-rug.

The bushranger stepped to the window, and looked out, but there was no one to be seen.

"You look alive, my girl, with the supper, and don't turn sulky, it ain't no use," he said, roughly. "I have been riding since daybreak, and two dampers in twelve hours is poor allowance. Lots of buttered cakes, mind. You are good at those things, you north-country folks, and I'll have some tea. Look alive, now, and after tea you shall give us a tune on the pianer, and we'll make a snug little party—and you leave all the doors open, so as I can hear every thing."

"Get the supper soon, Lizzie," said her father. "We must just make the best of things, lass."

The moment the steak was cooked, and while Jingling Geordie was intent on ravenously devouring it, his revolver cocked by his side on the table, and the fire-arms of the house stacked safely in a corner behind the sofa on which he sat, Lizzie ran back to the kitchen, opened the cupboard-door, and called in a low voice to Kitty.

"Kitty," she said, "you must drop out of the window here, and go in search of John. If he is not at Jerry Lot's he'll be at the wood-shed out beyond the last clearing by the Gelt Creek. You'll know your way when the moon rises. Tell him we're in danger here, but he must not come near the place to-night, or the wretch will murder us all. It is Jingling Geordie, the bushranger, for whom government has offered two hundred pounds, dead or alive. John must watch this window, and if there is awful need for him I will hang out a white handkerchief; mind, if I do not do that he must not come near us. Will you remember all this, Kitty?"

"Yes, Lizzie, I am ready. Whatever happens I'll do whatever you tell me."

Softly, on tiptoe, the two sisters crept to the window, first softly closing the door. The little girl was then quickly lowered by Lizzie. She had scarcely descended before Geordie entered, pistol in hand.

"Why do you shut that door," he said, "when I told you not? You take care, young woman, or I shall get rough. I don't half like your looks. Come into the parlor, d'ye hear; no nonsense with me."

Again he looked out of the window, but Kitty had cowered down under shelter; he shut it, and closed and bolted the shutters. "If I thought you was carrying on any tricks, I'd shoot you like a dog. Come, lass," he said, as he threw himself on the sofa, and mixed a glass of brandy-and-water, "you play us a tune—you look like one of the musical sort. Play 'Let me Kiss Him for His Mother,' or the 'Mocking Bird.' I used to sing them, when I was a lad, to my young woman. Ah, she little thought I should ever be a lag out here, no more cared for than a dead dog on a dunghill."

"Take some more brandy, messmate," said old Armstrong with an almost imperceptible glance at Travers, who was smoking with the most rueful face possible, and casting constant and frightened glances at the pistol.

Geordie leaped up, snatched the bottle from Armstrong's hand, and dashed it on

the floor. "You try that on again," he said; "you get your fingers once more as close as that to my six shooter, and I'll fire a barrel straight into both of you. Don't fancy, old buffer, you'll catch a weasel like me asleep. I want no more of your drink. If I'd often drunk, I should have been at the wrong end of a rope long ago. Come, to business. Have you got any good horses, old man?"

"Not one; only rough horses for hauling timber."

"That's a lie," said Geordie, beating his fist on the table.—"Keep on playing, lass—something sentimental, mind. That's a big lie; you've forgotten Fan, the fastest chestnut mare this side of Melbourne. Well, hear me now. I want her early to-morrow, and her I'll have whatever I do for it," and he gripped his pistols.

"I see you've heard of my mare," said Armstrong, with a sigh, "but she's too slight for your work—she's almost a racer, and nearly thorough-bred."

"I always ride racers when I can get them.—Play on, lass; play us 'I am Leaving Thee in Sorrow, Annie'—that's a good song, that is. My sister Nelly used to sing that.—Your girl plays well, old man. Mind, the first thing to-morrow you drive the horses into the corral, and I'll see if there is any thing better than the mare."

"You must take what you like, we are at your mercy," said Armstrong.

"And as for you," said Geordie to Travers, who was too frightened to speak, "you haven't a mile off to throw to a dog. Come, drink a tumbler of that brandy, or, by the Lord, I'll force it down your throat. I dare say you'd have been a lag yourself before now if you'd only had the courage."

Every now and then Lizzie took a frightened but steady look at the man, to see if fatigue was overcoming him, determining, upon the instant he fell asleep, to hang out the signal in the moonshine. The deserted hut to which John would have gone was a mile off along the wood. Kitty would have reached there by this time. A quarter of an hour more, and John would be watching the window. But nothing could disarm the man's suspicions, though from time to time he grew jovial, and struck in with a rough chorus to the popular tunes Lizzie played, with affected readiness.

"Whenever you like to go to your room, mister, it is ready," said Armstrong.

"Thank you, cap'en," he said, stretching his dirty boots on the neat sofa; "you may go when you like, this'll do for me. I always sleep, mind, with one eye open, and all my friends ready round me." As he said this, he put a

six-shooter by him, on the table, with half a dozen cartridges, and placed a second under the sofa-cushion.

"Thanks, my darling, for your music. Don't be afraid of me. We old lags don't often get a treat in the bush like that. Take my advice; don't you go and marry that dandy county-jumper there; he hasn't the pluck of a mouse. Leave all your doors open, and we shall do very well. Be off with ye. Breakfast at five-thirty please, and, if you don't wake, I'll start yer."

"If John had been here, and I hadn't been so harsh toward him," said Armstrong to his daughter, as they parted for the night, "things might have gone different. As for that fellow Travers, he's the greatest skunk that ever crawled, and he shouldn't have you now if he was the only man left in the world. Ah, if we could only have drugged that rascal's tea!"

"No more talking up there," shouted a fierce voice from the parlor. "Go to bed. You've got to turn out early."

What a night of agony Lizzie spent, lying awake in the moonlight that streamed over her bed, and listening to every sound! Once, when all was still, she almost resolved to steal down, barefooted, to the kitchen, and listen at the window if she could hear John. Then a dreadful thought seized her that he might have ridden far away, and never met Kitty at all. She might never see him again. He was proud and high-spirited, and would never brook an insult. Then, as she sat up and listened, she heard some night-bird call, and the man below rose, strode to the kitchen, opened the window, and looked out! Suppose he saw John, and fired at him! It seemed endless, that night of miserable, anxious watching.

But she was not forsaken. All that night John, whom Kitty had found lighting a fire in the desolate hut, preparatory to starting early in the morning, was watching the house from a clump of trees some two hundred yards off. Sometimes he resolved, unarmed—for he had no revolver—to go up boldly, knock at the door, and, when the man came, to at once grapple with him. Then the certainty of this scheme being fruitless made him roll in anguish on the grass. All at once a sudden thought seized him. He remembered that Wilson, when they both started for the bush, had hidden away an old duck-gun in the roof of the hut they used to occupy. He scarcely knew what use the gun could be against a man like Jingling Geordie, triply armed, and ready for murder; but in the dim light, for the moon was now setting, he went back and

searched and searched in vain. Then he lay down and slept, and, at the first streak of light, he rose, and, with feverish eagerness, searched again in every nook of the roof. All at once, at the gable-end, his hand touched a long packet. It was a gun wrapped in oil-cloth. He had powder left, but no bullets. If even flames broke out of the roof, or Lizzie's signal appeared waving at the first light, he was powerless still to strike a blow in her defence. Again he went out, threw himself down just inside a clump of stringy-bark trees, and watched as intently as a deer-stalker, who knows the moment for a shot is near.

As he watched, a figure came through the dim light slowly toward him. It was an old stableman of Armstrong's, riding along with a melancholy air. As he passed the wood, John called out to him:

"Where are you going to?"

"What is that you, Mr. John? I heard you was back. Why, going on a bad errand. Going to get the horses for that rascal to choose from—a bushranger that got in last night. Mr. Armstrong was round for me with him before day-break. He is going to take our chestnut mare."

"Have you got any bullets, Ned?" said John, in a quick, dry voice. "I may want one or two."

"I don't think I have one," said the man, searching both his pockets in vain. "Yes, I have," he cried out, with a sudden burst of delight; "yes, I have got three here, and a pinch of powder, but, Lor' a mussy, don't venture your luck against a born devil like that, who's murdered a dozen men. A bullet is no use for an old rusty fowling-piece like that; and, if he even sees you lurking about near the horses, he'll kill you before you can throw up your hands."

"We shall see," was Churton's answer, and the words hissed through his clinched teeth.

"This isn't true that I hear about your going, Mr. Churton? What, leave Miss Lizzie, and you so fond of each other?"

"It is no time to talk of that, Ned;" then he grasped the man's shoulder so that he winced. "How did Mr. Armstrong seem when he came to you this morning?"

"He seemed sulky about Jingling Geordie. But he knew very well that, if he kicked at any thing, there was a bullet ready for him."

"He is not a man to have borne much. And the man himself—Geordie?"

"He was devil-may-care enough. Like a fellow who had got the game in his own hands. I heard him telling

Mustor Armstrong that he had been living on his sheep at Bunyong Creek."

"Bunyong Creek? Then it was he," said Churton, hammering down savagely a bullet which he had been biting into shape. "Oh, I'll speak to him! When will they be here?"

"In about ten minutes; but for God's sake don't provoke Jingling Geordie, or threaten him. I heard him boast of the murders he has committed, more than he could count on his ten fingers; he has two six-shooters in his belt, and he'll kill you with no more heed than if you were a rat. Take my advice, and let him alone."

"The God who sent David with a sling and a stone against the giant will help me. It is no use talking to me."

"A wilful man must have his way," said the old man; "but mind, I warned you. I shall never see you alive again, Mr. Churton; you might just as well put your hand in a lion's mouth as threaten that man."

"It is Lizzie's favorite mare," said Churton; "and he sha'n't have her till he has walked over my body."

With hands uplifted, in mute protestation, the man rode off to drive in the horses, and left Churton there, still driving at the refractory bullet, which had stuck in the gun, and would not go down close upon the powder. If the bullet could not be forced down, he would have to meet the man, he was determined to confront, helpless. Besides, was it not cowardly to lurk there, even for a murderer? Again, if he stepped forward and met Geordie, perhaps, suspecting treachery, the rascal's first act would be to shoot down Lizzie's father. Torn to pieces by these conflicting feelings, John's mind finally settled down to a determination to join the old stableman, leave his gun behind, take his place in driving in the horses, and once in the paddock, to get as near as possible to the bushranger, and act as circumstances required.

But Churton wavered too long. At that very moment, as he lay down behind a huge trunk of a gum-tree, not sixty yards from the paddock into which the horses just then raced, hurried by the stableman's shouts, Jingling Geordie and Mr. Armstrong came down a field-path from the house. They walked side by side; Geordie was talkative and triumphant, Mr. Armstrong silent and gloomy, like a prisoner in custody.

"I hear this mare of yours is a clipper; but I shall see what metal she has in her before half an hour's over."

"I tell you the truth, man. It is hard to part with her. My girl, Lizzie, is fond

of her, and she is fond of Lizzie, and I allow I'd sooner you'd take all the paddockful than her."

"Come, I think you have got off pretty tidy," said the black-bearded fellow, with malice in his small, half-closed eyes, as he swung his six-shooter nearer to his hand and surveyed the path before him with a caution and suspicion evidently habitual. "I've taken none of your shiners. I've not hurt any thing, and now you grudge me this mare. That's hardly grateful of you, old man. At some houses I've lodged at I can tell you I've come away with rather fuller pockets. Suppose, now, I'd carried off your daughter?"

The old north-countryman's brow darkened. "And do you think I'd have let her go without a struggle?"

"Struggle! Look at these arguments of mine," and Geordie laughed a wicked laugh, and tapped the two six-shooters in his belt. "Much good your struggling would have been. I know where your brains would have been by this time. Now, look here, do you know what this ugly head of mine is worth?" and Geordie took off his wide-awake, and shook his coarse fell of black, matted hair with a certain vulgar pride.

Armstrong said, "I know there is a reward offered for you."

"Two hundred pounds; more than's been offered for any one since my old comrade Morgan. It is worth having. Try and earn it. Here, I'll give you a revolver. Have a crack at me; but mind I shall fire first, old pal."

At that moment Armstrong caught a glimpse of a gun-barrel pointed dead at Geordie, and seeing it he drew back, to let the man, whoever it might be in ambush, get a clear shot. Geordie did not see the barrel glitter, but he observed Armstrong fall back a step, and quick as lightning he put his hand to his belt and drew his revolver. A second, and the old man would have been killed; but, before Geordie could cock the six-shooter, there was a crack, a thin gush of fire, and, as he turned, a heavy bullet struck him full in the lower part of the chest. He threw up his arms, uttered half a curse, and fell dead upon his face.

Almost before the body could touch the ground, Churton had risen from behind the tree, and, with clubbed gun, ran like a deer to where the corpse lay. He knelt, tore open Geordie's shirt, and felt his heart—it had ceased to beat. He snatched the revolver from the ruffian's stiffening hand, and rose and stood before Armstrong.

"He is dead," he said. "I was loath to kill him that way, but when I saw the

villain put his hand to his belt, I knew he meant murder, and the odds were too much against you for me to spare him."

"You've saved my life, John Churton," said Armstrong, "and I thank you. I dare say you only value me for Lizzie's sake, and I don't know that I deserve more of you, for I was rough and ungrateful last night, and I forgot what I owed you for good service."

"I never felt such a terrible moment," said Churton, "as that was when I took aim at the wretch that lies here; for I knew if I missed it was sudden death for you, and I didn't know how this old shotgun would carry a bullet; but it went straight, and the men this wretch murdered are at last avenged. Still, somehow, I wish it had been a fair up-and-down fight, when he was stealing your sheep."

"Tut, man, there is nothing to regret," said the old farmer, grasping Churton's hand warmly; "the two hundred pounds reward will help to buy some sheep to start you and Lizzie."

"I'll not touch a penny of the blood-money. I killed him to save Lizzie's father."

"Well, you were always a queer lad. Let who will have it, Lizzie is yours."

John Churton pressed his hand. Then he said: "It was a lucky shot, but, I'd rather have struck him down in fair fight, bad as he was; and after all, but for brave little Kitty, I might have been in the hut by the old clearing, and never have known till I was fifty miles away that you had been all murdered."

"John Churton, you're a brave fellow, and you deserve my daughter," said Armstrong, "and you shall have this old place when my time comes."

Need I describe the meeting of Lizzie and John? Never was happiness so sudden, so complete, so deserved. A brave man and a brave girl had long since exchanged hearts, and if ever there was an hour of perfect happiness in this wicked world it was that first hour of their re-meeting. As for Travers, he sat silent, cowed, and despised.

The next morning Armstrong, going out very early to the shed where the body lay awaiting the inquest and the gathering of the jury from far-off stations, found a man with his back toward him, kneeling over the body, and busy in removing the beard for a trophy to show at Melbourne.

Armstrong indignantly pushed the man over the body. It was Travers.

"I see what you want," said the old farmer, "to go off with that and tell lies about it at the bar-rooms at Melbourne."

A cur like you, too! Get up, saddle your horse, and be off; my daughter is only fit for a brave man. I'll send out your breakfast to you when you're on horseback. Be off, quick!—d'ye hear? You can tell lies enough without wanting a proof."

So Travers slunk away.

"THANK you, sir-r-r," said the president. "Any way, that story just settles one p'int, and proves what a good thing it is never to stir without your shootin'-irons. If your friend had followed our fashion this side, and always carried his six-shooter around with him, he'd have held a stronger suit than an old played-out duck-gun. Who's next? A lady this time. What do you say, ma'am?" he continued to the quiet German woman with the strange sad yearning look in her large eyes, who sat on Harry Middleton's other side, gently arranging the bandages on his wounded arm. "Sorry I don't know your name, so as to speak civilly, but p'raps you've got a story you can tell us?"

"They call me Sister Johanna," she said, in a composed voice, which had a touch of melancholy and something of weariness in its tone. "My story, such as it is, is but a sad one; but it will be a relief to me to put into words what is forever passing through my brain, and if you wish it, I will gladly speak."

Then, after bringing her kindly duties to her patient to an end, she began to speak, at first with some hesitation, but presently with a curious earnestness, very different to the ordinary composure of her manner. And this was—

SISTER JOHANNA'S STORY.

If you have ever heard of the Grödnertal, then you will also have heard of the village of St. Ulrich, of which I, Johanna Ræderer, am a native, and in which I lived all my life until I crossed the ocean. And if, as is more likely, you have never heard of either, then still, though without knowing it, many of you have, even from your earliest childhood, been familiar with the work by which, for many generations, we have lived and prospered. Your rocking-horse, your Noah's ark, your first doll, came from St. Ulrich—for the Grödnertal is the children's paradise, and supplies the little ones of all Europe with toys. In every house throughout the village—I might always say in every house throughout the valley—you will find wood-carving, painting, or gilding, perpetually

going on, except only in the haymaking and harvest-time, when all the world goes up to the hills to mow and reap, and breathe the mountain-air. Nor do our carvers carve only grotesque toys. All the crucifixes that you see by the wayside, all the carved stalls and tabernacles, all the painted and gilded saints decorating screens and side altars in our Tyrolean churches, are the work of their hands.

After what I have said, you will, no doubt, have guessed that ours was a family of wood-carvers. My father, who died when my sister and I were quite little children, was a wood-carver. My mother was also a wood-carver, as were her mother and grandmother before her; and Katrine and I were of course brought up by her to the same calling. But, as it was necessary that one should look after the home duties, and as Katrine was always more delicate than myself, I gradually came to work less and less at the business, till at last, what with cooking, washing, mending, making, spinning, gardening, and so forth, I almost left it off altogether. Nor did Katrine work very hard at it either, for, being so delicate, and so pretty, and so much younger than myself, she came, of course, to be a good deal spoiled, and to have her own way in every thing. Besides, she grew tired, naturally, of cutting nothing but cocks, hens, dogs, cats, cows, and goats, which were all our mother had been taught to make, and, consequently, all she could teach to her children.

"If I could carve saints and angels, like Ulrich, next door," Katrine used sometimes to say; "or if I might invent new beasts out of my own head, or if I might cut caricature nutcrackers of the Herr Purger and Don Wian, I shouldn't care if I worked hard all day; but I hate the cocks and hens, and I hate the dogs and cats, and I hate all the birds and beasts that ever went into the ark—and I only wish they had all been drowned in the Deluge, and not one left for a pattern!"

And then she would fling her tools away, and dance about the room like a wild creature, and mimic the Herr Purger, who was the great wholesale buyer of all our St. Ulrich ware, till even our mother, grave and sober woman as she was, could not help laughing, till the tears ran down her cheeks.

Now, the Ulrich next door, of whom our little Katrine used to speak, was the elder of two brothers named Finazer, and he lived in the house adjoining our own, for at St. Ulrich, as in some of the neighboring villages, one frequently sees two houses built together under one roof, with gardens and orchards surrounded by

a common fence. Such a house was the Finazzers' and ours, or, I should rather say, both houses were theirs, for they were our landlords, and we rented our cottage from them by the year.

Ulrich, named after the patron saint of our village, was a tall, brown, stalwart man, very grave, very reserved, very religious, and the finest wood-sculptor in all the Grödnertal. No madonnas, no angels could compare with his for heavenly grace and tenderness; and for his Christs, a great foreign critic, who came to St. Ulrich some ten or twelve years ago, said that no other modern artist, with whose works he was acquainted, could treat that subject with any thing like the same dignity and pathos. But then, perhaps, no other modern artist went to his work in the same spirit, or threw into it not only the whole force of a very noble and upright character, but all the loftiest aspirations of a profoundly religious nature.

His younger brother, Alois, was a painter—fair-haired, light-hearted, pleasure-loving; as unlike Ulrich, both in appearance and disposition, as it is possible to conceive. At the time of which I am telling you, he was a student in Venice, and had already been three years away from home. I used to dream dreams, and weave foolish romances about Alois and my little Katrine, picturing to myself how he would some day come home, in the flush, perhaps, of his first success, and, finding her so beautiful and a woman grown, fall in love with her at first sight, and she with him; and the thought of this possibility became at last such a happy certainty in my mind that, when things began to work round in quite the other way, I could not bring myself to believe it. Yet so it was, and, much as I loved my darling, and quick-sighted as I had always been in every thing that could possibly concern her, there was not a gossip in St. Ulrich who did not see what was coming before I even suspected it.

When, therefore, my little Katrine came to me one evening in the orchard, and told me, half laughing, half crying, that Ulrich Finazzar had that day asked her to be his wife, I was utterly taken by surprise.

"I never dreamed that he would think of me, dear," she said, with her head upon my bosom. "He is so much too good and too clever for such a foolish birdie as poor little Katrine."

"But—but my birdie loves him!" I said, kissing her bright hair.

She half lifted her head, half laughed through her tears, and said with some hesitation:

"Oh, yes, I love him. I—I think I love him—and then I am quite sure he loves me, and that is more than enough."

"But, Katrine—"

She kissed me, to stop the words upon my lips.

"But you know quite well, dear, that I never could love any lover half as much as I love you; and he knows it, too, for I told him so just now, and now please don't look grave, for I want to be very happy to-night, and I can't bear it."

And I also wanted her to be very happy, so I said all the loving things I could think of, and when we went in to supper we found Ulrich Finazzar waiting for us.

"Dear Johanna," he said, taking me by both hands, "you are to be my sister now."

And then he kissed me on the forehead. The words were few; but he had never spoken to me or looked at me so kindly before, and somehow my heart seemed to come into my throat, and I could not answer a word.

It was now the early summer-time, and they were to be married in the autumn. Ulrich, meanwhile, had his hands full of work, as usual, and there was, besides, one important task which he wanted to complete before his wedding. This task was a Christ, larger than life, which he designed as a gift to our parish church, then undergoing complete restoration. The committee of management had invited him, in the first instance, to undertake the work as an order, but Ulrich would not accept a price for it. He preferred to give it as a free-will offering, and he meant it to be the best piece of wood-sculpture that had ever yet left his hand. He had made innumerable designs for it, both in clay and on paper, and separate studies from life for the limbs, hands, and feet. In short, it was to be no ordinary piece of mere conventional Grödnertal work, but a work of art in the true sense of the word. In the mean while, he allowed no one to see the figure in progress—not even Katrine; but worked upon it with closed doors, and kept it covered with a linen cloth whenever his workshop was open.

So the summer-time wore on, and the roses bloomed abundantly in our little garden, the corn yellowed slowly on the hill-sides, and the wild white strawberry-blossoms turned to tiny strawberries, ruby-red, on every mossy bank among the fir-forests of the Seisser Alp. And still Ulrich labored on at his great work, and sculptured many a gracious saint besides; and still the one object of all his earthly worship was our little laugh-

ing Katrine. Whether it was that, being so grave himself, and she so gay, he loved her the better for the contrast, I cannot tell; but his affection for her seemed to deepen daily. I watched it as one might watch the growth of some rare flower, and I wondered sometimes if she prized it as she ought. Yet I scarcely know how, child that she was, she should ever have risen to the heights or sounded the depths of such a nature as his. That she could not appreciate him, however, would have mattered little, if she had loved him more. There was the pity of it. She had accepted him, as many a very young girl accepts her first lover, simply because he was her first. She was proud of his genius—proud of his preference, proud of the house, and the lands, and the worldly goods that were soon to be hers; but for that far greater wealth of love, she held it all too lightly. Seeing this, day after day, with the knowledge that nothing I could say would make things better, I felt, without being conscious of it, into a sad and silent way, that arose solely out of my deep love for them both, and had no root of selfishness in it, as my own heart told me then, and tells me to this day.

In the midst of this time, so full of happiness for Ulrich, so full of anxiety for me, Alois Finazzar came home suddenly. We had been expecting him in a vague way ever since the spring, but the surprise, when he walked in unannounced, was as great as if we had not expected him at all. He kissed us all on both cheeks, and sat down as if he had not been away for a day.

"What a rich fellow I am!" he said, joyously. "I left only a grave elder brother behind when I went to Venice, and I come back finding two dear little sisters to welcome me home again."

And then he told us that he had just taken the gold medal at the Academy, that he had sold his prize picture for two hundred florins, and that he had a pocketful of presents for us all—a necklace for Katrine, a spectacle-case for our mother, and a housewife for myself. When he put the necklace round my darling's neck he kissed her again, and praised her eyes, and said he should some day put his pretty little sister into one of his pictures.

He was greatly changed. He went away a curly-headed lad of eighteen, he came back a man, bearded, self-confident. Three years, at certain turning-points on the road of life, work with us more powerfully, whether for better or worse, than would ten years at any other period. I thought I liked Alois Finazzar better when he was those three years younger.

Not so Katrine, however—not so our mother—not so the St. Ulrich folk, all of whom were loud in his praise. Handsome, successful, gay, generous, he treated the men, laughed with the girls, and carried all before him.

As for Ulrich, he put his work aside, and cleared his brow, and made holiday for two whole days, going round with his brother from house to house, and telling every one how Alois had taken the great gold medal in Venice. Proud and happy as he was, however, he was prouder and happier still when, some three or four days later, at a meeting of the church committee of management, the commune formally invited Alois to paint an altar-piece for the altar of Sant' Marco at the price of three hundred florins.

That evening Ulrich invited us to supper, and we drank Alois's health in a bottle of good Barbera wine. He was to stay at home now, instead of going back to Venice, and he was to have the large room at the back of Ulrich's workshop for a studio.

"I'll bring your patron saint into my picture if you will sit for her portrait, Katrine," said Alois, laughingly.

And Katrine blushed and said, "Yes;" and Ulrich was delighted, and Alois pulled out his pocket-book, and began sketching her head on the spot.

"Only you must try to think of serious things, and not laugh when you are sitting for a saint, my little mädchen," said Ulrich, tenderly; whereupon Katrine blushed still more deeply, and Alois, without looking up from his drawing, promised that they would both be as grave as judges whenever the sittings were going on.

And now there began for me a period of such misery that even at this distance of time I can scarcely bear to speak or think of it. There, day after day, was Alois painting in his new studio, and Katrine sitting to him for Catarina, while Ulrich, unselfish, faithful, trustful, worked on in the next room, absorbed in his art, and not only unconscious of treachery, but incapable of conceiving it as a possibility. How I tried to watch over her, and would fain have watched over her still more closely if I could, is known to myself alone. My object was to be with her throughout all those fatal sittings; Alois's object was to make the appointments for hours when my household duties compelled me to remain at home. He soon found out that my eyes were opened. From that moment it was a silent unacknowledged fight between us, and we were always fighting it.

And now, as his work drew nearer to

completion, Ulrich seemed every day to live less for the people and things about him, and more for his art. Always somewhat over-silent and reserved, he now seemed scarcely conscious at times even of the presence of others. He spoke and moved as in a dream; went to early mass every morning at four; fasted three days out of seven; and, having wrought himself up to a certain pitch of religious and artistic excitement, lived in a world of his own creation, from which even Katrine was for the time excluded. Things being thus, what could I do but hold my peace? To speak to Ulrich would have been impossible at any time; to speak to my darling (she being, perhaps, wholly unconscious) might be to create the very peril I dreaded; to appeal to Alois, I felt beforehand, would be worse than useless. So I kept my trouble to myself, and prayed that the weeks might pass quickly, and bring their wedding-day.

Now, just about this time of which I am telling (that is, toward the middle of August) came round the great annual *fête*, or *Sagro*, as we call it, at Botzen; and to this *fête* Katrine and I had for some years been in the habit of going, walking to Atzwary the first day by way of Castelruth, sleeping near Atzwary in the house of our aunt, Maria Bernhard, whose husband kept the gasthaus called the Schwarzen Adler, taking the railway next morning from Atzwary to Botzen, and there spending the day of the *Sagro*, and returning in the same order as we came. This year, however, having the dread of Alois before my eyes, and knowing that Ulrich would not leave his work, I set my face against the Botzen expedition, and begged my little sister, since she could not have the protection of her betrothed husband, to give it up. And so I think she would have done at first, but that Alois was resolute to have us go, and at last even Ulrich urged it upon us, saying he would not have his little mädchen balked of her festa simply because he was too busy to take her there himself. Would not Johanna be there to take care of her, Alois to take care of them both? So my protest was silenced, and we went.

It is a long day's walk from St. Ulrich to Atzwary, and we did not reach our aunt's house till nearly supper-time, so that it was quite late before we went up to our room. And now, my darling, after being in wild spirits all day, became suddenly silent, and instead of going to bed, stayed by the window, looking at the moon.

"What is my birdie thinking of?" I said, putting my arm about her waist.

"I am thinking," she said, softly, "how the moon is shining now at St.

Ulrich, on our mother's bedroom window, and on our father's grave."

And with this she laid her head down upon my shoulder, and cried as if her heart would break.

I have reproached myself since for letting that moment pass as I did. I believe I might have had her confidence if I had tried, and then what a world of sorrow might have been averted from us all!

We reached Botzen next morning in time for the six o'clock mass, and went to high mass again at nine, and strolled among the booths between the services. Here Alois, as usual, was very free with his money, buying ribbons and trinkets for Katrine, and behaving in every way as if he, and not Ulrich, were her acknowledged lover. At eleven, having met some of our St. Ulrich neighbors, we made a party, and dined all together; and after dinner the young men proposed to take us to see an exhibition of ropedancers and tumblers. Now, I knew that Ulrich would not approve of this, and I entreated my darling for his sake, if not for mine, to stay away. But she would not listen to me.

"Ulrich, Ulrich!" she repeated, pettishly. "Don't tease me about Ulrich; I am tired of his very name!"

The next moment she had taken Alois's arm, and we were in the midst of the crowd.

Finding she would go, I, of course, went also, though sorely against my inclination; and one of our St. Ulrich friends gave me his arm, and got me through. The crowd, however, was so great, that I lost sight somehow of Alois and Katrine, and found myself landed presently inside the booth, and sitting on a front seat next to the orchestra, alone with the St. Ulrich people. We kept seats for them as long as we could, and stood upon the bench to look for them, till at last the curtain rose, and we had to sit down without them.

I saw nothing of the performance. To this day I have no idea how long it lasted, or what it consisted of. I remember nothing but the anxiety with which I kept looking toward the door, and the deadly sinking at my heart as the minutes dragged by. To go in search of them was impossible, for the entrance was choked, and there was no standing-room in any part of the booth; so that even when the curtain fell we were fully another ten minutes getting out.

You have guessed it, perhaps, before I tell you. They were not in the market-place; they were not at the gasthaus; they were not in the cathedral.

"The tall young man in a gray-and-

green coat, and the pretty girl with a white rose in her hair?" said a bystander. "Tush, my dear, don't be uneasy. They are gone home; I saw them running toward the station more than half an hour ago."

So we flew to the station, and there one of the porters, who was an Atzway man, and knew us both, confirmed the dreadful truth. They were gone indeed, but they were not gone home. Just in time to catch the express, they had taken their tickets through to Venice, and were at this moment speeding southward.

How I got home—not stopping at all at Atzway, but going straight away on foot in the broiling afternoon sun—never resting till I reached Castelruth, a little after dusk—lying down outside my bed, and sobbing all the night, getting up at the first glimmer of gray dawn, and going on again before the sun was up—how I did all this, faint for want of food, yet unable to eat; weary for want of rest, yet unable to sleep—I know not. Yet I did it, and was home again at St. Ulrich, kneeling beside our mother's chair, and comforting her as best I could, by seven.

"How is Ulrich to be told?"

It was her first question. It was the question I had been asking myself all the way home. I knew well, however, that I must be the one to break it to him. It was a terrible task, and I put it from me as long as possible. When, at last, I did go, it was past mid-day. The workshop door was open—the Christ, just showing a vague outline through the folds, was covered with a sheet, and standing up against the wall—and Ulrich was working on the drapery of a St. Francis, the splinters from which were flying off rapidly in every direction. Seeing me on the threshold, he looked up, and smiled.

"So soon back, liebe Johanna?" he said. "We did not expect you till evening."

Then, finding I made no answer, he paused in his work, and said quickly:

"What is the matter? Is she ill?"

I shook my head. "No," I said, "she is not ill."

"Where is she, then?"

"She is not ill," I said, again, "but—she is not here."

And then I told him. He heard me out in dead silence, never moving so much as a finger, only growing whiter as I went on. Then, when I had done, he went over to the window, and remained standing with his back toward me for some minutes.

"And you?" he said, presently, still without turning his head. "And you—

through all these weeks—you never saw or suspected any thing?"

"I feared—I was not sure—"

He turned upon me with a terrible pale anger in his face.

"You feared—you were not sure!" he said, slowly. "That is to say, you saw it going on, and let it go on, and would not put out your hand to save us all! False! false! false!—all false together—false love, false brother, false friend!"

"You are not just to me, Ulrich," I said; for to be called false by him was more than I could bear.

"Am I not just? Then I pray that God will be more just to you, and to them, than I can ever be; and that His justice may be the justice of vengeance—swift, and terrible, and without mercy."

And saying this, he laid his hand on the veiled Christ, and cursed us all three with a terrible, passionate curse, like the curse of a prophet of old.

For one moment my heart stood still, and I felt as if there were nothing left for me but to die; but it was only for that one moment; for I knew, even before he had done speaking, that no words of his could harm either my poor little erring Katrine or myself. And then, having said so as gently as I could, I formally forgave him in her name and mine, and went away.

That night Ulrich Finazzar shut up his house and disappeared, no one knew whither. When I questioned the old woman who lived with him as servant, she said that he had paid and dismissed her a little before dusk; that she then thought he was looking very ill, and that she had observed how, instead of being, as usual, hard at work all day in the workshop, he had fetched his gun out of the kitchen about two o'clock, and carried it up to his bedroom, where, she believed, he had spent nearly all the afternoon cleaning it. This was all she had to tell; but it was more than enough to add to the burden of my terrors.

Oh, the weary, weary time that followed—the long, sad, solitary days—the days that became weeks—the weeks that became months—the autumn that chilled and paled, as it wore on toward winter—the changing woods—the withering leaves—the snow that whitened daily on the great peaks round about! Thus September and October passed away, and the last of the harvest was gathered in, and November came with bitter winds and rain; and, save a few hurried lines from Katrine, posted in Perugia, I knew nothing of the fate of all whom I had loved and lost.

"We were married," she wrote, "in

Venice, and Alois talks of spending the winter in Rome. I should be perfectly happy if I knew that you and Ulrich had forgiven us."

This was all. She gave me no address; but I wrote to her at the *Posto Restante*, Perugia, and again to the *Posto Restante*, Rome; both of which letters, I presume, lay unclaimed till destroyed by the authorities, for she never applied to either.

And now the winter came on in earnest, as winter always comes in our high valleys, and Christmas-time drew round again; and, on the eve of St. Thomas, Ulrich Finazzar returned to his house as suddenly and silently as he had left it.

Next-door neighbors as we were, we should not have known of his return but for the trampled snow upon the path, and the smoke going up from the workshop chimney. No other sign of life or occupation was to be seen. The shutters remained unopened. The doors, both front and back, remained fast locked. If any neighbor knocked, he was left to knock unanswered. Even the old woman, who used to be his servant, was turned away by a stern voice from within, bidding her begone and leave him at peace.

That he was at work was certain; for we could hear him in the workshop by night as well as by day. But he could work there as in a tomb, for the room was lighted by a window in the roof.

Thus St. Thomas's day, and the next day, which was the fourth Sunday in Advent, went by, and still he, who had ever been so constant at mass, showed no sign of coming out among us. On Monday our good curé walked down, all through the fresh snow (for there had been a heavy fall in the night), on purpose to ask if we were sure that Ulrich was really in his house; if we had yet seen him; and if we knew what he did for food, being shut in there quite alone; but to these questions we could give no satisfactory reply.

That day, when we had dined, I put some bread and meat in a basket, and left it at his door; but it lay there untouched all through the day and night, and in the morning I fetched it back again, with the food still in it.

This was the fourth day since his return. It was very dreadful—I cannot tell you how dreadful—to know that he was so near, yet never even to see his shadow on a blind. As the day wore on my suspense became intolerable. To-night, I told myself would be Christmas-Eve, to-morrow Christmas-Day. Was it possible that he would let both anniversaries go by thus? Was it possible that

his heart would not soften if he remembered our happy Christmas of only last year, when he and Katrine were not yet betrothed; how he supped with us, and how we all roasted nuts upon the hearth, and sang part-songs after supper? Then, again, it seemed incredible that he should not go to church on Christmas-Day.

Thus the day went by, and the evening dusk came on, and the village choir came round singing carols from house to house, and still he made no sign.

Now what with the suspense of knowing him to be so near, and the thought of my little Katrine far away in Rome, and the remembrance of how he—he whom I had honored and admired above all the world my whole life long—had called down curses on us both the very last time that he and I stood face to face—what with all this, I say, and what with the season and its associations, I had such a great restlessness and anguish upon me, that I sat up trying to read my Bible long after mother had gone to bed. But my thoughts wandered continually from the text, and at last the restlessness so gained upon me, that I could sit still no longer, and so got up and walked about the room.

And now suddenly, while I was pacing to and fro, I heard, or fancied I heard, a voice in the garden calling to me by name. I stopped—I listened—I trembled. My very heart stood still! Then, hearing no more, I opened the window and outer shutters, and instantly there rushed in a torrent of icy cold air, and a flood of brilliant moonlight, and there, on the shining snow below, stood Ulrich Finazzer.

Himself, and yet so changed! Worn, haggard, gray.

I saw him, I tell you, as plainly as I see my own hand at this moment. He was standing close, quite close, under the window, with the moonlight full upon him.

"Ulrich!" I said, and my own voice sounded strange to me, somehow, in the dead waste and silence of the night—"Ulrich, are you come to tell me we are friends again?"

But instead of answering me he pointed to a mark on his forehead—a small dark mark, that looked at this distance and by this light like a bruise—cried aloud with a strange wild cry, less like a human voice than a far-off echo. "The brand of Cain! The brand of Cain!" and so flung up his arms with a despairing gesture, and fled away into the night.

The rest of my story may be told in a few words—the fewer the better. Inseparable with the desire of vengeance, Ul-

rich Finazzer had tracked the fugitives from place to place, and slain his brother at mid-day in the streets of Rome. He escaped unmolested, and was well-nigh over the Austrian border before the authorities even began to inquire into the particulars of the murder. He then, as was proved by a comparison of dates, must have come straight home by way of Mantua, Verona, and Botzen, with no other object apparently, than to finish the statue that he had designed for an offering to the church. He worked upon it, accordingly, as I have said, for four days and nights incessantly, completed it to the last degree of finish, and then, being in who can tell how terrible a condition of remorse and horror, and despair, sought to expiate his crime with his blood. They found him shot through the head by his own hand, lying quite dead at the feet of the statue upon which he had been working, probably, up to the last moment, his tools lying close by, the pistol still fast in his clinched hand, and the divine, pitying face of the Redeemer, whose law he had outraged, bending over him as if in sorrow and forgiveness.

Did I indeed see Ulrich Finazzer that night of his self-murder? If I did so with my bodily eyes, and it was no illusion of the senses, then most surely I saw him not in life, for that dark mark which looked to me in the moonlight like a bruise was the bullet-hole in his brow.

But did I see him? It is a question I ask myself again and again, and have asked myself for years. Ah! who can answer it?

The buzz of comment which followed Sister Johanna's story had scarcely subsided, and Mr. Croffut had not had time to thank her in the name of the company, when a queer-looking man, with a wandering eye, and a strangely restless manner, started forward and addressed the president abruptly:

"Sir," he said, "I should like to tell you and this honorable company about Nettlefold."

"Nobody wants to stop you, stranger," returned Mr. Croffut. "You can begin as soon as you like, and go right on till you've got through with it."

"About Nettlefold," continued the stranger, taking no notice of Mr. Croffut, "Nettlefold and that clock. I am English, as you will doubtless perceive. It occurred in England. This was how it happened."

And, without further preface, he plunged into the following strange story of—

THE QUEER CLOCK.

THERE are some people who seem to thrust their friendship peremptorily upon one, much as a conjurer, in furtherance of his impostures, forces the receipt of a particular card. There is no escape; persistence triumphs, unless one adopts a course of opposition of an unusually obstinate kind. Thus Augustus Nettlefold called himself my friend, and assumed an intimate air in relation to me quite in spite of myself. I had little liking for him; I had no respect for him; we had few sympathies in common; no real bond of union existed between us; still, there he was—my friend.

He claimed to have known me for very many years; and this was true enough: our acquaintance dated, in fact, from a remote period when I had been his school-fellow. But what of that? I had forgotten all about Augustus Nettlefold. I had completely lost sight of him for a very long while; and I could never call to mind that, even at school, I had cared particularly about him. No doubt I had, at that time, certain special cronies and comrades. But I don't think that intimate relations of this nature had ever subsisted between Nettlefold and myself. I had some dim memory of a lean, freckled, light-haired boy, usually wearing a frill round his neck, and intemperately fond of jam-puffs. Could that have been Nettlefold? or had I confounded him with some other boy? I couldn't be sure. And perhaps it didn't much matter.

But we have really need of a statute of limitations in regard to friendship. Claims of that kind, if not fully sustained by proof of periodical recognition and mutual agreement, should be barred by lapse of time. The intimacies of school-boy life cannot be supposed to last forever. When a florid, middle-aged man—bald, except as to a few weak locks of hair scantily streaking his cranium, with oily auburn whiskers and a protuberant white waistcoat—inquired of me one day whether I had not been, in my youth, a pupil at Doctor Rodwell's academy, at Turnham Green, and forthwith proclaimed himself my old school-fellow, Augustus Nettlefold, I own that I did not feel very cordially moved toward him, or greatly interested in the recollections he labored to revive. I frankly stated, indeed, that I did not recognize him. "I should have known you anywhere," he said; "you're not in the least altered. You're thin, you see,"

he was much. always change bald; ference you ag past so no frie hood! we hav I di question thized sentime desire immatu ness of conside that th are unh of my exertio was we ure in t ground pressive more r think, viewed contem enjym that ha headem Nettlef think I prise hi Of m I posse the per were, b quiet a and sav small bu to be r ionable to a pa I haster of a p however my labo eral fan credit v very lin ing wit not mor haps, th very de distinct little m sults of subject, ing with the pro ing. M and val

he went on, "and thin men don't alter much. No, you're just the same as you always were. For me, I know I'm changed. I've grown stout and rather bald; and, of course, that makes a difference. I'm uncommonly glad to see you again, old fellow; it brings back the past so pleasantly to me. Ah! there are no friends like the friends of one's boyhood! Happy boyhood! Why can't we have it all over again?"

I did not feel equal to answering this question. For my own part, I sympathized but indifferently with Nettlefold's sentiments, and experienced no particular desire for the recurrence of my days of immaturity. To my thinking, the happiness of boyhood has been on all sides very considerably over-estimated. I take it that there are unhappy boys just as there are unhappy men. I know that great part of my own youth was a state of extreme exertion and misery to me. My health was weakly. I was unable to find pleasure in the rougher practices of the playground. I was subjected to rather oppressive treatment at the hands of my more robust school-mates; and I was, I think, undervalued and inconsiderately viewed by my preceptors. I could not contemplate, therefore, with any special enjoyment, the period of my existence that had been passed at Doctor Rodwell's academy, in company with Augustus Nettlefold, as he alleged. I did not think it worth while, however, to apprise him of my opinions in this regard.

Of myself I desire to say little further. I possessed a modest fortune, and, up to the period of my being resuscitated, as it were, by Nettlefold, I had led a life of quiet and seclusion. I was unmarried, and saw little of society. I inhabited a small but comfortable house—it happened to be my own freehold—in an unfashionable suburb of London. I was devoted to a particular branch of literary study. I hasten to add that this was in no sense of a popular kind, or one that would, however sedulously I might prosecute my labors, entitle me to any kind of general fame or public recognition. Some credit I might earn from a select and very limited class of students, sympathizing with the nature of my inquiries, but not more than that. I should state, perhaps, that my toils had not attained any very definitive issue, or acquired much distinctness of form. I had really done little more than test and digest the results of previous dealings with the same subject, and amass materials for proceeding with it further and conclusively when the proper time should arrive for so doing. Meanwhile, I had collected a large and valuable library of books.

Nettlefold was a city man; but, that said, I have no clear information as to the precise nature of his occupation. He rented an office near the Bank of England, and employed a clerk or two; was versed in the mysteries of the money-market, skilled in the slang of 'Change, and appeared to be much interested in financial operations, and especially those of a speculative character. He had nothing about him, as I perceived, of the old-fashioned, plodding, City merchant. He dressed gayly, seemed to have abundant leisure, conducted his calling, whatever it may have been, after a curiously light-hearted, not to say frivolous, fashion, and comported himself altogether much more as a man of pleasure than a man of business. He appeared to me greatly to prefer the gratifications of the table to the toils of the desk. He was a great consumer of glasses of sherry at all hours, devoted much time and thought to his meals, and generally laid stress upon the attractions of good cheer. He had the appearance of rather an overfed person. His appetite was hearty, and his digestion seemed to be in a very perfect state. I know that, in these respects, I viewed him enviously. My own health was infirm, and any departure from a strict regimen was to me a serious matter.

My acquaintance with Nettlefold had been resumed in this wise: We had both attended in the character of diners at a public banquet given in honor of a certain distinguished man, with whose career I had sufficiently sympathized to quit for the occasion my secluded method of life. Nettlefold was present simply, as I believe, because he liked to dine and to advertise himself in a prominent sort of way. I chanced to sit next to him. We fell into conversation, in the course of which occurred that reference to Doctor Rodwell's establishment for young gentlemen, which I have already set forth, and we exchanged cards.

After this Nettlefold called upon me; and called again and again. I am not a rude man, and have, perhaps, little real decision or energy of character. My life has been one of contemplation rather than of action. I could not dismiss my visitor, or decline to see him; so gradually relations, such as I entirely disapproved, were established—or, as he preferred to say, reestablished—between Nettlefold and myself. His motive in thus thrusting himself upon me I have a difficulty in comprehending. I remember that he sometimes bantered me—rather coarsely, as his manner was—on the nature of the investment of my small fortune. I had old-fashioned and, perhaps, timid preferences for Government

stock over other forms of securities. He ridiculed consols, describing them as "an old woman's stocking," and hinted that he could show me how to turn my means to better account. He often recurred to this subject, but never pressed it unduly. Of himself he spoke little. I gathered, however, that he been abroad during some years of his life, and that his fortunes had fluctuated somewhat. But altogether he gave me the idea of his being now thoroughly prosperous, and his expenditure and his mode of living certainly seemed to be on a very liberal scale.

The new kind of existence into which I was forced by Nettlefold inconvenienced me gravely. I was taken from the society of my beloved books; my cherished studies were interrupted. I feel that I ought to have resisted the blandishments of my "newly-found old friend," as he described himself. What to me were his perpetual "sherries," his profuse turtle-soup luncheons, his elaborate "little dinners?" They only made me ill. Even his choice cigars that he forced me to smoke—my recourse to tobacco having hitherto been of a very limited and occasional kind—did but disturb my nervous system. It was plain that his method of life was very ill-suited to me; and I found no real pleasure in the man's company. After all he was nothing to me, except that he persistently asserted himself to be "my friend." How could I possibly interest myself in his commercial pursuits and City talk? In one point only was I successful in opposing this inopportune man. "Call me Gus," he would sometimes say; "you always used to at old Rodwell's." But call him Gus I could not, and would not; it was as much as I could do to address him plainly as Nettlefold. On his part no such scruples existed. He called me by my Christian name. He even abbreviated this to "Alf." He said that I had always been "Alf" to him at Rodwell's. I felt that this wasn't true. But I had not courage enough to say so. To the best of my recollection, no human being had ever before addressed me as "Alf;" on that subject I was prepared to make oath; still, I let Nettlefold have his way.

One day I found myself pledged to dine with Nettlefold "down the river." I had vainly sought to escape from this engagement. I was ill, nervous, shaken altogether. The weather had been exceedingly sultry; I was suffering from previous dinners with Nettlefold—to him simply every-day matters probably, but to me shameful dissipation. And my discomforts were mental, as well as of the body. I was vexed at my own feebleness

of will and instability of character; I was the victim of severe self-reproach. Still, Nettlefold would take no denial.

"You must positively come, Alf," he said; "a very quiet little party, in a snug private room. The dinner shall be of the simplest—you shall choose every dish yourself, if you like. No; I really can't spare you. This is an important occasion; in fact, a crisis in my fate has arrived—I'm going to be married! The guests are to be my intended bride, her father and mother, and an intimate friend of her family, that's all. With you and myself we shall be six in number. Now, you know, you can't refuse me—you can't, at such a time, desert the friend of your boyhood. Say you'll come. Indeed, I won't listen to a refusal. You must come."

Again I let Nettlefold have his way. What else could I do?

It was, as I have said, most sultry weather. The "snug private room" he had spoken of proved to be a confined chamber that had been scorched all day long by the sun, and was swarming with flies. They were buzzing and clustering everywhere. The chandelier was clouded with them, and they had so congregated about the looking-glass frame as to give it quite a piebald look. They had freely settled, too, upon a French bronze clock that stood on the mantelpiece. It was a quaintly-fashioned clock, purposely tinged, here and there, after a modern fashion, with verdigris patches. A cadaverous figure of Time, very long and attenuated, and twisted of limb—I took it at first for Mephistopheles, but it was clearly meant for Time—was pointing a grisly forefinger at the dial, grinning sardonically the while. That clock caught my eye directly I entered the room; and it attracted my attention in a curious way again and again.

The window opened on to a narrow iron balcony, with all its paint shrivelled and blistered by exposure to the sun. The river was a glare of light. It was low water, and an expanse of smooth, shining, noisome mud lined the shore. The distant horizon seemed to be veiled in steam. The sun was sinking into a misty bed of angry, thunderous-looking clouds. There was not a breath of wind stirring. The heat was, indeed, almost unendurable; even reclining motionless in an easy-chair, placed between open door and open window, one grew fevered, panting, and faint. I felt as though some heavy weight were oppressing my heart, as though a cord were tightly bound round my temples, hindering the circulation of my blood, and distending all my veins in a painful degree. My voice was

weak and husky when I tried to speak; my hands were strangely tremulous. I had never before felt so completely shaken and upset. There was a floating party-colored mist before my eyes; my mind even seemed to be at fault. I experienced a difficulty in connecting my ideas, in controlling my memory and perceptions. Even now, as I look back upon it, that little dinner down the river has to me the vague, weird air of a fantastic vision.

I was introduced to Nettlefold's friends. I roused myself with an effort to take some measure of interest in his intended bride. She was richly dressed; a tall, thin, faded woman, with lustreless eyes, thin lips, and rather prominent teeth. She spoke with a drawl, and her manner struck me at once as arrogant and affected. "Alicia, my dear," said Nettlefold to her, "this is my old friend Alf, of whom you've heard me speak. —Alf, old boy, Miss Carberry." She slightly inclined her head as she surveyed me through her gold-rimmed eye-glasses. Her expression I judged to be hard, insolent, and cruel; yet I was prepared to learn, as I presently did from Nettlefold, that she was generally esteemed to be a lady of great personal attractions. She drew off her light kid gloves, and revealed her thin, fallow, rather sinewy, and claw-like hands, with many valuable rings circling her long bony fingers. Mr. Carberry—"great contractor, engaged in enormous undertakings," whispered Nettlefold—was a stout, mottle-faced, elderly man, with blank, glassy eyes, and a gingerbread-colored wig. His wife, the mother of Alicia, was a large fierce-browed woman, who did little but fan herself violently, setting all her many bracelets clinking and rattling till it almost seemed as though she were being fanned by some noisy system of machinery. The friend of the Carberry family—he was Alicia's cousin, I believe—was called Major Meggott, a gaunt, jaded-looking man, with an erect military figure, bowed "cavalry" legs, and a dyed and much-waxed mustache. He was dressed in tightly-fitting dark clothes, and moved stiffly, as though buckled and trussed up in excess even of War Office regulations. He made no complaint of the heat; it was understood that he had frequently sojourned in tropical climes. His face wore a hard, artificial smile, as though to make revelation of his white, even teeth, of which he was, perhaps, proud. They also were artificial.

We sat at a circular table. Nettlefold had his future wife and mother-in-law on either side of him. I was placed between Mrs. Carberry and her husband. The

major sat next his cousin, and frequently interchanged talk with her, I noticed, in a subdued tone; otherwise we were but a silent party. A curious air of restraint and embarrassment seemed to oppress us. The dinner was of the most profuse and luxurious description; the courses seemed interminable, and the supply of wine of all kinds was excessive. Glasses were filled and emptied incessantly; yet no elation came to the party, but rather more and more of stupefaction and depression.

We were desperately dull; a kind of lethargy succeeded to our superabundant meal. We were gorged, in fact, with Nettlefold's little dinner. Some few attempts he made to animate us, by forced clamorousness of speech and laughter; but these proved futile. We sat for the most part mute and sleepy, twiddling our wine-glasses, or trifling with a superb desert. My sufferings, I know, were acute.

The heat was still intense; the day had departed, but the night was close, sultry, and storm-laden. Not to add to the almost stifling temperature of the room, the lights of the chandelier were kept as low as possible. Now and then the murky sky without was quivering and aflame with lightning, which seemed to flash a white glare upon the faces round the table, and reduce the gas-lights above us to a dull, yellow hue. And now the thunder, that had long been rumbling and muttering fiercely in the distance, drew nearer to us. Presently it was rolling, and roaring, and crackling with the utmost violence close at hand.

"Shut the windows, for God's sake!" cried some one. All looked pale, I thought; but it might have been only the white flashing of the lightning in our faces.

Nettlefold ordered some more wine. "We must have something to cheer us," he said, with a hollow laugh. Wine was with him a panacea for all maladies; a remedy to be resorted to on every occasion.

"It's really the devil of a storm, you know," remarked the major. He added, however, that he had experienced many worse in the tropics. "Don't be frightened," he said, to Alicia; but she was frightened. Old Mr. Carberry helped himself to pineapple; Mrs. Carberry fanned herself violently, but less regularly than before. It was as though the machinery which kept her fan in motion wanted oiling, or had got somehow out of gear.

A waiter, pursuant to Nettlefold's bidding, filled us up glasses of sparkling red burgundy. The dark-hued wine, with its creaming head of light purple, had a clogged, drugged, redundantly rich

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flavor. It was very potent liquor. We seemed to be drinking foaming laudanum. The man was particularly careful to fill our glasses to the brim.

This was not the waiter who had previously attended upon us. I was struck by a certain strangeness in this new man's aspect. He was tall and painfully thin, with long, grim, attenuated features, his pale face wearing an acrid, sardonic expression. He was very bald, save that on his brow there grew a solitary lock of dark twisted hair, the shape of an inverted comma. I felt sure that he and I had met before. Suddenly it occurred to me that he bore a startling resemblance to the grisly Mephistophelean figure of Time, pointing to the dial of the green bronze French clock on the mantel-piece.

The wind had now risen, and an angry gust flung the windows wide open. The lightning appeared to play about the room, and especially to be attracted to the bronze clock. It was lit up again and again, as though it had been smeared with phosphorus; there was, moreover, a prevalent odor of sulphur in the atmosphere that overcame all the fumes of the dinner and the wine. The air was dense and heavy, as though loaded with the vapors of some narcotic drug.

Then came a deafening peal of thunder. The house seemed to be shaken to its foundations. This was followed by an awful silence; even Mrs. Carberry's fan was still. We were all in truth too scared to speak. The wind had gone down for the moment; no sound was audible, save only the ticking of the French clock. During the hum of dinner this could not have been heard; now it was—distinctly, almost noisily. Suddenly all was still; the clock, after a kind of gasp and, so to speak, a death-rattle in its throat, had stopped.

The strange waiter reentered very quietly, and proceeded to set the clock going again. He wound it up very deliberately; it seemed quite a long process. We sat motionless and dumb, watching him the while.

The waiter quitted the room. What had he done to the clock? Something strange. Its tick had quickened marvelously, and the hands were whizzing round the dial with scarcely conceivable rapidity. Faster and faster they whirled round, until they were now almost imperceptible. A faint blur could be discerned upon the white face of the clock, but nothing more. Time was flying, indeed, at express speed! Hours, days, months, years, were hurrying away at a frightful pace!

Still we sat silent; no one moved.

I glanced round the room. Immediately I perceived that an extraordinary change was coming over my fellow-guests. Time was telling upon them most strangely and rapidly; so rapidly that his work could no longer be described as gradual. If for a minute I chanced to avert my eyes from one of them, during that brief interval the work of years had been wrought. Even as I looked at them, I could plainly note the process of change surely going on. I could see them grow old—old—very old, indeed! I could watch and note each step of natural decay; I was only disturbed by the rapidity of the operation. Color fled, hair was stripped off, light wrinkles deepened into furrows, faces fell in, forms withered and bent, eyes dimmed and faded, and expired like burnt-out candles; dotage and senility and decrepitude did not creep, but fell suddenly, as it were, upon all. It was horrible, it was appalling, this extraordinary spectacle of certain and swift decay! I was trembling all over; my brain seemed on fire. Still, though my trepidation was extreme, and scarcely to be borne, in the midst of this frightful scene I felt that I preserved consciousness. I was perfectly sane; my recollection of that strange scene, even to minute points, is still vivid.

I turned to look at Nettlefold; he was a wizened, bent wreck of a man, with only a mere flicker of intelligence left upon his face. Presently it was clear to me that he was hopelessly insane. The change that had occurred in him during the long period that had elapsed between my quitting him at school and meeting him again a middle-aged man was nothing to this, though it had been effected in some few minutes only.

Still the hands of the clock were whirling round and round, and time went flying on. The grim bronze figure was pointing to the dial, as though boasting of his handiwork, and grinning defiance at our discomfiture and decline. The storm raged on without, the lightning flashed furiously, and the wind was roaring and dashing hail and rain into the room. Nettlefold, I fancy, said or tried to say something, I know not what; I saw his jaws work spasmodically, but he mumbled from loss of teeth, or my sense of hearing was lost to me. For I grew old with the rest; I felt my head droop until my chin rested on my chest; my limbs were shrunk and enfeebled, and ached with age, and I could see that my hands were as the hands of a very old man—thin, tremulous, nerveless, and swollen at the joints. As to the other guests—but indeed I cannot continue. It was horrible!

I was in a strange bed, in a strange room; the windows were barred, and I could discern snow upon the house-tops without. A strap bound me to my couch. Ice was being applied to my forehead; my hair had been cut quite close; shaved off, indeed.

"What has happened? Where am I?"

I was told afterward that these were the first intelligible words I had spoken for many months.

"You're all safe—in St. Thomas's Hospital."

"What's been the matter?"

"Well, we'll call it brain-fever. But you'll do now."

I was forbidden to ask any more questions. It was some time before I could find any who would reply to me, or give me information I much desired upon certain points.

"Nettlefold?" I was able to inquire at length of one who consented to supply me with intelligence of a concise kind, provided that I promised not to excite myself. "Nettlefold?"

"In Newgate, charged under the Fraudulent Trustee Act."

"Carberry?"

"Bankrupt—absconded."

"Alicia?"

"Eloped with her cousin. You've nothing more to ask?"

I had not. My mind was in an incoherent and shattered state.

"A drink of water, please."

"Here it is; now try and go to sleep, and don't bother yourself with thinking—there's a good fellow—and you'll soon get well; that is, as well as you've ever been."

I don't know sometimes whether I have ever got well or not.

UTTERING these last words in a dazed manner, and with a nervous hand playing idly about his chin, the speaker turned quickly round and disappeared in the darkness, leaving his hearers convinced that they at least had very clear notions as to his chances of ultimate recovery, whatever his own doubts on the subject might be. Indeed, Mr. Croftut seemed to express the general sentiment when he gave it as his opinion that two, or at the most three, more drinks of Bourbon whiskey would be more than enough to bring on a recurrence of the singular symptoms experienced by the stranger at Nettlefold's dinner.

"And," continued the president, "as we shall want somethin' pleasant after that, I shall ask another lady to volunteer for next turn."

"I heard a pretty little story in a strange old Flemish inn where I stayed last year," said the lady to whom he turned as he spoke. This was a self-possessed young American, who, with her mother, had just returned from Europe in time to lose every thing in the great fire, and who seemed to think there was nothing very remarkable or out of the way in her present strange surroundings, and who began, with as much calmness as if she had been still sitting in the Sherman House drawing-room, this story:

A WILL O' THE WISP.

"Rise, ding! tinkle, tinkle, ting!" rang the chimes in the cathedral tower, beginning to play their airy tune in the clouds, as a bewitched old lady came into the town of Dindans one evening, following a will o' the wisp.

Dindans is a dreamy old Flemish town with canals full of yellow-green water, and brown boats with little scarlet flags; with strange old beetle-browed houses overshadowing the streets; with a market-place and fountain; a multitude of pointed gables; a cathedral covered with saints and angels; little children in muslin caps, and bells that make delicate music aloft in the air. A real traveller stopping at Dindans is a rare apparition, and people came out of their houses that evening to gaze at the little old Englishwoman who trotted behind the truck which jolted her luggage along the pavement.

When the tired little woman stopped before the wide entrance of the queer old inn, La Grue, there was no one about, and she walked into the sanded hall and glanced through the opening at the other end down the long, ancient court-yard, with its vines and gallery, and rows of little windows, and on to where apple-trees and scarlet geraniums were blushing through the sunlight from the garden. A curious stone staircase wound out of the hall, and there were doors on each side of her. She hesitated, and glanced all round the unpeopled interior, until the sound of a voice came out of the nearest door.

"With her hands on her knees, and the knitting lying in her lap," said the shrewish voice of a woman in clumsy Flemish French, "though I told her yesterday that the stocking must be done immediately."

"Thou hearest," said a man's voice, "thou must be more industrious."

"And with a look on her face that would sour the wine," continued the woman; "enough to make people think one was unkind to her."

"Thou must be more cheerful," grumbled the man.

"And see! There are travellers at our door, and here she is gossiping, so that we do not even perceive them!"

A door, which had been ajar, was quickly opened, and a young girl came out with a pale face, and eyes heavily encircled with the redness of suppressed tears. The young figure looked so much more refined than any thing one could have expected in the place, that the traveller forgot her own business in the surprise. At the same moment a waiter came running to take the luggage, a little man with a keen and perturbed face, and something like a hump on his shoulders. This was the oldest inn in Dindans, explained the girl. There were not many chambers ready, for travellers did not often stop to pass a night in the town. There was a suite of small rooms running round the court-yard, but they were at present used as fruit-lofts or lumber-closets. Over the archway into the garden was a little apartment, like a glass case, which was occupied by a gentleman who had been long established here, and must not be moved. But madame should have the best chamber, occupied by monsieur and his wife when nobody came. It should be made ready for the dame Anglaise at a moment's notice.

The stranger had had an intention of trying to escape, but something in the girl's manner mysteriously vanquished her. She took possession of an ancient-looking room, with heavy, dark wainscots and one window, in which the only things noticeable were two well-painted portraits on the walls. They were Monsieur and Madame van Melckeleke, explained Jacques, the waiter, painted by Monsieur Lawrence, the English artist, who lived in the little glass chamber, and studied all his evenings in the painting-room of the Cercle des Beaux Arts, up above in the tower; a very respectable club, which reflected credit on the house. Their meeting-room for social purposes was behind the *salle-à-manger*.

Madame, the stranger, got rid of her dust, and made herself at home in her chair by the window, feeling herself to be a disappointed old woman, who had been flitting about the world for years, seeking an object which it now seemed folly to think of finding.

In the pleasant court-yard the evening sunlight was gilding the peaks of the little windows, and the grapes that hung from the vines, but leaving a cool well of shadow about the old archway, through which flamed softly the illuminated garden, brilliant with scarlet and

green, and bristling with gold-tipped apple-trees. As madame looked, a man's head was thrust from one of the queer little windows in the glass chamber, an English head, brown-haired and thoughtfully intelligent. It leaned out of the golden background, glanced at a deserted ironing-table, which stood under the vines below, withdrew itself quickly, and disappeared. This was Monsieur Lawrence, no doubt.

Our little old woman had returned to her own perplexities, when the maiden who had received her again appeared at her door, a ray from the window touching the girl as she announced that madame was served. Her face shone upon the traveller out of the shadows under the doorway—a pale, delicate-featured face, with a distinct beauty of its own, which was partly owing to its subdued intensity of expression. The eyes had still that look of suffering from unshed tears; the mouth had a look of heroic patience. She hovered on the threshold, while madame fixed a sudden stare on her and made a sharp ejaculation in English.

"Madame's dinner!" said the girl; thinking that she had not been understood in French. But the stare was not removed from her face till she fell back abashed across the threshold, and closed the door.

"What is it?" cried the little Englishwoman to herself with piteous energy. "A likeness? No, not a likeness! Yes—no—yes. Certainly not! With brooding over this matter I am becoming silly!"

Madame reflected, and made up her mind that she was too hungry and tired to think to any purpose. She dined, and Jacques brought her some coffee in her chamber.

Madame could not refrain from questioning Jacques. For many long years it had been the business of her life to question. Stine was the girl's name. She was the niece of monsieur, and her fate was sad.

"Why do they treat her badly?"

"It seems to come by nature," said Jacques. "At present she is in great disgrace because she refuses to marry me; although I have declared to monsieur that I will not have her."

"But is she not good and nice?" cried madame.

"Cependant," persisted Jacques, "I will not have her. She likes me as it is; she would hate me if I pressed her to marry me. Mon Dieu! Heaven must do something better for her than that."

Our traveller was on her way to England, and had broken her journey to rest

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but a night; yet she had already become curiously interested in the inhabitants of La Grue. She decided that she would make an indefinite stay at Didans. That night she wrote some letters, and looked over papers, in her chamber. She was very much excited, and did not settle to rest until it was another day.

She was only in her first sleep when Stine got up to begin her daily work. No one in the house was awake but herself as she went into the garden, fetched vegetables, and prepared them for use, placed saucepans on the stove, and then went into the court-yard to make ready her laundry-table for an hour's ironing. As she trotted about the dewy garden and the cool, gray court-yard, she held up her head and moved lightly, delighting in the taste of fresh air, space, and peace. Her crisp, white bodice rustled with freshness, and smelt of lavender; her little apron fluttered as if enjoying itself. She went to her ironing under the vines, but had hardly plaited a frill when she remembered that she had not put the things straight in the painting-room of the club. In a minute she was busy folding up the tangled drapery that had been used in costuming a model the night before. The next morning some one came into the room, and Stine seemed all at once in a great hurry, as she said:

"Good-day, Monsieur Lawrence; you are up early;" turning away as she spoke, and making haste with her work.

"Stine, will you not put that away for a moment and speak to me?"

"I have spoken, monsieur; I have said good-day."

The young man looked half sad and half angry, as she opened the door, courtesied, and disappeared. The painter sat down, and began to work at his picture.

"This place is not good for me," he reflected; "I shall leave it as soon as possible. Elsewhere I shall have greater advantages, and be rid of heartache. Ah! why do I love her, when she does not care for me? Yet what a life I see before her in this place! Worked to death, or wedded to Jacques, or to the owner of the nearest *estaminet*. I have not much to offer her, but in time I shall succeed; we could be frugal. She need not work for two of us as they work her here."

Lawrence was alone in the world. His art was his delight, and he had left England for the purpose of studying in one of the best Continental schools. Passing through Dindans he had been attracted, first, by the quaintness of the old inn, and afterward by Stine's sad face; and here he had been content to follow his art-studies, without pushing on further to the higher point of his am-

bition. He had been able on occasions to save the girl from harsh treatment, and he recalled now her amazement at being so shielded, her gratitude so simply shown, and the frank, warm friendship that had sprung up between them. He had watched her at her daily work in the kitchen, in the court-yard, everywhere, and had made sketches of her by stealth under every aspect. Later there had come upon him dreams in which he fancied her flitting about in a home which should be her own, and also his; and one day, when she had been in trouble, he had spoken to her, and then he had found his mistake. His love had appeared to vex her, and their friendship was at an end. She was now as sad and reserved as when he had first set eyes on her. "It must be that I am quite unlovable," thought Lawrence, "since she will rather endure unkindness than share my lot."

Meanwhile, Stine was working with nimble fingers at her ironing-table; linens were folded, and muslins crimped, while now and again a few tears flashed out of her eyes like sparks of fire, and burnt her cheeks. She remembered one day when a kind face had come into the inn and something had saved her from a beating; she being then considered young enough to be so punished. She remembered how light had become her tasks after that wonderful day; how the consciousness of being protected had grown habitual to her, while the wonder swelled within her at finding herself a person to be so deeply respected. She began to think that even a life like hers might come to have a beautiful side to it, till that first dreadful night, when she had told herself it would be better if she should never see Monsieur Lawrence again. The next day had brought the trouble of her disobedience about Jacques, as well as that strange, supreme moment when Lawrence, having heard of it, had asked her to be his wife, and had been refused. Yes, and she would refuse him to-morrow again, if put to it! Flash! came a tear on the frill she was ironing, so that she was obliged to crimp one inch of it over again; and Madame Van Melckelieke came scolding into the court-yard.

The little Dame Anglaise dined at the *table d'hôte* that day. Monsieur sat at the top of his board, and his wife and step-daughter, a giggling girl with sharp features, sat beside him. After dinner, monsieur, his wife, and daughter went out to take coffee in the garden, sitting under an apple-tree, with a tiny table between them: monsieur in his white linen coat and scarlet skull-cap, the girl in a

gay muslin with flaming bows, madame in brilliant gown and enormous gold ear-rings. The ladies chatter, monsieur smokes and drinks his coffee, and Jacques comes into the garden and announces that the Dame Anglaise wishes to join their circle. She comes, she is agreeable, she gossips familiarly over their concerns, and tells them a great deal about her travels.

So agreeable did she make herself, that next afternoon the stranger was invited once more to join the circle in the garden. Never had been known so pleasant an Englishwoman.

"Monsieur and madame," said the stranger, by-and-by, "I am going to tell you a story. Yesterday I spoke of my travels and you were good enough to be amused; to-day I will try to relate to you some of the most important events of my life. I have lived under the shadow of a great trouble for many years. For sixteen years I have been following a will o' the wisp."

"A will o' the wisp!" cried all the listeners.

"It has led me from country to country, and from town to town. I arrived here, the other night, utterly disheartened, when, lo! it sprang up again; here—under this roof, as soon as I entered."

"Here!" cried the Van Melckeliekes.

Madame shifted her chair so that she sat facing monsieur, who had taken his cigar from his mouth, and sat gazing at her in amazement, with his scarlet skull-cap a little on one side, and a slight look of apprehension on his stolid countenance.

"Let madame proceed!"

The strange old lady paused before she began her tale, and a tragic look swept across her dim blue eyes.

"My friends," she said, with a quiver in her voice, "sixteen years ago, there were living in a pleasant part of England an English gentleman and his wife, who had very great wealth and a beautiful home, and, up to the time of the beginning of my story, they had scarcely known what it is to grieve. They had one child, a little girl three years old, the idol of both parents. They were fond of travelling abroad, and it happened once that they were in Paris on their way home; with them the child and three servants, including the nurse, a strange and wild-tempered woman. The lady was half afraid of this nurse, yet shrank from sending her away. The nurse was savagely fond of the child, and jealous of its mother. One day, there was a quarrel, springing from this jealousy, and that evening the woman walked out of the hotel, carrying the child in her arms, as if to give it an airing. She did not re-

ture, and the father and the mother never heard of their child again."

Monsieur had turned on his seat and looked askance at the stranger. Madame, his wife, sat with open mouth, gazing at her husband.

"Think of it, good people," went on the little old trembling lady. "I was the friend of that young mother, and I came to her in Paris in her affliction. We spent months traversing Paris, and we advertised, offering large rewards; but no tidings of woman or child were to be had. We gave up the search in Paris, and went moving from place to place, lingering so sadly, and making such frantic inquiries, that people began to point to my friend as the 'poor crazed mother who was looking for her child.' Ah, my friends, if you had seen her as I did—her eyes dim, her cheeks wasted, weeping herself to death over a toy, a tiny garment, a little shoe! Search was useless, and by the time we could prevail on her to give it up, the poor thing was so broken in heart and body, that we only brought her home to die. She died in my arms, and I promised to keep up the search so long as I lived. She had a firm belief that her child was not dead, and the horror of its growing up among bad people haunted her perpetually. Her husband lived ten years after her death, and though he never kept up such a constant search as I did, yet he could not forget that there was a chance of his lost daughter's being alive somewhere. I think his heart was broken too—more by the loss of his wife, perhaps, than by that of his child. Both parents had been rich, and, when the father died, he willed all their possessions to their child, who might yet be discovered living in ignorance of her parentage. After a certain time, if nothing has been heard of the girl or her descendants, the property will be broken up and divided in charity. Since the father's death, I have never for one moment relaxed my efforts to discover some trace of the child of my friends. I now begin to grow old, and I fear I shall not be able to keep it up much longer. I have cheered my heart many a time, telling myself that the girl would be a daughter to me in my advancing age, and would repay me with her love for all the labor I have had for her. She would now be nineteen years of age. When a child, her hair was dark; it would now be darker still. Her eyes, I think, would be gray, the color of her mother's. I have often fancied I saw a face like what I had pictured her to myself, and spent feverish days in finding out my mistake. Now you know what I meant by a will o' the wisp."

The faces of the innkeeper and his wife had changed so that they did not seem to be the same persons who had sat there half an hour ago. They now nodded their heads, while neither spoke.

"But why say that the will o' the wisp had appeared under our roof?" asked Rosalie, sharply.

The old lady trembled wildly, and looked round on the three faces. At this moment, Stine appeared, coming down the court-yard, with a fresh supply of coffee.

"My friends! my friends!" cried the little old lady, stretching out her hands to them, "I believe that there"—pointing to Stine—"comes the child I have been seeking for these many years!"

Monsieur Van Melckelieke sprang to his feet, while his wife pushed back her chair, and stared furiously at the stranger.

"Madame has lost her mind!" cried monsieur, eying the lady with terror.

"Ah, no, monsieur! Tell me that I am right, or help me to the proof of it. My child has, in some strange way, been thrown upon your charity. Some feeling of honor makes you wish to keep a secret."

"Madame is all wrong," said the man, a little mollified. "The girl is my niece. I will bring you face to face with her mother. She lives at some distance, but she shall be brought here to satisfy you."

"Bring her at once," said the old lady.

Next morning, a coarse, loud-voiced woman came into the inn, and Madame the Stranger was summoned to meet her in the garden, under the apple-tree. All the family were present at the interview—monsieur, madame, Rosalie, Stine, and Jacques.

"She is my daughter," said the coarse woman; "but I gave her up to my brother for the good of the family. Speak out, Stine, and say if I am not your mother."

"I have always known you as my mother," said Stine, shrinking from her. "Dear madame," to the Englishwoman, "give up this fancy. I am grieved to be such a trouble to you."

"Help me, good Jacques, to get back to my chamber," said the poor old lady, faintly.

That night, very late, when Stine was wearily toiling up her tower staircase, a door opened, and the English madame came out, wrapped in her shawl.

"My dear," she said, "take me up to your tower-room, to see the view from your window. It must be fine this starry night. Besides, I want to talk to you."

Stine's little room seemed situated in

a star, so high was it above the peaks of the Flemish houses away down in the town below. The cathedral tower looked over at her in ghostly magnificence. Her small lattice lay open, and the music of the chimes came floating dreamily in as they played their melody through in honor of the midnight hour. The room was cool, dark, and quiet. Madame sat down on Stine's little bed, and the cathedral clock struck twelve.

"My dear," she said, to Stine, "I am not going to afflict you with my trouble. I am used to disappointment, yet there is something in this case which is different from all my former experiences. I cannot shake off the interest I feel in you. Granted that I am a crazed old woman, still I would like to leave my mark, a good mark, upon your fate. Do not be afraid to speak freely to me, my child. They are harsh to you in this house."

"They are not very kind."

"You would wish to get out of their power, and yet not marry Jacques."

"I will not marry Jacques—Heaven bless him!"

"Yet a husband could protect you."

"They are not going to kill me; and I am able to bear my life."

The little old English madame was silent, reflected a minute, and then began again:

"I went out this evening to calm my heart in the cathedral. I found it almost deserted, and full of a solemn peace. I prayed, and became resigned. Having finished, I was resting myself, when I found the painter, Monsieur Lawrence, standing beside me. He addressed me as your friend, and we had some whispered conversation. He talked about you. He loves you. You have repulsed him. Is it possible that you are so hard!"

"Madame, I am not hard," gasped Stine, after a pause.

"I can believe it."

"Madame, before I knew Monsieur Lawrence, I had never loved any thing; now it seems as if I could love the whole world for his sake. He is to me all that one lives for, lives by. He is absolutely as my life. I speak extravagantly, madame; but remember, at least, that I did not wish to speak at all."

"Go on," urged the little lady.

"There was a time," said Stine, leaning on the sill, and gazing over clasped hands into the starry outer dimness, "a time when I never thought of checking my love, seeing nothing in it that was not beautiful and good. But I was forced to change my mind. Madame, I will tell you about it. I was sitting one evening in the court-yard at my knitting, and the

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students were supping in their club-room; the blind was down, the window open. I heard the men's voices talking, but I was not minding what they said. I was thinking of Monsieur Lawrence, of some words that he had said to me, and of the beautiful look that always came into his eyes when he saw me. He was away that day, and I always allowed myself to think of him most when he was at a distance; it seemed less bold, somehow, than when he was near. Suddenly I heard his name mentioned in the club-room, and he became the subject of conversation among the students. They spoke of his noble character, and of his genius, and some one said, 'If he only keeps out of harm's way, he has a fine career before him.' Then there was confusion of voices, and by-and-by I learned that the chief thing he had to fear was marriage with a woman as poor as himself. Then my own name was brought into the conversation, and there was more confusion, till a voice said severely, 'That, indeed, would be his total ruin.' Madame, the words came out through the window to me, and buzzed about my head like fiery gnats, and then made their way inward, and settled and burned their way down to my heart. When I came up here that night, I sat down here, and thought about it. At first I said to myself: 'It is untrue; I should help and not hinder him; I should work so hard, and privation would be nothing to me.' But soon my mind came round to see the truth. The poorest bread costs money, and a woman is often in the way. A man of genius must not be fettered. If he drudges to boil the pot, how shall he soar to his just ambition? After that, I used to go about, saying to myself, to keep up my courage: 'I will not be his ruin. I will not spoil his life.' And then, when one day he found me in trouble, and asked me to marry him, I had strength to refuse him. This is the whole of my secret, madame. I love him, and will protect him from the harm that I could do him."

"My dear," said the Englishwoman, "I believe you are indeed the stuff to make a good wife; and I warn you not to let your honorable scruples carry you out of reach of a well-earned happiness that may be yours. You and Monsieur Lawrence are young, and can wait. Meantime, you need not give the lie to your hearts. Take the word of an old woman; there is nothing so precious in this world as love, when it is wise; and especially if it has been made holy by passing through a little pain."

Next evening Stine went to the convent, a mile out of the town, to fetch

eggs and melons for the inn-housekeeping. Coming back again, along the canal under the poplars, she sat down to rest a minute, with her basket by her side. The sun had set, the brown sails in the canal had still a red tinge on their folds, and the spires and peaks of the town loomed faint and far through an atmosphere as of gold-dust. Stine's heart bounded with a painful delight, as she saw Monsieur Lawrence coming toward her, under the shadow of the poplars. She would have liked to run away, but that was not to be thought of.

She rose, however, to her feet, and he came beside her, and they stood looking at each other.

"I did not mean to frighten you," he said; "and I am not going to annoy you. I have come to bid you good-by, as I leave the town to-morrow. After all that has come and gone, Stine, you will not deny me a kind word at parting."

"It is better for you to go, Monsieur Lawrence. I hope you will succeed, wherever you are."

"I shall do pretty well, I suppose. I should have done better, I think, if your love had blessed my life. But I will not vex you about that any more. One thing I ask, that you will let that good old English lady have a care over you."

"Do not be uneasy about me. Good-by, Monsieur Lawrence. I suppose you are now going farther up the road? I am already late; I must get home."

"Hard to the last!" said Lawrence, bitterly.

The reproach was too much for Stine; it broke the ice about her heart, and the waters of desolation poured in upon her. She turned her face, white and quivering, on Monsieur Lawrence.

"I am not hard—" she began, pitifully.

"Stine!" he cried, reading her face aright, at last, and stretching out his arms to her.

"O Monsieur Lawrence!" she cried, and fell upon his breast, weeping. "I have been hard," she said, defending herself; "only because I dared not be otherwise. I have hurt myself more than you. Even now I am wrong. Do not let me ruin you."

"You have been very near ruining me," he answered; "but that is past."

When Stine came into the inn with the eggs and melons, she was scolded for being late; but Madame Van Melckelie's abusive words fell about her ears like so many rose-leaves.

That night, when Stine and the Dame Anglaise were conversing up in the tower, a tap came at the door, and Monsieur Lawrence joined the conference. The

three sat whispering together, barely able to see one another, by the light of the stars. Here it was arranged that Lawrence should go to Paris and seek his fortune, while Stine, as his betrothed, should remain at her work in the inn. They were to love and trust each other till Lawrence should find himself ready to come and take his wife. The chimes rang, the stars blinked, the old lady sat between the lovers, like the good god-mother in the fairy tale. Madame was to watch over Stine till Lawrence should come for her, while no one else in the inn was to know the secret but Jacques.

Early one morning, while the inn was asleep, Stine came into the cathedral when the doors were just open, and even the earliest worshippers were not arrived. She laid a bunch of white flowers upon the step of the altar, and then Lawrence came beside her, and they vowed their vow of betrothal, and said good-by.

After this the days went on as usual at La Grue. The painters painted in their studio, and supped in their club-room, and regretted the absent Lawrence, but yet commended him for running away from danger. The English lady had taken up her residence regularly at the inn. The landlord was hardly pleased to have her. He always eyed her suspiciously, having a fear that that craze about Stine had not been altogether banished from her mind. In this, however, he was wrong. The poor, little, wearied-out, lonely lady had given in to Fate at last, telling herself that her faithful search had been in vain, that the child she had sought must be long since dead, that she needed repose, and might venture to indulge her fancy for employing herself in a kindly care of Stine. She came and went about the inn, sitting in her little lofty chamber looking over at the chimes, exchanging civilities in the garden with monsieur and madame, wandering about the quaint old town, poking among ancient churches, or trying to talk a little Flemish to the poor. She did not dare show much sympathy for Stine, lest the powers that ruled the inn should take it in their heads to turn her out-of-doors. She had to listen to many a bitter scolding, and witness many an unkind action, and dared not interfere, lest worse might come of it. Only at night, when Stine came to the room of her little friend, did they venture on any intercourse. Then Lawrence's latest news was discussed, and his prospects talked over; and Stine went to bed as happy as though there were not a scolding tongue in the world. Harshness did not hurt her now as it used to do. She

had lost her fragile and woo-begone air; she grew plump and rosy, and her eyes began to shine. She sang over her work, and often smiled to herself with happiness, when no one was by.

The elders perceived this change, and pointed it out to Jacques.

"Thou seest," said monsieur, "she is getting quite pretty. Thou canst not be so stupid as still to refuse to marry her."

"Pretty!" cried Jacques; "I do not see it. To my thinking, the Dame Anglaise is prettier."

"At least, she would make a thrifty wife."

"Cependant," said Jacques, "she is better as a fellow-servant."

"Thou art too hard to please," said monsieur, angrily, surveying the crooked figure of the little man.

"Every man has a right to choose his wife," said Jacques; "and I mean to do better than to marry that Stine."

The innkeeper was baffled.

"Our affairs stand still," he grumbled to his wife. "The law will not allow you to marry a man against his will. I do not see what we can do."

"Wait a bit," said madame; "it is not possible that Jacques dislikes her."

"And thou—dost thou also like her?" sneered monsieur.

"But that is a different thing," declared madame; "I cannot like a creature who keeps me in fear and stands in my way."

"It is true," groaned monsieur, "she is a bright-eyed marionette, but she keeps us in deadly fear."

Whatever the fear was, it preyed upon the master of La Grue. From being merely a brutishly sulky man, he became irritable and violent; even madame, his wife, began to moderate her temper, lest, being both in a flame together, they should burn their establishment to death. He began to vow often to his wife that he would not have that Anglaise in the house a week longer; that he would have Jacques popped into the canal, and Stine shipped off to the antipodes. He would wait on his guests himself for the future; his wife should do the cooking, and let Rosalie work at the ironing and keep the books. His wife soothed him as well as she was able, but monsieur was hard to soothe, and when quiet he was timorous and moody. He left off eating much, and his flesh began to fall away.

"I feel that I shall have a fever," he complained, "and when I am raving I shall be sure to tell the story."

"Nobody shall come near you but me," said his wife; and, when his fears came to be verified, and she put him to

bed in a state of delirium, she suffered no one to help her in the task of nursing him. The little Anglaise came once on tiptoe to the chamber-door to ask how monsieur fared, but madame greeted her with a face so dark that she never cared to venture on this mission again. The crisis of the fever passed, and monsieur was restored to his senses, without having betrayed in his ravings any secret that might be rankling in his mind. The inn became more lively, and madame, the landlady, was persuaded by her daughter to take a drive out of the town for change of air. Monsieur was not able to speak much, and Jacques was allowed to sit by him till his wife returned.

"Jacques," said the sick man, faintly, "they think I am getting better, but I know I am going to die."

"No, monsieur, no," said Jacques.

"I have not long to live, my friend, and you must go for the curé and the maire. Bring them to me quickly, before my wife comes back."

"But, monsieur—"

"Go, or I shall die on the instant, and my death will be on your head."

Stine had quiet times just now, and she was in the garden leaning against a tree, with her knitting-needles clinking in her fingers. The Anglaise sat opposite to her, and they were talking of Monsieur Lawrence. While thus engaged, they saw Jacques, the curé, and the maire, coming down the court-yard. Monsieur desired to make his will and prepare for death, they said to one another; and both were shocked.

Some time afterward Jacques came running through the archway into the garden, his face and manner so excited that the women stood amazed.

"Come, madame," he said to the Anglaise, "you are wanted immediately in monsieur's chamber." The Englishwoman followed him wondering, and Stine went back to her kitchen to prepare for supper.

Half an hour passed. Stine was standing at the window straining the soup, when she saw the little Anglaise coming hurrying down the court-yard, white-faced, her head hanging as if with weakness, missing a step now and then, striking her foot against the stones of the pavement, and feeling, as if blindly, for the door as she entered the kitchen. She snatched the ladle out of Stine's hand and flung it on the floor, seized the girl by the shoulders, laughed in her face, gave a sob, and fell back swooning into the arms of Jacques; all of which meant that the will o' the wisp had turned out a veritable hearth-light at last.

"Ah, monsieur le maire, monsieur le

curé!" she cried, recovering; "let them come here and tell the story, for my head is still astray, and I want to hear it again. Come out of this place, girl! thou art not Stine, thou art Bertha, daughter of Sir Sydney Errington, and Millicent, his wife, both of broken-hearted memory, in Devonshire, in England. It is all written down. Jacques, we saw it written down. Will the gentlemen come and read it to us, or will they not?"

The curé and maire came in with solemn faces. Madame sat on a bench, and drank from a glass of water, while Jacques stood on guard by her side. Stine retreated, and leaned with her back against the wall, looking doubtfully at these people who had come to change her life. There was no mistake at all about the innkeeper's dying statement. The nurse who had stolen the child had been his first wife, from whom he had separated for a time that they might earn some money. When she came home to him with the child, he, being afraid of her, had helped her to conceal it. He was then a waiter in Paris, and they took up house together, and prospered. She assured him that her motive for stealing the child had been revenge, and that one day, after the parents had suffered enough, a large reward should be obtained for restoring her to them. With this he had been obliged to be satisfied. His wife set up business as a clear-starcher, and made money enough for the child's support and her own. She used to smudge the child's face with brown, and dress it in boy's clothing; but she died suddenly when it was five years of age. Then had monsieur thought of ridding himself of the burden, but had been frightened out of his senses by some one whom he had consulted on the subject. He became afraid for his very life at the thought of any one discovering the identity of the girl. Heaviest punishment, he feared, must be the reward of his daring to restore her to her sorrowing friends. When he came to Dindans as owner of the inn, he brought with him Stine as his niece, and a strange woman came to live in a cottage outside the town, who pretended to be his sister-in-law, and the mother of the girl. He had trained Stine to be useful, and, by marrying her to Jacques, had thought to turn her to still further account in his service. No one but his second wife, and the pretended mother, had ever shared the secret which had sat for years on this cowardly soul. Now that he was going to die, he would shuffle it off. He had always, he declared, meant to tell the truth before he died. If the Dame Anglaise had

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not arrived then, he would have left the story and its proofs with the curé of the town.

"Gentlemen," said Stine, coming out of her corner, "let us not disturb the house of death. Madame Van Melckelie returns, and these things will not please her."

The landlady's voice was here heard, and the maire and the curé disappeared very willingly, while Stine brought the Anglaise away to her chamber. The poor little lady was beside herself, and kept caressing Stine, and telling what fine things were waiting for her. "My child, my little queen!" she said, "my lady of the manor! Ah, wait, my love, till you see your English home!"

Stine was quite confounded by the news; sat silently leaning her face on her hand, and gazing at her friend.

"I do not understand it," she said. She was not willing to follow the idea of any change so complete. It seemed to break up her expectation of that striving and hopeful life with Lawrence in Paris. She did not as yet perceive how good it would be for him.

Suddenly the Anglaise gave a shriek. "Mon Dieu! child, you are plighted to a humble artist. Ah! how Fate has been cheating us! Why was I such a fool as to counsel such a step? But it is not yet too late. Monsieur Lawrence must give you up. You shall marry in your own rank—"

"Madame!" cried Stine, springing to her feet; "I know not any thing of your England, and I will have nothing to do with it. If my husband is not fit to be a nobleman there, why, we will be noble after our own fashion in our *grenier* in Paris." Then, suddenly perceiving the prosperity which her transformation would bestow upon Lawrence, she burst into a passion of delight, and knelt, laughing and sobbing, by the side of the bed.

"Forgive me, my dear," said the old lady, half terrified; "my senses are coming back to me, and I love you for that speech. Lawrence is now in London; let us set out at once, and take him by surprise."

Lawrence had finished his business in London, and was on the eve of starting for Paris when, returning one night to his lodgings, he found a note, in a lady's handwriting, waiting for him on the table. The writing was not Stine's, and it was not a foreign letter. It announced that Miss Errington begged him to visit her at her manor-house, in Devonshire. Now, who was Miss Errington? for Lawrence had no acquaintance with Erringtons, nor yet with manor-houses. He

considered the matter gravely, and finally wrote to Stine, at Dindans, telling her of the occurrence; also that he had accepted the invitation, hoping to find that some wealthy connoisseur had taken a fancy to his pictures. Between his paragraphs was inserted a comical sketch of this possible patron; a lady of venerable aspect, with nut-cracker features, and leaning on a long staff.

It was evening when he arrived at the manor-house, just so light that he could see the rich country through which he was travelling—could discern, with his artist-eyes, the beautiful wooded lands, which he was told had belonged to the Erringtons for numberless generations. He dressed for dinner in a handsome, old-fashioned chamber, and was conducted to the drawing-room. The door closed behind him, and he was in a room softly lighted, in which every thing was rich, antique, tasteful, beautiful. A lady sat by the fire alone—a young and graceful figure, clothed in soft white draperies. She rose as he approached, but kept her face averted. He saw the lovely and familiar outline of a cheek, a head with a crown of braided hair, yet for one moment more he did not know that upon this home-hearth burned for him, now and evermore, that life-light which had once been called a will o' the wisp. The lady turned her face, and Lawrence, bowing, advanced a step. Then, suddenly, there arose a sort of cry from two voices, rent by passionate surprise, and joy took eternal possession of the lives of these happy lovers.

Looking round the circle as the lady's story ended amid a general burst of approbation, Mr. Rufus P. Croft detected one exception to the general rule. This was a fat, heavy-looking German, who stood hard by, shaking his head with vast solemnity, and who, on being questioned, declared that love-stories were only fit for boys and girls, and that, for his part, he preferred something stronger. The president saw his opportunity at once. "Then, I guess," he said, "you can tell us something better yourself?" A grim smile for a moment lighted up the German's features. "Ja wohl," he nodded. "You shall see. I shall make the ladies' flesh creep. So." And, removing the great pipe which had hitherto adorned his lips, he continued, somewhat to this effect:

URSULA'S MATE.

It was just a week after the wedding of the rich farmer, Michael Straus and Ursula Hünwitz, the belle of the small

old town of Meitzberg, when the first adventure, in the story I am going to relate, occurred.

A peaceable man of forty, short, and very fat, who loved his neighbor and loved good liquor, and a pipe, at least as well, was trudging home to this town of Meitzberg, at about ten o'clock at night.

His name was Peter Schmiedler, and he was on this particular occasion sober; for he had been supping with a rich old aunt, who lived at the other side of the pine-wood, and who, although in other respects an excellent old woman, was a rigid stickler for temperance.

From this repast he had taken his departure, as I mentioned, sober; and specially regretted being in that state of disadvantage while on his solitary night-march, through a mile and more of thick forest, which was reputed to be haunted by all sorts of malignant sprites; and then, for a good half-mile more, by the margin of a lake, infested by no less formidable Nixies, or water-demons.

Clouds were slowly drifting across the sky, and spreading a curtain, broken only at intervals, over the moon. The darkness was profound as the path entered the forest, and the light wind, before which the clouds were driving, made a melancholy moaning in the tops of the trees.

Peter Schmiedler's courage melted quite away, as he stole along the haunted path, which at times, when the clouds became denser, grew so dark that he could scarcely, as they say, see his hand before him.

Holding his breath; sometimes listening; often stopping short, or even recoiling a step, as if some sudden noise among the branches, or the screech of the owl from its "lonely bower" in the forest nooks scared him; thus he had got on, till he had reached about the midway point in his march.

As the wind subsided a little, to his inexpressible terror, he became distinctly aware of the sound of a footstep accompanying him, within a few feet of his side.

When the wind lulled again, the stride of his unseen companion was more plainly audible upon the dry pent, or crunching the withered sticks that lay strewn over the pathway. When he first perceived the step that accompanied him, Peter once or twice stopped short, as I said, to ascertain whether the sounds might not be but the echo of his own steps. But, too surely, they were nothing of the kind, for they were on each occasion continued for some few paces, after he had come to a stand-still; and then his silent companion also stopped.

Whatever this being might be that walked by his side in the dark, Peter could endure the suspense no longer. He stopped again, and made an effort to speak, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; and it was not until he had repeated his effort twice or thrice that he found voice to adjure his companion to declare who he was.

Hereupon this unseen companion spoke suddenly, in a harsh and vehement voice:

"I'm a deserter," replied he.

There was nothing very human in the tone; and even assuming the speaker to be a creature of flesh and blood, a deserter was likely to be a desperate character, and by no means a pleasant companion for a fat little fellow, with some silver in his purse, to light on in such a lonely path.

Peter and his unseen companion walked on for nearly five minutes more, side by side, before Peter spoke again. Every moment he fancied that the stranger would spring at his throat and strangle him.

Having got his hand against the stem of a tree, he halted suddenly, stepped behind it, and, thus protected, addressed his unseen companion once more.

"A deserter?" he blurted out, "a deserter from where? a deserter from what?"

"A deserter from hell!" answered the same fierce, coarse voice, and something smote the ground—a furious stamp or a blow of a club—that made the hollow peat tremble with its emphasis.

Peter's heart jumped; he had vague thoughts of backing softly away among the trees and losing himself in the forest, till morning. But he had heard or had fancied such unearthly sounds among the firs, such boomings and hootings from the distant glades that night, and was still so uncertain as to the powers and purpose of the unknown, that he preferred his chance on the path he knew, to embarking in new and, possibly, more terrible adventures among the solitary recesses of the forest.

It now occurred to him that he might possibly steal a march on his persecutor. He listened; there was no step now; the wretch was waiting for him.

Very softly, he made one short step on the light mossy ground, and another, perfectly noiseless step, and a third as cautious, and so on, till he had made some forty or fifty yards. But, as with throbbing heart, he was half congratulating himself on his supposed escape, and was tiptoeing along at a swifter pace, close beside him the same startling voice said:

"You shall see me presently!"

If a cannon had gone off within a yard of Peter's elbow, the sound could not not have astounded him more. He staggered sideways, with a gasp; and, when he recovered himself a little, he made up his mind to walk steadily along the path, the line of which he could only trace by looking upward, and watching the irregular parting of the trees overhead. Guided by this faint line, he stamped on, with knees bending with fear; and, at last, just as the moon broke through the driving clouds, and shone clear over plain and lake, and on the quaint little town of Meitzberg, not a quarter of a mile away, he emerged from the forest, with his companion by his side.

That companion was a tall, broad-shouldered grenadier of Vanderhausen's regiment of musketeers, dressed in the old-world uniform. His blue coat, with red facings, and garniture of yellow-worsted lace, was obscured by the dust of his journey, as were his long gaiters; his small three-cornered hat was powdered with the same; his ruffles were soiled and disordered, and his white vest nothing the better for his long, forced march. In his hand he carried an enormously long musket. His face looked grim and savage beyond description, and there was a straight red scar along his cheek, from his nose to his ear. A fine smell of brandy accompanied this warrior; and the very smell infused courage into the heart of Peter Schmiedler.

He was satisfied that the grenadier was a mortal; but a hang-dog, dangerous-looking mortal as ever he had set eyes on.

The soldier took Peter in the grip of his right hand, a little above the elbow, and held him, while he questioned him, staring all the time savagely in his eyes.

"Look ye, comrade, you had best speak truth, and shortly, for I don't care the spark of a flint for man or devil, and I'd shoot you through the head as soon as wink."

He struck the butt of the long musket furiously on the ground, and Peter recognized the sound that, in the forest, he had mistaken for the stroke of a club.

"As I hope for mercy, I'll answer you truly, ask what you will," whispered he; "but pray, sir, don't hurt me so; you're pinching my arm like a thousand devils."

"Is it true," said the grenadier, squeezing his arm tighter as he went on, "that Ursula Hünwitz has married Michael Straus? Yes, or no—quick!"

"Yes, yes; it is true!" screamed Peter. "They are married—a week ago. I saw it; I was at it; I supped there and drank their healths."

"Ay, I guessed it would so turn out," said the man, in a tone no longer of anger, but of deep dejection. "The news came that it was fixed. It came in a letter to Nicholas Spielman, the halberdier."

The soldier still held Peter fast by the arm, but no longer with a grip that hurt him so much.

"I left my quarters," resumed the soldier, "the night I heard it; I knew I should not be missed till beat of drum, in the morning. I have travelled, on foot, every day, twelve leagues since. Thirty-six leagues, a long march, and, for a reason, I carried this with me." He knocked the butt of his musket, this time, lightly on the ground. "Come down here, Peter Schmiedler, with me; I must show you a thing or two, and give you a message."

His hand tightened as he said this, and he marched Peter about twoscore yards, down to the margin of the lake.

"Ho!" said Peter, to himself, in wonder, "he knows my name, and, to my knowledge, I never set eyes on him before."

"It is four years and a half," said the soldier, "since I shouldered this musket and parted with Ursula Hünwitz, on this very spot. She was eighteen; I had been courting her for two years; man never loved girl as I loved her. I said she loved me with all her heart, and here we two swore to be true, each to other, till the hour of death. You know me, now, who I am," he said, suddenly pausing.

Peter gave him a good hard stare.

"N-no, I can't say I know you—unless—ha! No, it couldn't—it isn't—"

"Yes, it is; I'm Hans Wouverheim."

"By my soul, Hans, I didn't know you! How awful ugly you've grown! I mean manly; you're a foot taller, almost—and that devil of a scar!"

The moon had now got out of the cloud-banks into blue sky; and her light was steady and brilliant.

"I'm Hans Wouverheim, that left this spot, a recruit, four and a half years ago. Look at the butt of this musket; here, where I show you. With her bodkin I scratched the first letters of her name, Look! U. H. Look here! Here's her hair."

He pulled out from his breast a little cloth bag, true-blue, like his coat, and inside it was another, of silk; and within that a long lock of golden hair.

"There it is," he cried, "I kept it ever since; it has been with me in battle and bivouac. Curse it!"

He thrust it back quickly.

"I told her," he continued, "I'd fight my way up the hill; that she'd hear of

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Hans Wouverheim wherever thunder and laurels were going. I have seven musket-wounds, and this thing," he drew his finger along the scar. "I have led the life of a dog, I've slept in the mud for weeks, I've been half starved, I've been a month at a time without bread or biscuit—with nothing but mushrooms and onions—sometimes acorns and apples. I bore all—I feared nothing—what cared I for bullets? I'm a corporal, you see, and I'm first on the list for sergeant, and I have two hundred and eighty-six dollars, prize-money, and—I did all for her sake! What do you think I deserted for, and marched nigh forty leagues in three days? I came to see Ursula, and to shoot her through the heart. But I'll not shoot her, I'll let her live, and think on what she has done. She'll have her punishment time enough."

The wild manner in which this musketeer was talking made Peter Schmiedler very uncomfortable, indeed. It was plain the man was either mad or desperate; and there he was, breathing death and slaughter, with his firelock in his hand, his bandolier on, with its powder-charges dangling from it in a row, and the bourse of bullets apparently well filled.

"There's a round dozen of lives there!" thought Peter with a qualm, "and I'd wager a pot of wine his matchlock is charged. And, then, his rapier! A powerful fellow like that, driving right and left with a sword, why he could take Meitzberg and all that's in it, if it only came into his head to try!"

"Look! friend Peter," said the soldier, "you live in the High-street of Meitzberg, here, opposite the sign of the Cheese and Flagon, and, you think, before ten minutes, you'll be sitting there telling your story. Now, mark me, you'll never sit there again, for I'll club my musket and knock your brains out here, unless you swear to give my message and do as I tell you. What do you say?" he shouted, in his wild, startling tones.

"Himmel! why need you be excited, Hans? I swear with pleasure," said Peter.

"Well, when I part with this firelock, which will be in a few minutes, you take it, and show the letters U. H., and tell all the rest I told you, and all you are going to hear and see, faithfully to Ursula Hünwitz—Straus, Ursula Straus! curse them both—and tell her she has been the ruin of me, body and soul, and that Hans Wouverheim, when he was leaving you, said that he would take her hair with him where he's going, and will never forget her oath. She swore her heart was mine, and sooner or later her own false

heart will work out its own punishment. There's my message to her. Do you understand it?"

"Perfectly," said Peter.

"And now another shorter message," resumed the grenadier. "I have been an honorable soldier, up to this, and it sha'n't be said I wronged my sovereign. Take my firelock, when you have seen Ursula, to the magistrate, to keep for the military commissioner; place in his hands, moreover, this sum"—he put an old leathern purse in the hands of Peter Schmiedler, as he spoke—"which is the official price of my uniform and my sword; tell him I owe no man any thing, having paid that price to my sovereign, and paid my life to Death, to whom alone I owe it. And remember, if you fail to fulfil your promise to me, so sure as ever man returned to the living, I will come and plague you for it!"

With these words he dropped his musket to the ground, drew his sword, and catching it in both hands by the blade, drove the point with a fierce stab into his breast, staggered back a step or two and fell over the bank headlong into the lake, which is there very deep, with a loud splash.

Peter, throwing up both his hands, uttered a howl of terror as he witnessed the catastrophe. Half a dozen steps brought him to the water, and he saw the circles that still chased one another outward from the centre of disturbance, glimmering in the moonlight; but no sign of the unhappy musketeer was visible.

He watched for a few seconds; a little longer; for a minute—for two or three minutes; the chill horror, that was silently stealing over him culminated at length, and with a shudder, and something like a prayer, he recoiled. He picked up the musket, which, if it had not been for the threat of the soldier, he assuredly would not have touched, and ran homeward as fast as a fellow with short legs and a considerable paunch, carrying a heavy musket besides, could well be expected to do.

At the town, late as it was, he soon had a large and eager audience about him.

He was so anxious to acquit himself of Hans Wouverheim's commission, and so horribly afraid of a visit that very night from his vengeful ghost, that, musket in hand, and accompanied without delay by half a dozen townsmen, he knocked at rich farmer Straus's door.

The farmer and his wife were at supper; but, on a very urgent message, the Herr Pastor and Peter Schmiedler were admitted.

The bride was dressed in a rich shot

silk, such as you sometimes see in old Dutch pictures. She had lace and golden ornaments on, for it was the pride of the old fellow, her husband, that his wealth should declare itself in the dress and decoration of his beautiful bride.

The farmer, a short, square fellow of some four-and-fifty, with big hands, an iron-gray bullet-head, beard and mustache, and a solemn face with small, suspicious eyes, rose from his seat, with his beard dripping with gravy, and a tall glass of Rhenish wine beside him.

Both wife and husband looked surprised, and their eyes turned from Peter to the Herr Pastor and back again, for it was not easy to divine what had brought them together, Peter being by no means a meet companion for a holy man.

The farmer invited his visitors to supper, but the Herr Pastor had already had his; and Peter, after the sights he had seen, had no appetite left.

Straus pointed toward Peter's hands.

"What's that for?" said the farmer, who had been eying the musket jealously.

Upon this invitation Peter started, and when he had shown the initials scratched upon the stock of the gun, and reported all that Hans Wouverheim had narrated—

"What a wicked pack of lies!" exclaimed the lady with a scornful toss of her head.

"What a queer story!" said her husband.

"Hans Wouverheim, indeed!" she exclaimed.

"Done with a bodkin!" said the farmer.

"Why, Michael, my love! you don't mean to say you believe that bundle of rubbish?"

The farmer scratched his head slowly.

"Well," said he, "perhaps he has done the most sensible thing he could."

"If he has killed himself he must have been out of his mind; and being so, his story isn't worth a pin; and why should you or I, dearest, let it vex us?" said the lady.

"It don't vex me," said the farmer; "but I think his friends should fish up the body, and have it buried, decently, in the church-yard. I only want to be sure he did kill himself; a rascally deserter is so full of tricks; they'd stop at nothing."

"There, there," said Peter, uneasily, "don't—pray, don't. He's at the bottom of the lake, as dead as that stone jar. In the name of all that's good, let us speak with respect of the dead!"

"And as to laying him in the church-yard," said the Herr Pastor, "I fear that would hardly consist with our laws, see—

ing that the unhappy man has committed, as Peter Schmiedler assures us, deliberate self-murder."

"I don't see why, with all reverence, even so, he should not have a grave in a corner of the church-yard, where no one else wants to lie," said Peter, who felt that Hans might hold him accountable for his exclusion from holy ground. "And as you were so good as to offer me a glass of that kirschwasser, I'll change my mind and take it, with your good leave," he added, addressing himself to the farmer.

Peter had never drunk so many drams before in so short a time as he had since his last look at the ill-starred musketeer, yet he was not tipsy, and he could not expel the unearthly terror that lay cold and heavy as death at his heart. Never did he wish so fervently to be drunk, and never had he experienced the same difficulty in approaching that generally facile goal.

The beautiful Frau Ursula Straus was never so gay and animated. The good minister was shocked at it, and it even increased Peter's nervous horrors. Every possible thing was being said and done to exasperate the offended spirit of Hans Wouverheim, and Peter was sure that, however innocent he might be, to him the dead soldier's first visit would be paid.

Shrewder people would, perhaps, have suspected that the pretty and heartless bride was concealing her own anxieties and endeavoring to mislead her husband's awakened jealousy by this demonstration of more than usual hilarity.

It was growing late, and the Herr Pastor took his leave, accompanied by Peter Schmiedler, grown on a sudden from one of the most insignificant to be one of the most important of the inhabitants of Meitzberg.

In the kitchen of the Cheese and Tankard, thirsty souls made an excuse of the amazing occurrence which Peter had witnessed, to sit up later than usual over their cans and pipes. The rest of the town slept as usual, and poor Hans Wouverheim, more soundly, let us hope, than he had done since the fatal news of the marriage of Ursula Hünwitz had reached him.

That beautiful young lady and her husband, it was said, had some uncomfortable and rather sharp talk that night over Peter Schmiedler's odd revelations, and early next morning, before daybreak, the rich man went off in a huff to one of his farms about eight leagues distant from Meitzberg.

The Frau Ursula sent to beg the min-

ister to pay her a visit, and when he came he found the lady in tears.

"Only think, good Herr Pastor," cried she, "my husband has been upbraiding me ever since that drunken rogue Peter Schmiedler came in here last night, under your protection to tell that cock-and-a-bull story, not one word in fifty of which has even a color of truth. All he alleges Hans to have said of me, and those scratches on the firelock—which I am certain Peter made with his own penknife—is, from beginning to end, an arrant lie, as you will see in a moment, if you reflect. Hans Wouverheim, you know, never had a crown-piece to bless himself with. Why should I have listened to him? I hope it was never supposed that I was reduced to look at such as he; and now here's my fool of a husband gone off from his comfortable home, fancying I don't know what, with his head full of windmills—and all for what? Just this: because you came here to gain admission for that notorious sot, and countenance him while he seeks to sow dissension in honest families!"

"But, madam," said the minister, "part of Peter Schmiedler's narrative has proved undoubtedly true, for the body of the musketeer, with the sword still stuck through his ribs has been got out of the lake only half an hour ago; and it has been identified by Kielwitz the wagoner, and by old Martha Platz, who nursed him, as undoubtedly that of Hans Wouverheim. And, what is more, they found the two little bags, one of silk and one of cloth, one inside the other, containing the lock of hair as described by Peter."

"It is no lock of mine," said the lady, "and I don't care a rush whether it is the body of Hans or of any other trumpety soldier; there is not so much truth as would fit in a gnat's eye in the ridiculous story that drunken Peter chooses to put into his mouth. It could have had no effect if you had not come with that rascal under your wing, and you have done mischief, Herr Pastor, and are sowing quarrels in your parish. And, with all respect, I say, you had no business to come here, as you did, last night."

And with this, Madam Ursula showed the reverend gentleman the door with an excellent air of injured innocence and offended virtue.

Shortly after, somewhat inconsistently, she sent to beg a visit from Peter Schmiedler. She had dried her tears and recovered her coolness, and she received him in a dignified and stand-off way. In this style she subjected him to a strict examination on the subject of the prize-

money to which her old lover alluded, and after which I think she had a hankering. It had occurred to her that he might probably have intrusted these very rix-dollars, by way of a legacy for her, to the care of Peter, who was not unlikely to have appropriated them.

A private purse would have been rather a convenient resource, while her husband continued contumacious; but there was no witness but Peter himself, and that hope proved barren; and Peter made his bow, relighted his pipe in the hall, and returned to his pot of beer, in the Cheese and Flagon.

Hans Wouverheim, having been fully identified, was shrouded and confined at the expense of the town. He was the last scion of a family, once important, whose name figures not obscurely in the old records of Meitzberg. Being a suicide, he was buried with all those somewhat revolting precautions necessary to prevent his reappearance among the townfolk as a vampire, for, in those days, the superstition to which the gentleman who told the first story has already alluded, still lingered in Meitzberg, as in other places, here and there, throughout Germany.

I don't know that Ursula was quite so hard-hearted as she affected to be. People said she was fond of Hans, although she played him the unlucky matrimonial trick that cost him his life. Her husband, being a jealous fellow, however, she was obliged to stifle her regrets, and pretend to be gay and careless. But the servants said she was sometimes found crying alone; and she undoubtedly grew more and more sour and sharp with Michael Straus, who used to fight his battles, at first, stoutly enough; but, in the long-run, was worn out, and became, it was believed, henpecked and unhappy.

Thus, four years passed, and Ursula had lost nothing of her beauty—nothing of her high spirits and giddy vanity—nothing of the cruelty and pride which people ascribed to her; and she had gained a good deal, it was thought, in two qualities that don't always go together—cunning and audacity.

The town of Meitzberg, I must tell you, has its *fête* day. It is known as the eve of Saint Berthilda, who, in Catholic times, was the patroness of the pretty little town, and is still held in respect as an excellent excuse for a holiday, and a feast and dance in the evening on the grass, between the old wall and the margin of the lake.

On the day before this gala, which occurs toward the end of September, the town was in consternation; for, a hurri-

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cane, unexampled, in that region, for suddenness and violence, had visited Meitzberg, stripping roofs, dislodging weathercocks, smashing windows, and whirling wooden pigeon-houses, garden-palings, tubs, and all sorts of incongruous articles high into the air, and strewing fields, for half a mile eastward, with their fragments.

But the storm had not stopped at these freaks; it consummated, in a few moments of fury, what the short surge of the lake, under the influence of the west wind, had been pottering over for years. The bank of the church-yard overhanging the lake had long been partially undermined by the water. The civic authorities had inspected, cogitated, planned, and done every thing, in fact, but repair the old wall which had for centuries resisted the wear and tear of that ceaseless ripple.

The gale had cut the matter short. A great piece of the bank had tumbled into the lake, carrying with it the grave, headstone, and coffin, of the unfortunate Hans Wouverheim, who had been buried in that out-of-the-way corner of the ancient cemetery, and the outcast lay now many fathoms under the level of the water, in his rotten coffin, never to be brought to light again.

There was a good deal of disgust and indignation. There were also many gloomy inquiries of a superstitious kind; and some people, learned in that sort of lore, declared that although Hans, so long as he lay in the church-yard, could not return to plague his survivors, yet that now, released from stake and cross, and immersed in another element, he might emerge among the demons who sometimes appeared on the margin of the lake, to affright or hurt the solitary passenger.

These spectral conjectures, however, were interrupted by the bustle of preparation, and the anticipation of a general merry-making, and the sunshine of a glorious day filled men and girls with other thoughts, and chased away the lingering vapors of superstition.

The young Baron Von Ramer, handsome, courteous, and immensely rich, had arrived at the château at the other side of the lake, and a whisper had reached the town that he was not unlikely, in strict incognito, and as if quite accidentally, to drop in, in the course of the evening, to take part in the innocent gayeties of this rural festival. The château of the rich young baron, of whose splendor and generosity they had heard so much, was about two and a half miles distant across the water; and as the tents were being erected, and other prep-

arations were pressed forward, in the course of the afternoon, many telescopes were directed toward that particular point; and it was reported, that a boat was being manned at the steps of the terrace, under the walls of the baronial castle.

This interesting inspection was, however, interrupted; for a thin mist that had been rising at the other side of the lake, grew rapidly denser, and, just at the most interesting moment, when people had appeared at the top of the steps, and had begun to descend, it ceased to be transparent, and half a dozen curious glasses that had been directed to that point, were, one after another, reluctantly lowered, and only wistful looks were turned, now and then, in that direction.

The curtain had fallen. The fog spread and thickened, and now it lay upon the water like a white barrier of clouds between Meitzberg and the distant shore.

The sky above was beautifully clear, and a full moon, that night, would lend all its peculiar splendor to the *fête*. It was to be hoped that this fog, which seemed steadily advancing, would not spoil all by invading the grassy platform on which the tents and lamps were placed, and enveloped the town itself.

Farmer Straus was away at the great fair of Loenthal buying and selling stock; but that did not prevent his gay and beautiful young wife from coming down, attended by her maid, to enjoy the festive scene.

It would certainly have been no harm, if that pretty young matron had been a little more circumspect.

Dancing, on these occasions, usually began about sunset, and was continued by torch and lamplight, or under the beams of the moon, as the case might be, till about ten o'clock; and now the evening was closing in a gorgeous sunset, the beams of which had just streamed forth, dyed crimson in the edge of the mist; and as this glorious light flooded the scene, a distant blast of trumpets, and other wind-instruments, came sweetly over the waters. It was probably a mile away, and the boat and the musicians were still hid in the mist. Ursula was secretly delighted; she had set her heart on winning the admiration of the young baron, whose visit they had been led to hope for. All was going well; the fog had ceased to advance, and was now thinning. The dancing had begun; people were absorbed in the stirring scene, and had all forgotten the baron—all except Ursula.

And now the sun was down, torches blazed redly under the edge of the forest,

and colored lamps gleamed from the tents; while, over all, the glorious moon shed her silvery lustre.

The quick ear of Ursula caught the sound of music on the lake again, much nearer, but also fainter. She saw a boat pulled by four men in livery, and containing a number of musicians in a fantastic uniform, and one handsomely-dressed gentleman in velvet and gold-lace.

He disembarked, followed by two servants, one carrying a violin, the other a fife. The rest remained in the boat.

Ursula's heart beat quick as she saw this cavalier approach. He drew near the linden-tree, round which was the principal gathering, and introduced himself in a manner so courtly, shaking hands with everybody in the friendliest way, that all hearts were won in a moment; and at length he came to Ursula, smiled, offered her his arm, and walked with her, back and forward in the moonlight, along the edge of the bank. His two servants followed, and his boat, some little way out, rowed also slowly back and forward, now and then sending forth a plaintive swell of music.

Ursula and the young stranger seemed soon to become deeply interested, and talked with their heads close together. More eyes were watching than she suspected, and they saw the courtly stranger and Ursula exchange rings.

This was, certainly, an odd proceeding, and we can't wonder that a little buzz of surprise, and even consternation, from the decorous towns-people of Meitzberg greeted this piece of by-play.

Presently the stranger led his beautiful partner toward the linden-tree, and signed to his two servants, who instantly struck up a merry tune; and he and she, hand-in-hand, began to dance to the music with such exquisite grace, lightness, and spirit, that the admiration of the assembly drew them nearer and nearer. The dancers, meanwhile, were moving in the direction of the lake; they were now footing it on the very bank. More fantastic and wonderful grew the dance the nearer they drew to the edge, over which suddenly, with a bound, both dancers disappeared; the fife and viol each emitting a wild, mocking scream, that chilled the listeners with horror. From the boat a strange thunder of music swelled, and the hollow laughter of many shrilly voices. As the crowd rushed forward, the mist came rolling in like the dense smoke of cannon. Every thing was veiled from view by the white fog that had broken its bounds, and was already surging half-way up to the town.

The fog became so thick that one

could not see the blaze of a torch more than two yards away; and then, only like a red halo. The frolic was over; no search was possible; and knocking their noses against walls and trees, the crowd in consternation groped its way slowly back to Meitzberg.

Next morning the lake was dragged; and, later in the day, two bodies were found; one was that of Ursula, it is alleged, with a dreadful rent in her breast, at the left side, through which her heart had been torn; her wedding-ring was gone, and in its stead a ring of iron, such as was fixed, in old times, to the pommel of a soldier's sword.

The other was the black and swollen corpse of a tall man, on whose finger, impossible to be removed, without cutting it off, was found the wedding-ring of Ursula Straus.

Farmer Straus was, he declared, inconsolable; and certainly he never married again. He declined reclaiming the bridal ring, so horribly profaned; and the iron one is still to be seen in the armory of the old town-house of Meitzberg.

The executioner of Spieldaam, crossing the lake, just then, said that the corpse, which had been taken out of the lake with Ursula's, was that of a man whom he had himself hanged a week before, and which had been stolen off the gallows at night.

The prevailing opinion, however, in his native town was, that the mysterious stranger was no other than that of Hans Wouverheim.

As the German replaced the pipe between his lips, with a grim chuckle, a man in a slouched hat and a heavy over-

coat approached the outer edge of the circle, and, shading his eyes with his hand, peered eagerly forward, as though in search of some one. An instant afterward Croffut quietly rose, and joining the stranger entered into an eager talk with him, and they walked away together.

This action had not passed unnoticed by Harry Middleton, who, associating it, he scarcely knew how, with the idea of news of Myra Otis, felt his heart sink within him, and did not dare to think of the errand on which his friend had been summoned. The narration of the stories had had on Harry just the effect which the first speaker, the French gentleman, had intended. Listening to them he had temporarily forgotten the pain he suffered and the anxiety under which he was laboring, but now his mind had reverted to the old theme, and was pursuing it with painful activity.

Was it possible that there could be any foundation for the story which the hackman had told to Croffut; was it not more likely that the whole thing had been invented by his ready-witted new-found friend for the purpose of quieting him, and preventing him, in his burnt and jaded state, from attempting to prosecute his search? The hotel-clerk could not have been wrong, and Harry had distinctly heard him say that a lady had been left in the rooms occupied by Judge Otis. In that case Myra must have perished.

The thought was too much for Harry Middleton, and he made up his mind, come what might, to go among the people whose dim, shadowy forms he saw stretched out all round him, and ascertain for himself whether or not Myra was

there. He could slip away unobserved now, for the eyes of all were fixed upon the story-teller who had succeeded the German; so he rose quietly, and, though with infinite pain, managed to drag himself along for about fifty yards. Then he stumbled and fell, and there he lay helpless. He had not strength enough to rise again; a drowsy numbness was stealing over him, and he felt as though his senses were leaving him. Once again he dashed through the raging flame, scaled the sinking staircase, and gained the room. But this time Myra was there, there in the far corner of the room, between which and the spot on which he stood yawned an abyss of fire. She screamed aloud; she stretched her hands imploringly towards him, and then—

And then—he felt two soft arms placed round his neck, two warm lips pressed upon his own. "My darling," were the words to which he woke, and saw Myra kneeling by his side.

"The hackman warn't lying after all," said Rufus P. Croffut, who, with Judge Otis, was standing by. "But you see the man drove the jedge and the gal to the lake-side, where there was thousands of others a-refugin'—he arn't listenin' to me one bit, and it arn't like he should! But that's a pooty sight, jedge," he added, pointing to the lovers. "I like to see young Bull in the arms of his American beauty! That's what's the matter! Take about Allybarmers and sechlike gas! He had direct claims on the gal, and went through fire and water for her!"

"And got consequential damages," said the judge with a smile, pointing to Harry's wounded arm.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL FOR 1873.—ENLARGEMENT.

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